



SAMUE'13
RODRIGUEZ 13

DAREDEVIL

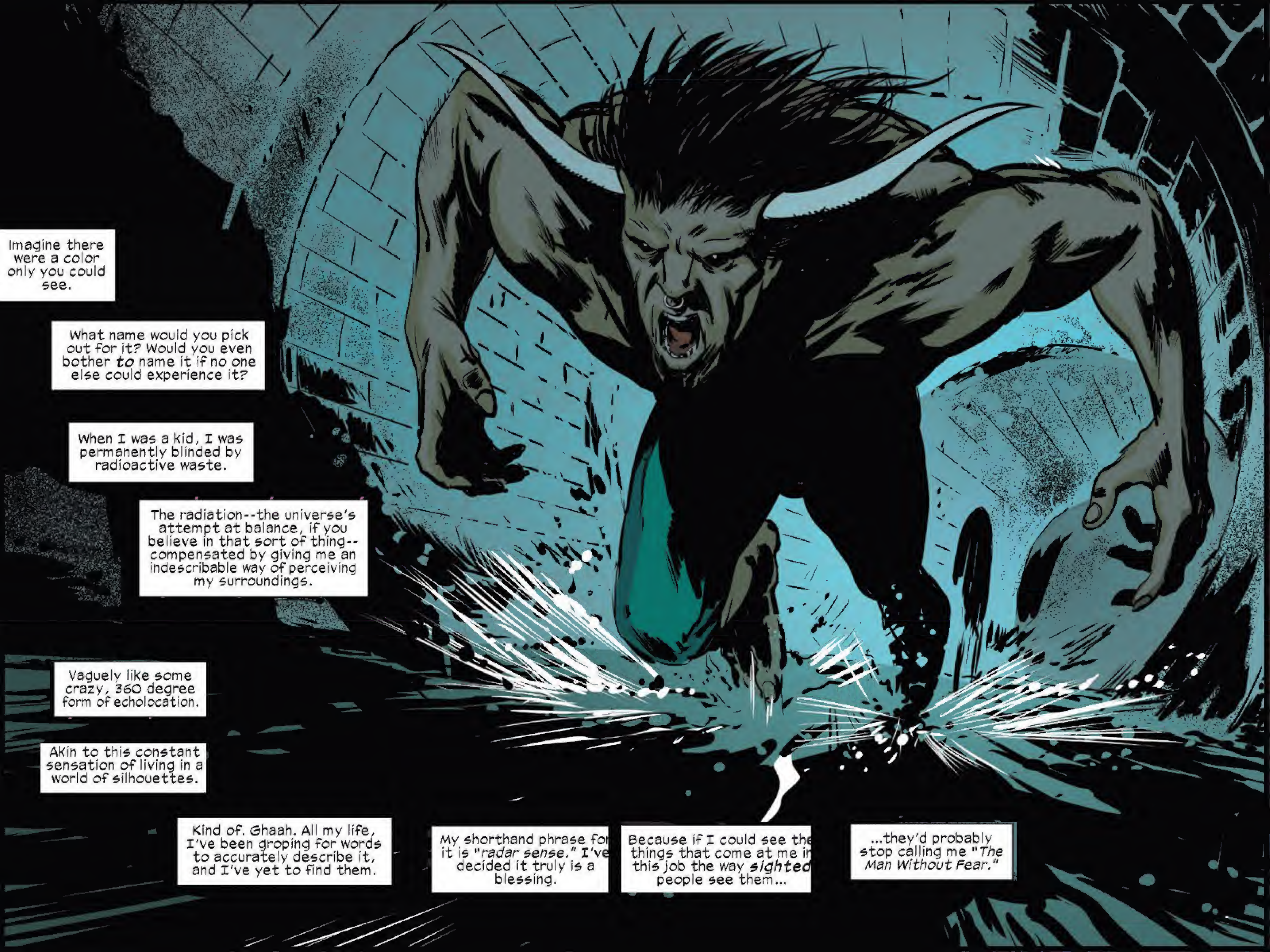
ROAD WARRIOR

WAID-KRAUSE-KALISZ

ALL-NEW
MARVEL
NOW!

50 YEARS
WITHOUT
FEAR!

0.1



Imagine there were a color only you could see.

What name would you pick out for it? Would you even bother to name it if no one else could experience it?

When I was a kid, I was permanently blinded by radioactive waste.

The radiation--the universe's attempt at balance, if you believe in that sort of thing--compensated by giving me an indescribable way of perceiving my surroundings.

Vaguely like some crazy, 360 degree form of echolocation.

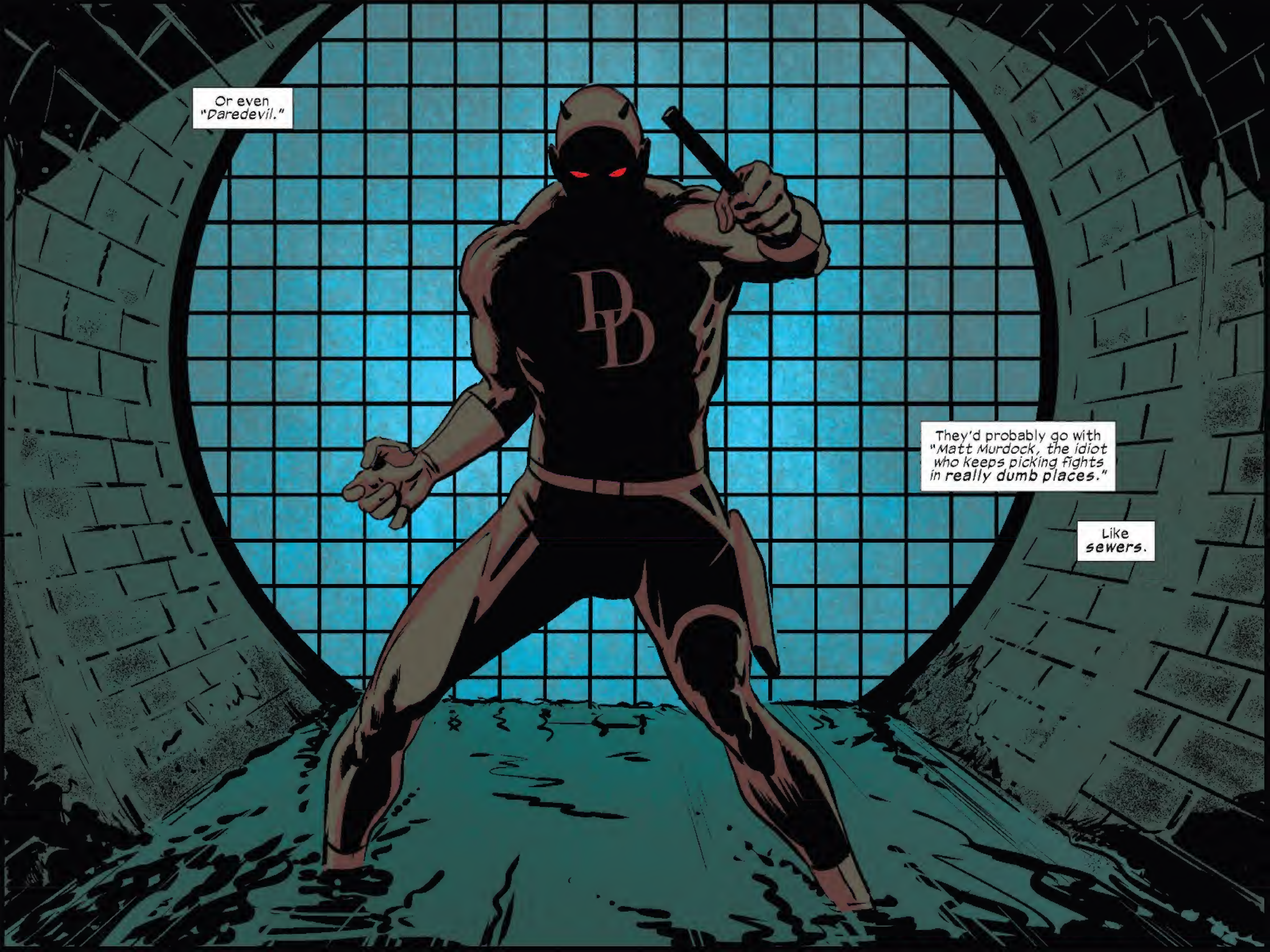
Akin to this constant sensation of living in a world of silhouettes.

Kind of. Ghaah. All my life, I've been groping for words to accurately describe it, and I've yet to find them.

My shorthand phrase for it is "radar sense." I've decided it truly is a blessing.

Because if I could see the things that come at me in this job the way *sighted* people see them...

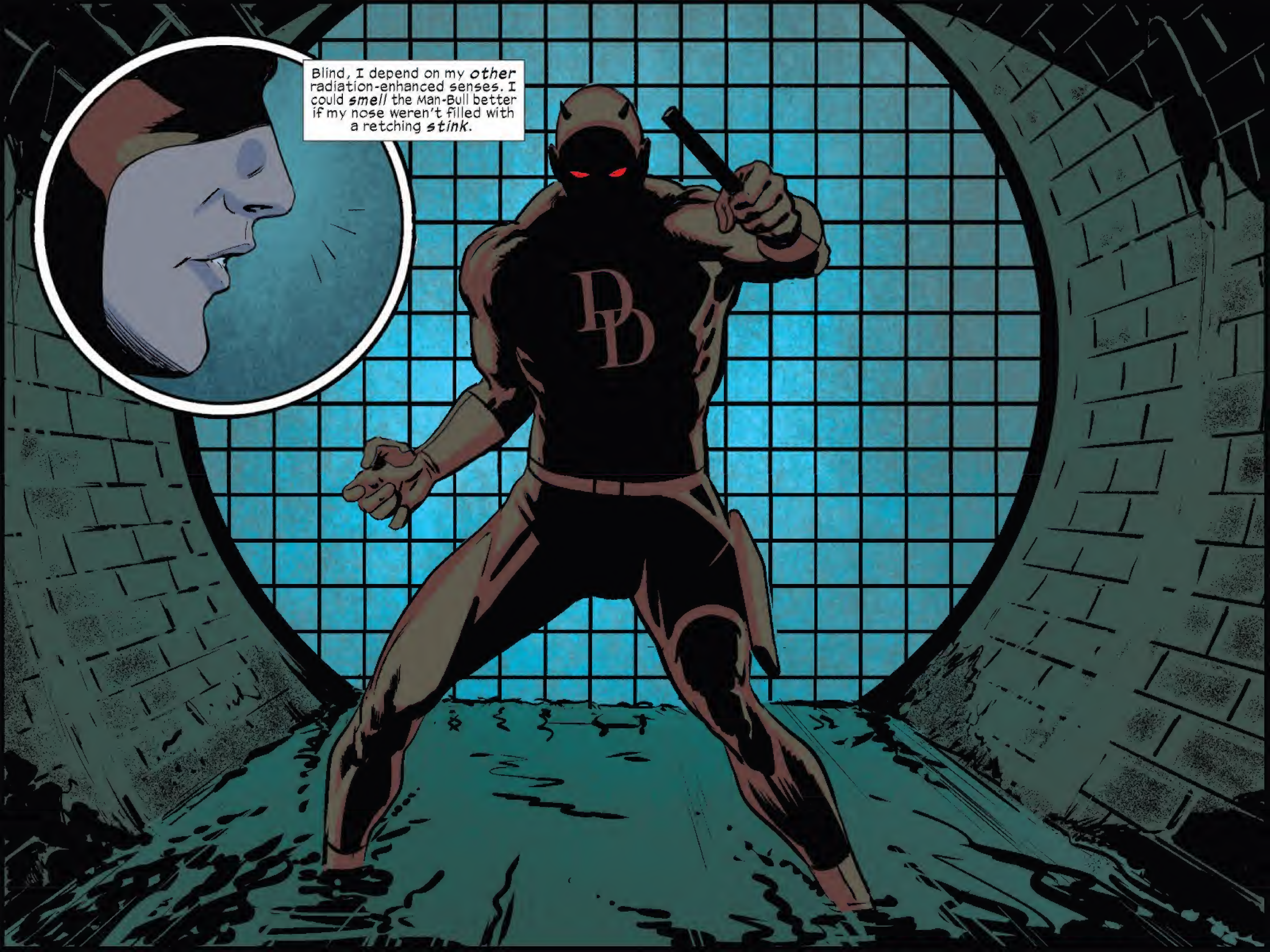
...they'd probably stop calling me "The Man Without Fear."



Or even
"Daredevil."

They'd probably go with
"Matt Murdock, the idiot
who keeps picking fights
in really dumb places."

Like
sewers.



Blind, I depend on my *other*
radiation-enhanced senses. I
could *smell* the Man-Bull better
if my nose weren't filled with
a retching *stink*.



Or *hear* his *approach*
more clearly if the
echoes weren't louder
than his *hoofbeats*.



So I do what I always
do. I assimilate the
evidence I *can* gather...
weigh it...and then...

Dr.

→HNNHHH←

OLÉ!

...jump into the
air and hope for
the best.

BILL
TAURENS! LONG
TIME NO!

HEARD
YOU ROBBED
AN ARMORED
CAR!





WHAT'D YOU
BUY WITH ALL
THAT MONEY?

KLANG

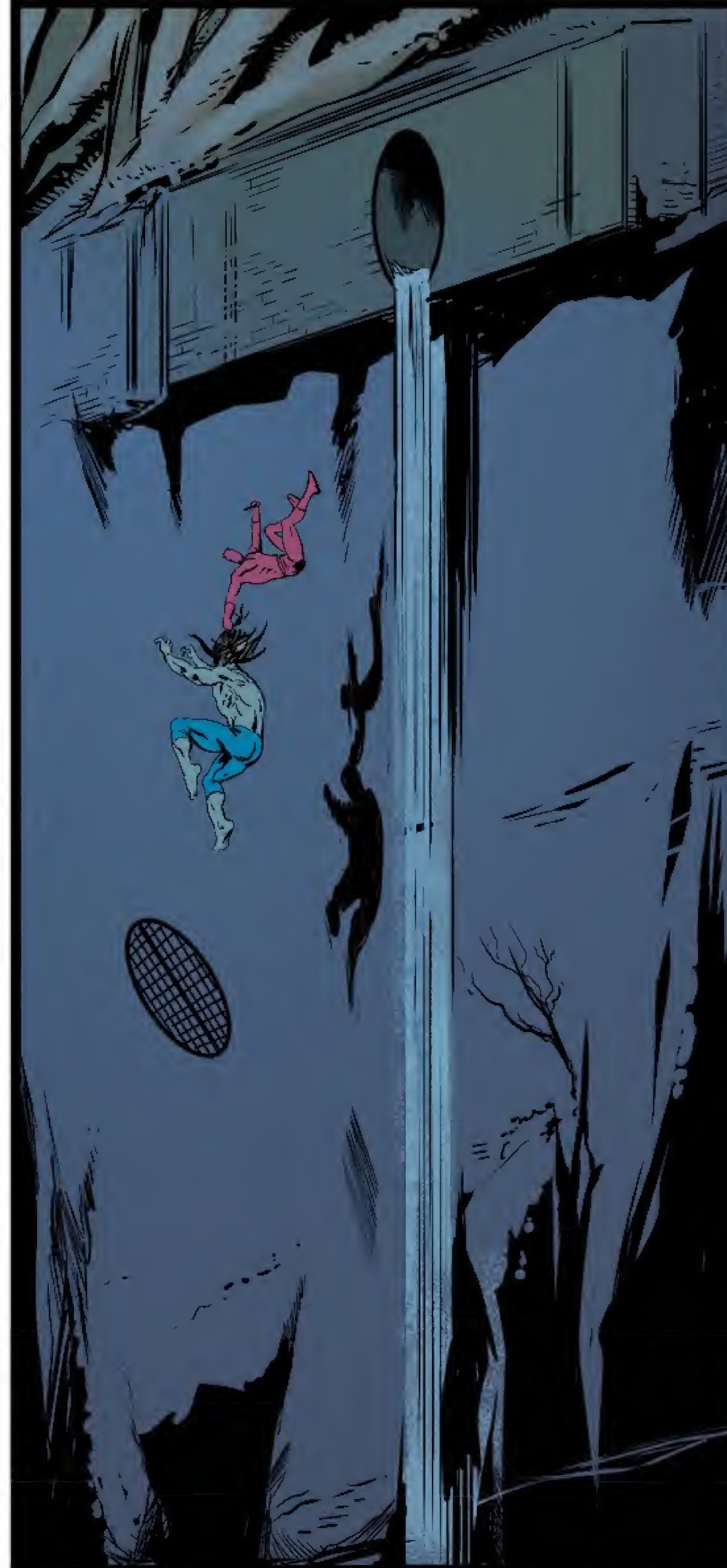
A PARACHUTE,
I HOPE.

AAAAHHH-!

How long a fall are
we talking? Twenty
stories? *Thirty?*

The sudden sensation of
the hard, unyielding ground
rushing up to meet you...

I don't need
hypersenses to
smell his *pants*.



...not everyone
appreciates that
like I do.



RELAX,
YOU MORON.

THAT
WAS A SEWER
PIPE.



ALL THAT
WATER HAS TO GO
SOMEWHERE.

splash

Over the years, I've gone around enough with poor, too-stupid-to- say-no-to- mad-scientists like Bill to know that a plummet like that left him unconscious, not dead.

I'll fish him to shore, tell the Avengers where to find him, and get to where I was headed before I heard he was on the loose:



An aisle seat in *Hell*.

HWUFF



FUMP



THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MAKE IT. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

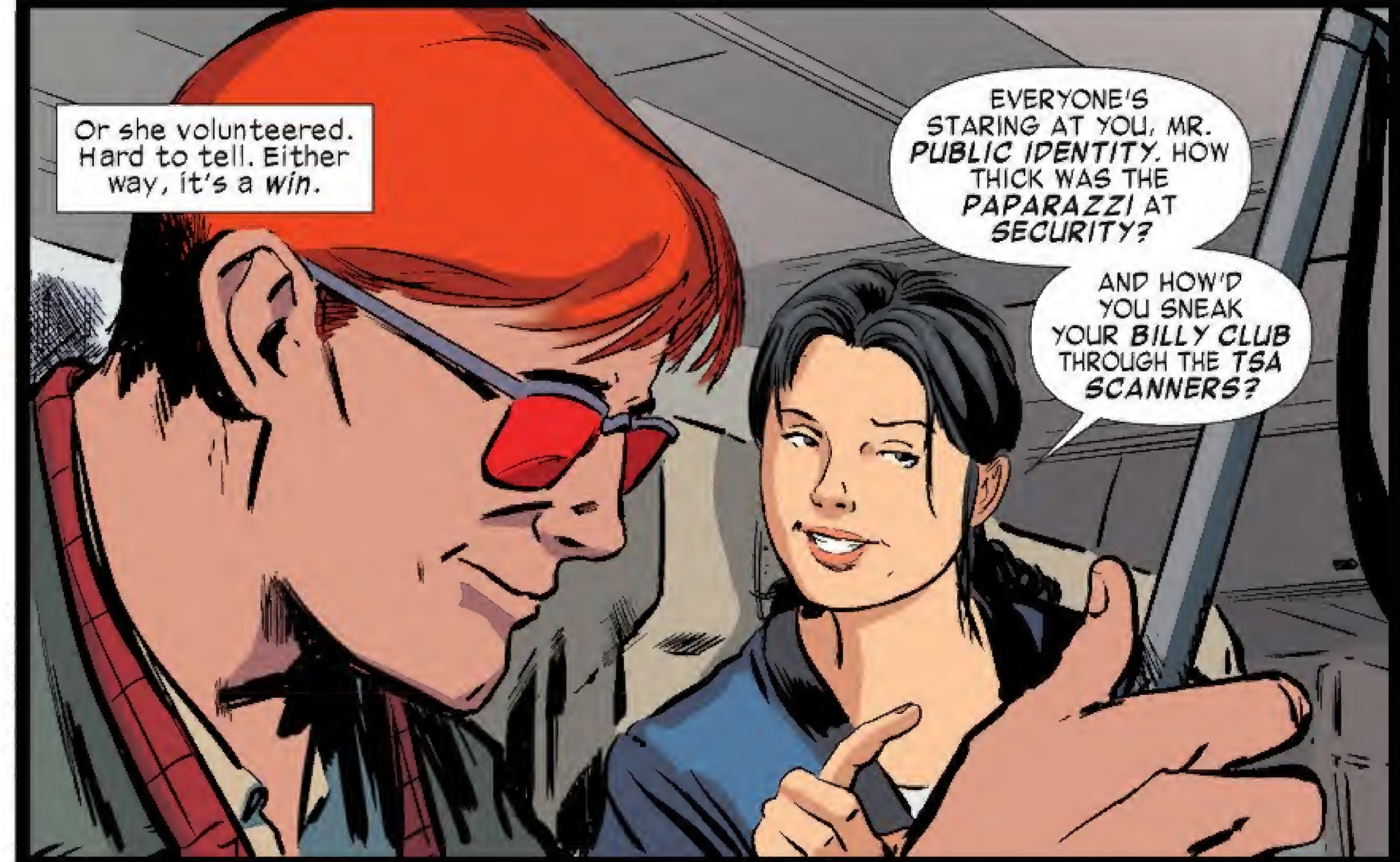
BULLFIGHTING.

WHY DO I ASK.

BECAUSE YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT I'LL SAY.

GOD, THAT'S TRUE.

The only thing that makes this *remotely* tolerable is my traveling companion, *Kirsten McDuffie*, a fellow lawyer who I charmed into escorting me cross-country.



Or she volunteered. Hard to tell. Either way, it's a win.

EVERYONE'S STARING AT YOU, MR. **PUBLIC IDENTITY**. HOW THICK WAS THE **PAPARAZZI** AT SECURITY?

AND HOW'D YOU SNEAK YOUR **BILLY CLUB** THROUGH THE **TSA SCANNERS**?



THIS? MY FRIEND T'CHALLA BUILT IT WITH SPECIAL BAFFLES TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A STRAIGHT-UP **CANE**. IT'S NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS.

ONES WHO **DRIVE**, FOR INSTANCE.





Already, I'm
waiting for
the server.

At least
the air was
fresher.

Oh, stop whining
about. Remember
who you're doing
this for.

That I am a part-time masked
vigilante too, for years, best
secret, albeit poorly kept.
Last week, I finally had to
unmask once and for all—

—and the pencils
were sharp.

Her magazine smells
like an explosion and a
perfume counter.



I was divorced in New
York state, along with
my partner, Peggy
Nelson, we lost our
practice and, thus, our income.

And despite recent health
care legislation, the quality
of Roger's cancer
treatment is now
in danger.

So, San Francisco,
where I'm still
licensed.

where there
are excellent
doctors.

And where the Crab
Cakes at Sean's is
the best in town...

Really? You want
to have that
conversation
here? Now?

I'm not up for peek-a-boo, kid,
not today. We're too fine doing
baby fourteen rows back...



OH--!

!

WHOOOF...!



FOLKS,
THIS IS YOUR
PILOT.

SORRY ABOUT
THAT. WE HIT SOME
VERY BAD WEATHER,
THAT'S ALL, NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT,
WE'RE SAFE--



--BUT APPARENTLY
IT'S ONLY GOING TO GET
WORSE IF WE PRESS ON,
AND WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES WITH WHAT HAS
NOW BECOME A
SUPERSTORM.

WE'RE GONNA
SET DOWN HERE IN
MILWAUKEE. FLIGHT
ATTENDANTS, PLEASE
PREPARE FOR
ARRIVAL.

WE'LL BE ON
THE GROUND
IN NO TIME.



That could have been
more thoughtfully
phrased.

Three-hundred-
some pulse rates
just doubled.

I can't *unhear* them,
so I use one of my
mental exercises.

I picture all those
hearts as instruments
in a giant orchestra.



Because if you listen...
really listen, and use
some imagination...

...there's almost a *music*
to them. A *symphony* that
just needs to be *conducted*.



It's working...almost.
But something's *off*.
Someone doesn't...
sound right? I can't...

...what's *throwing*
me...?







He wasn't making
any sound at all.

He has no
heartbeat.



I'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING US RE-ROUTED. FOLLOW ME.

I'm about to lose him...!

I--I CAN'T. HOLD THIS! GOTTA GO--!

WHAT? WHERE?

I'll explain *after*. At this instant, every instinct I have says to *investigate* the *non-human* before he disappears into the *crowd*.



I can't very well call airport security on him--"excuse me, but that man is missing an *internal organ*"--but I need to know.

Is he a robot? A zombie? What if he's a *walking bomb* of some sort?



PARDON ME,
SIR? CAN I SPEAK
WITH YOU FOR JUST
A MOMENT?

HUH?



OH, GOD,
YOU'RE ONE OF
THEM, AREN'T
YOU?

ONE
OF...?





CHOOOM!


LEAVE ME ALONE!



Yeah, right.

Sorry, Kirsten. I realize I'm running out on you, but I can't stop now.

FREEZE!



HANDS
WHERE WE
CAN *SEE* 'EM,
MISTER!

Then
again...

TO BE CONTINUED

WAID • SAMNEE • RODRIGUEZ

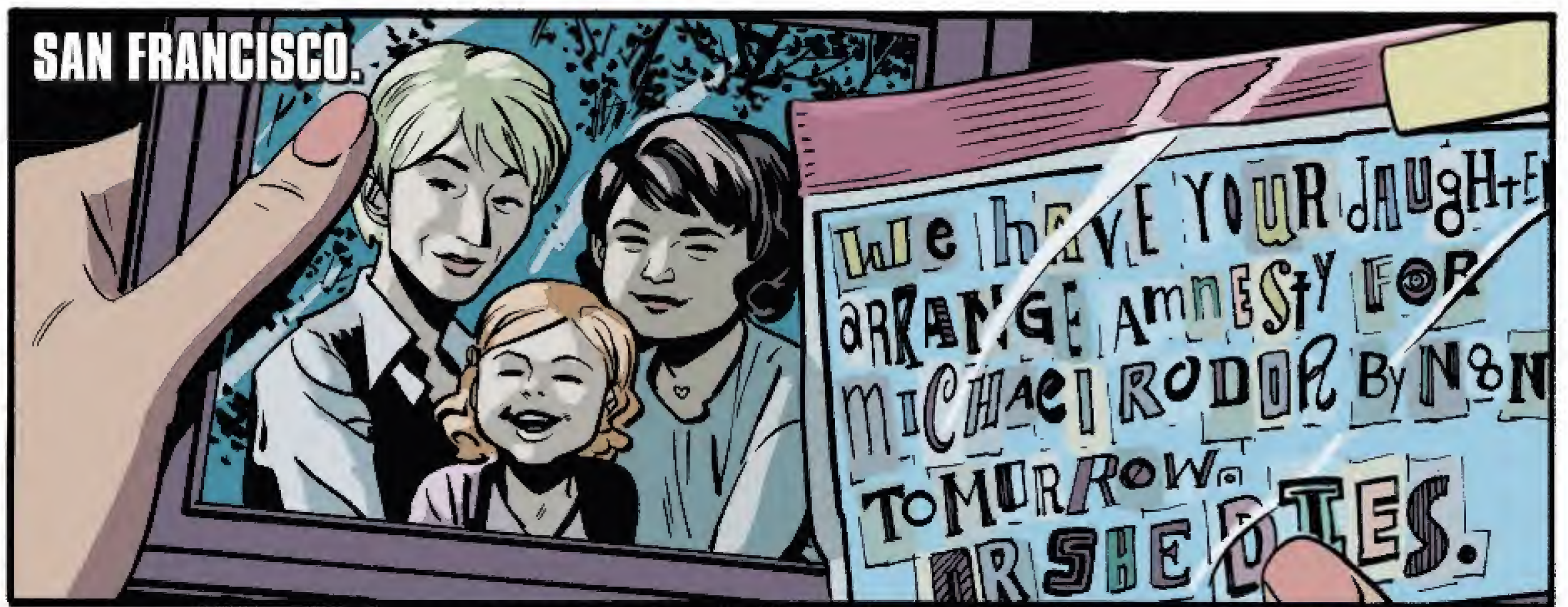


ALL - NEW
MARVEL
NOW!



50 YEARS WITHOUT FEAR!

001





WELL? ANY
PROG--

QUIET,
PLEASE!



THE FLUORESCENT
LIGHTS WERE NOISY
ENOUGH.

GIVE ME THE
RAG DOLL
AGAIN.



IT
HAS NO
PRINTS--

IT HAS NO
FINGERPRINTS. THE
HANDPRINT IS A
BOUQUET OF ODORS
POINTING TO WHERE
THEY'RE HOLDING
THE GIRL.



MILDEW.
MOLD.
BASIDIOMYCOTA FUNGI,
THE SORT OF SPORES
THAT PROLIFERATE
PRIMARILY AT
OCEANSIDE.

BRICK DUST.
NO--TALCUM
POWDER, STALE
AS HELL. WEIRD.



PLUS, THE DOLL ITSELF
HAS SPONGED UP THE
TINIEST TRACE OF SOMETHING
ODD BUT FAMILIAR...AEROSOL
DISINFECTANT? LIKE
ANTIPERSPIRANT,
BUT NOT.

PLAY
THE RECORDING
ONE MORE
TIME.



MOMMY,
HELP ME!
MOMMY! ♪TUMP♪
♪TUMP♪

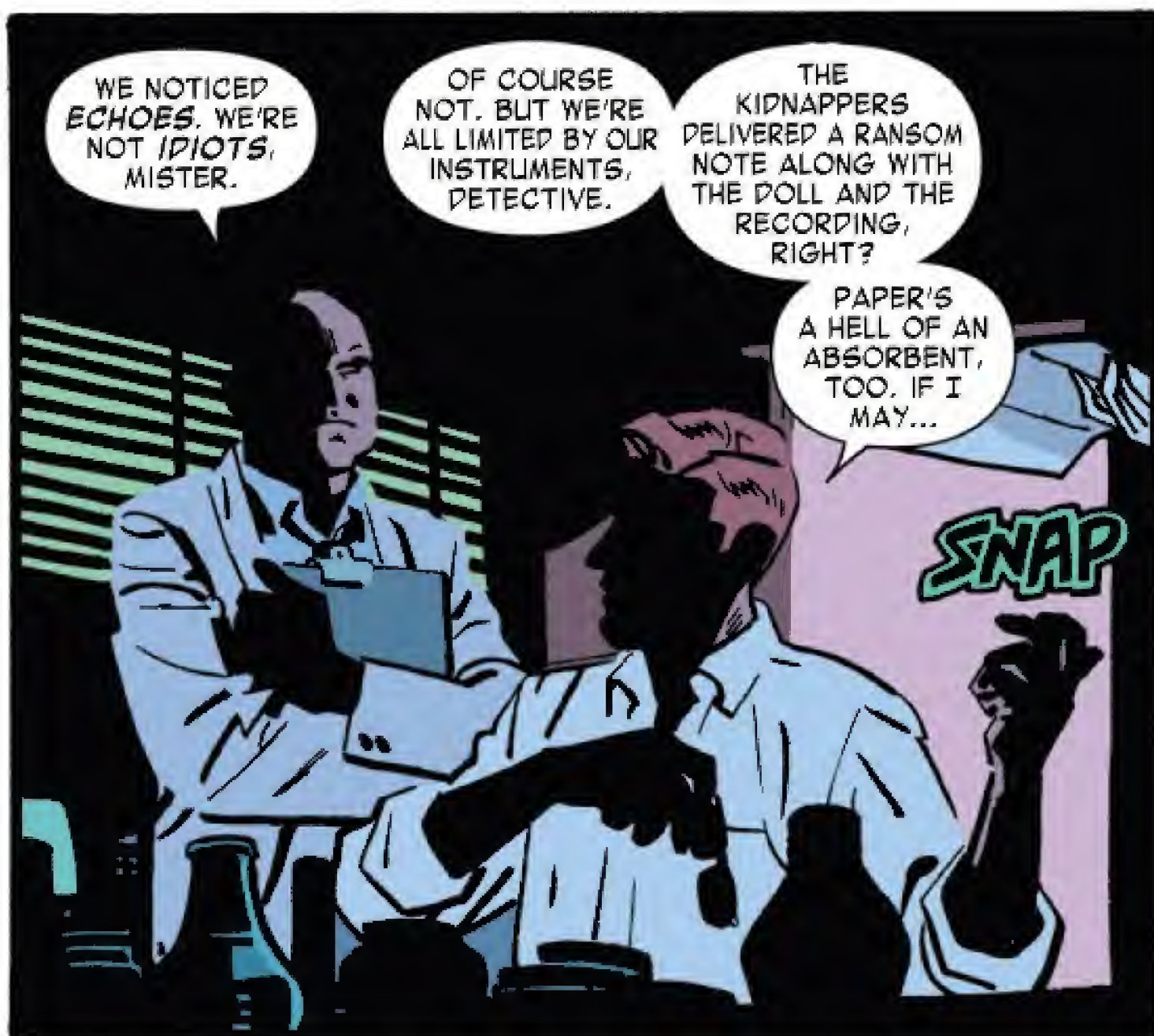
HEY,
GRAB
HER--!

♪TUMP♪
♪TUMP♪ MOMMY,
♪TUMP♪ IT'S DARK
♪TUMP♪ AND COLD
AND ♪TUMP♪ I'M
SCARED! MOMMY,
PLEASE--!



THE
ACOUSTICS ARE KNOCKING
ON MY MEMORY, TOO.
EMPTY SPACE, BUT NOT
CAVERNOUS. MORE WIDE
THAN HIGH.

WHEN SHE
TAKES OFF RUNNING, HER
FOOTPRINTS CHANGE THEIR
SOUND, DID YOU CATCH THAT?
THE SLAP OF SHOES ON
LINOLEUM, THEN THE TUMP OF
THEM ON HARDWOOD AS THE
ECHOES SIMULTANEOUSLY
EXPAND.





ATTENTION
ALL UNITS WEST
OF THE 101! HEAD FOR
TREASURE ISLAND,
STOP FOR
NOTHING!



THAT--
THAT
GUY--?

OH. THAT'S
RIGHT. YOU'VE BEEN
OUTTA TOWN. YOU
DON'T KNOW.

WE GOT A
NEW FRIEND IN
THESE PARTS. YOU
MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE
HIM IN STREET
CLOTHES.



"WHO
IS HE?"



MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS DAREDEVIL

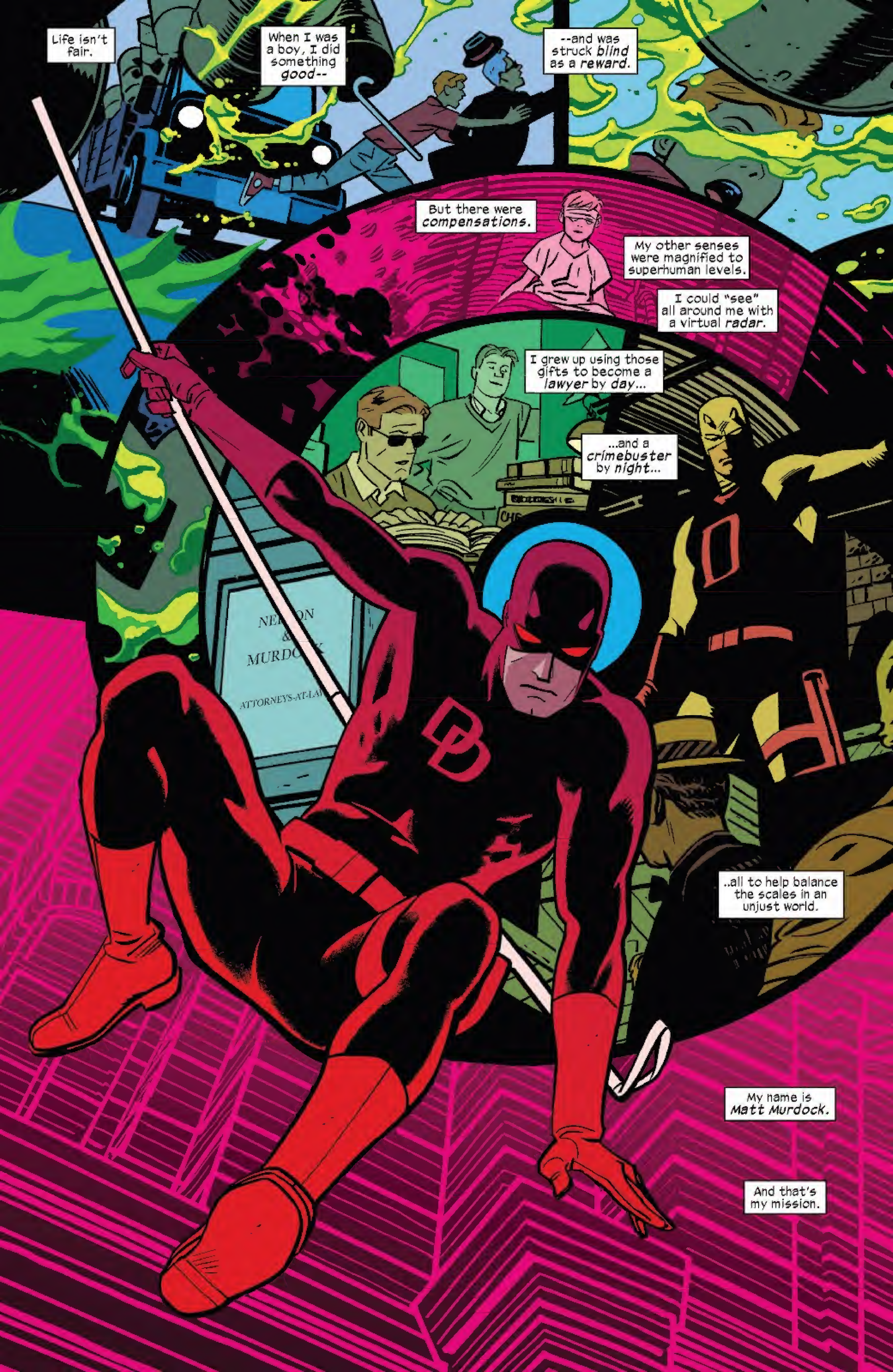
MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE
STORYTELLERS

JAVIER RODRIGUEZ COLORIST
ELLIE PYLE EDITOR

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

SPECIAL THANKS TO **STEPHEN WACKER**



Life isn't fair.

When I was a boy, I did something good--

--and was struck blind as a reward.

But there were compensations.

My other senses were magnified to superhuman levels.

I could "see" all around me with a virtual radar.

I grew up using those gifts to become a lawyer by day...

...and a crimebuster by night...

..all to help balance the scales in an unjust world.

My name is Matt Murdock.

And that's my mission.

New York was my home nearly all my life, and I know every inch of it in ways no sighted person ever could.

Every landmark that could help a man of my specific skills navigate the city, I counted on.

The flagpoles outside the Daily Bugle building.

The smell of the bread factory near SoHo.

The unmistakable silhouette of that one ancient water tower on the East Side.

The song of the George Washington Bridge when the winter wind plays its cables like an ultrasonic harp.

The faint tang of the ionized air around the Con Ed plant on 15th.







THE KIDNAPPERS ARE ACTUALLY CHASING YOU? WHO DOES THAT? WHY ARE THEY--?

UNLESS THIS GIRL IS THE SECRET HEIR TO A LOST KINGDOM, WHICH SHE'S NOT, I COULDN'T TELL YOU!



LET'S JUST ASSUME THEY'RE PISSED THAT I SCREWED UP THEIR PLANS!

THEY'VE DRIVEN ME OFF-COURSE! GIVE ME A NEW ROUTE!



HURRY!

I'M WORKING ON IT! WHICH WAY ARE YOU HEADED NOW?



Sun on my left shoulder, ship horns at 3:00...

NORTHWEST!

GOOD! SWING WEST AROUND THE EMBARCADERO CLOCK TOWER!



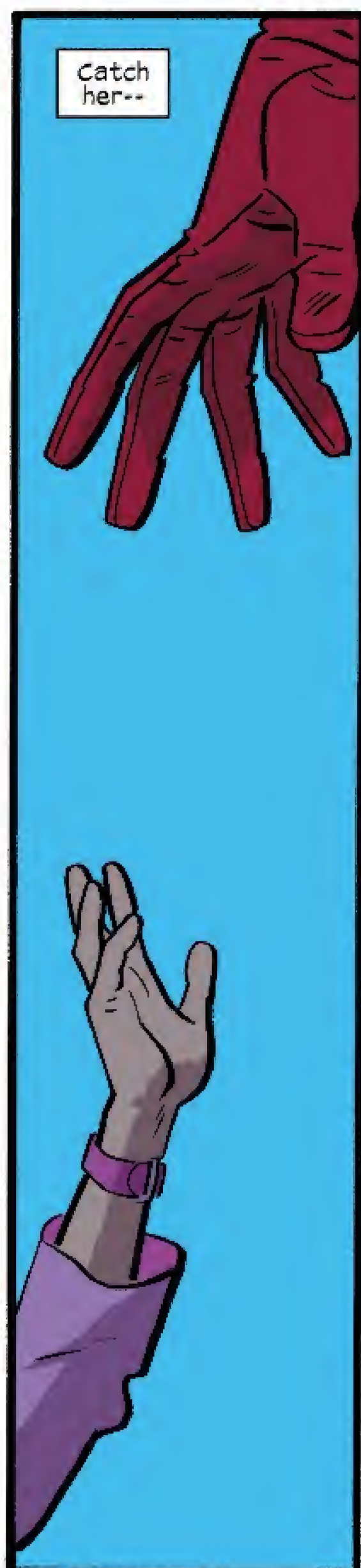
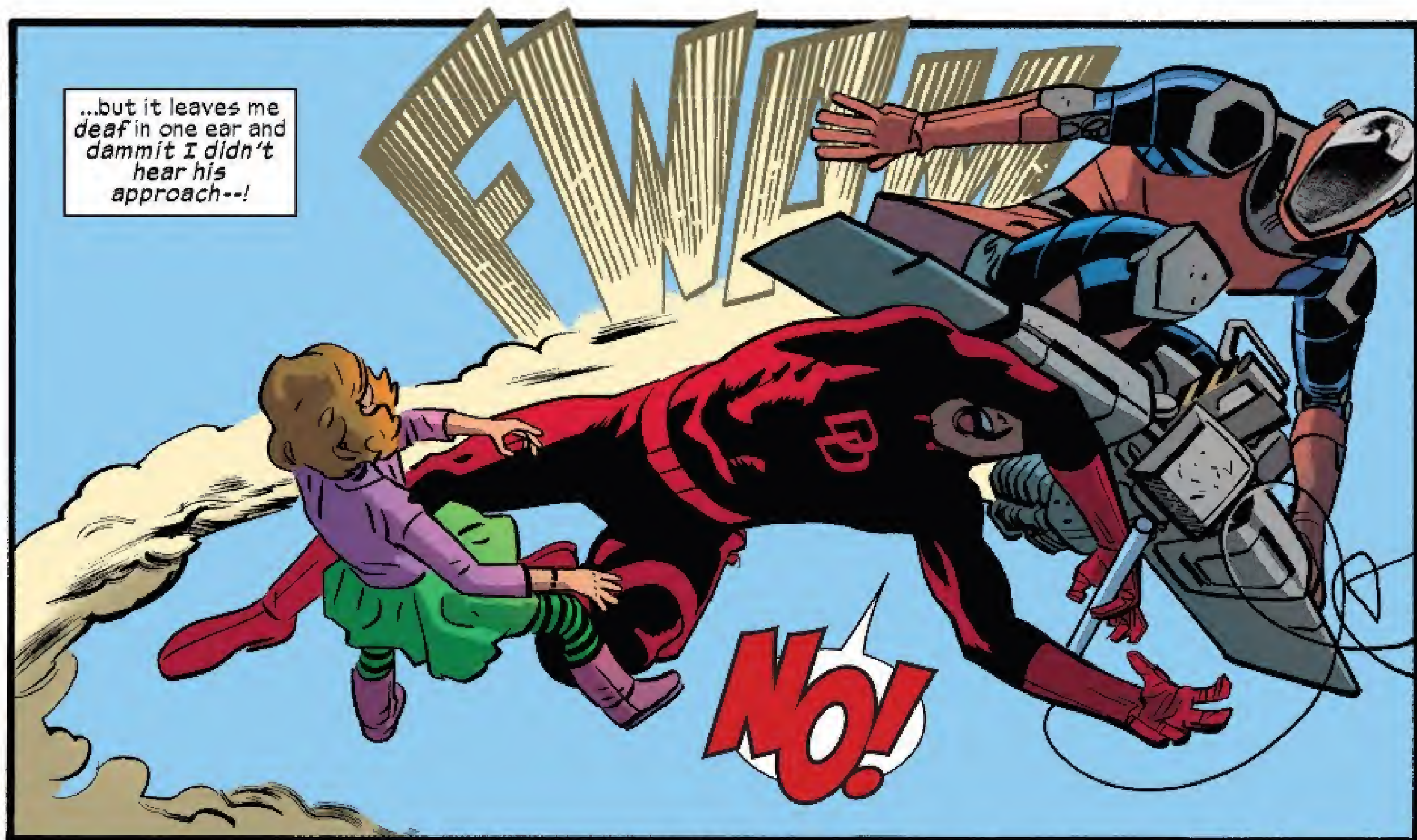
I tried to cheat the reorientation process by setting up an earpiece comm-link with my let's say "friend" Kirsten McDuffie...

PAF

CLIK

CLIK

CLIK







TOOK ONE GUY OUT, BUT I GUESS THERE'S SOME SORT OF AUTO-RECALL ON HIS AIRWING! CAN YOU TRACK HIM?

I DON'T HAVE LIVE SATELLITE, MATT! I'M NOT THE PENTAGON! I HAVE GOOGLE MAPS!



Dear City Planners, try putting your buildings a little closer together, okay?



I'M MOVING SOUTHWEST ALONGSIDE... WHAT'S IT CALLED...?

MARKET!

MARKET?



ARE YOU SURE YOU USED TO LIVE HERE? MAYBE THEY JUST TOLD YOU IT WAS SAN FRANCISCO...

CHET



AND I HAVE TAKEN A LOT OF PUNCHES TO THE HEAD SINCE, SO CUT ME SOME SLACK AND START SCOPING OUT CHINATOWN!



THAT, I KNOW!



I WANT MY MOMMY!

SOON, CHELSEA! YOU'RE BEING SUCH A GOOD GIRL!

I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU, PROMISE!



Don't get flustered. Just keep the fight away from *crowds* and focus on the kid.

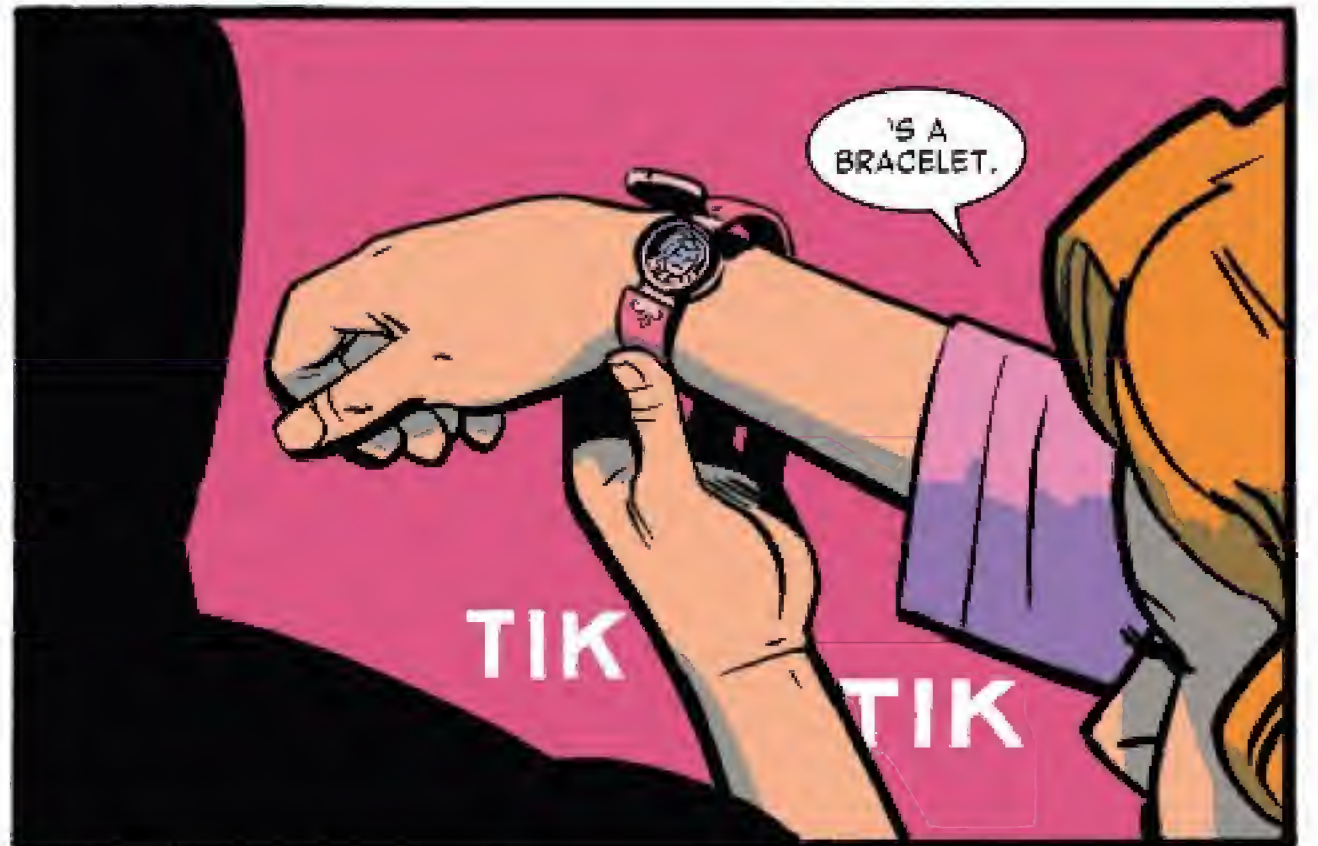


She's about to lose it. Say something.

I LIKE YOUR WATCH.

'S NOT A WATCH. SEE?

TIK
TIK



'S A BRACELET.

TIK
TIK



Wait, what? Then where's the *ticking* coming...

TIK
TIK



TIK
TIK
TIK

...from...?

Oh, dear Lord.

It's coming from *HER*.



Okay. Okay.
Okay.

MATT?
MATT?

Sorry, sweetie.
I hate this, but
you shouldn't be
awake for this
next part.
Gentle...



NEAREST
HOSPITALS!
GO!

MATT,
ARE YOU
HURT?

NO! FIND A
HOSPITAL!



WATERFORD
HOSPITAL,
JACKSON
STREET!
IT'S--

SINGLE-
STORY,
RIGHT?



WHAT?
MAYBE? WHAT
DIFF--

TALLER!



A HOSPITAL! A
HOTEL, EVEN! THE
TALLER, THE
BETTER!

In downtown New
York, I could find
what I need ten
times on every
block. Here...

ST. FRANCIS,
SOUTHWEST,
ON BUSH! VERY
TALL! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

THE
KIDNAPPERS?
THEY PUT SOMETHING
INSIDE THE KID
THAT HAS TO BE
A BOMB!

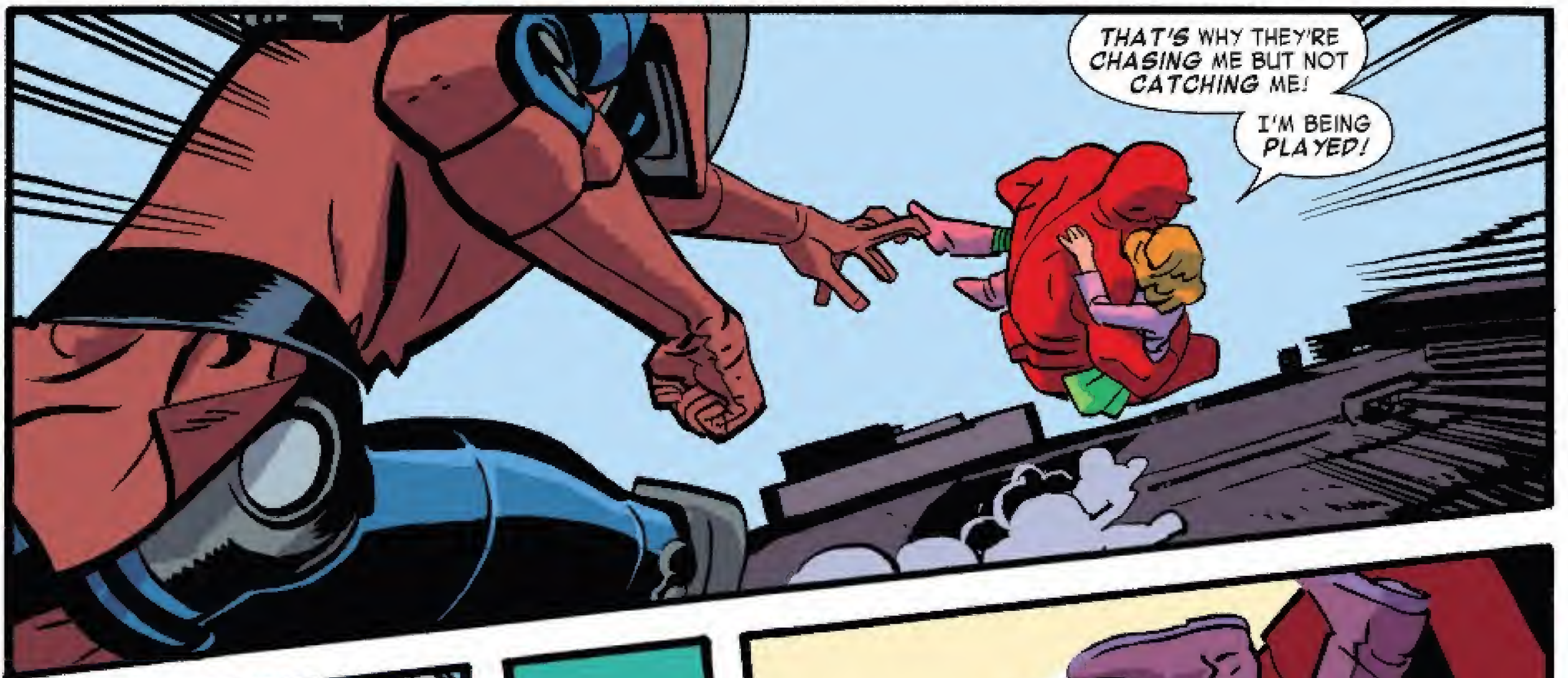


ARE YOU
JOKING?

Microdevice.
Probably fed it to
her. Not a time
bomb, either.

The ticking
I heard isn't
clockworks.

It's the
micromechanics
of a radio
receiver.



THAT'S WHY THEY'RE CHASING ME BUT NOT CATCHING ME!

I'M BEING PLAYED!



THEY WANT THIS KID HAND-DELIVERED TO CITY HALL, OR POLICE HEADQUARTERS, OR ANY PLACE WHERE THERE ARE CROWDS!



RRRNCH

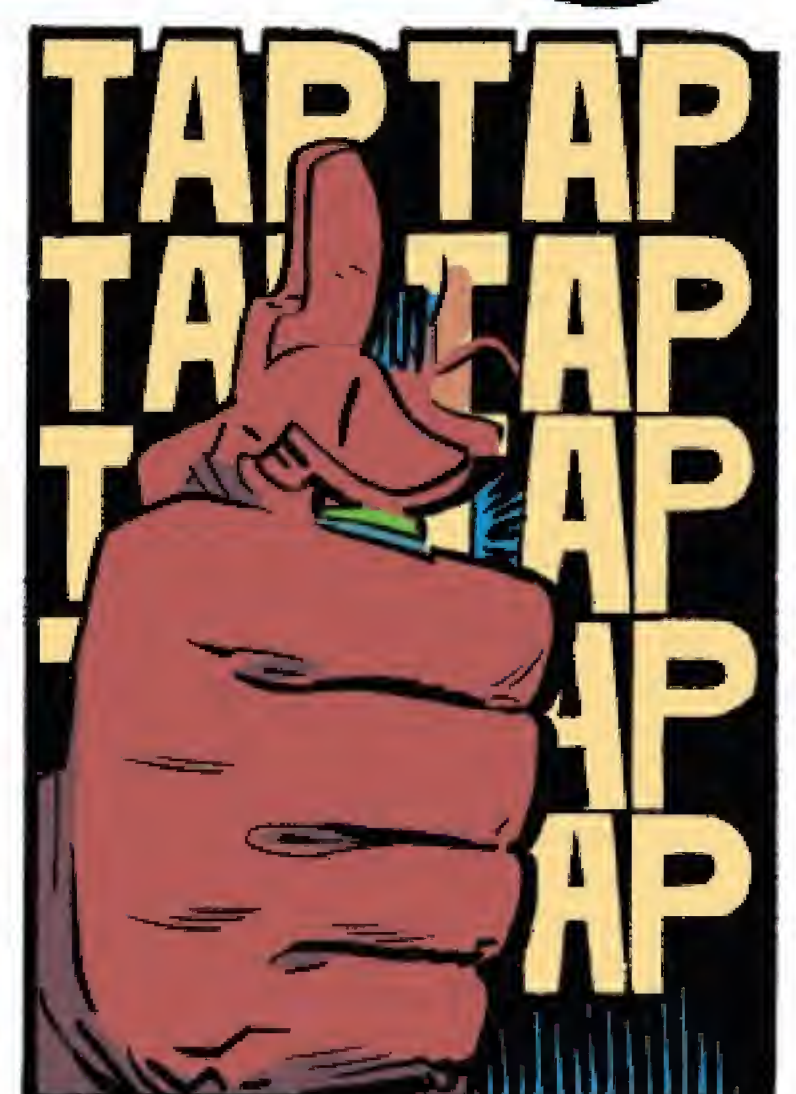
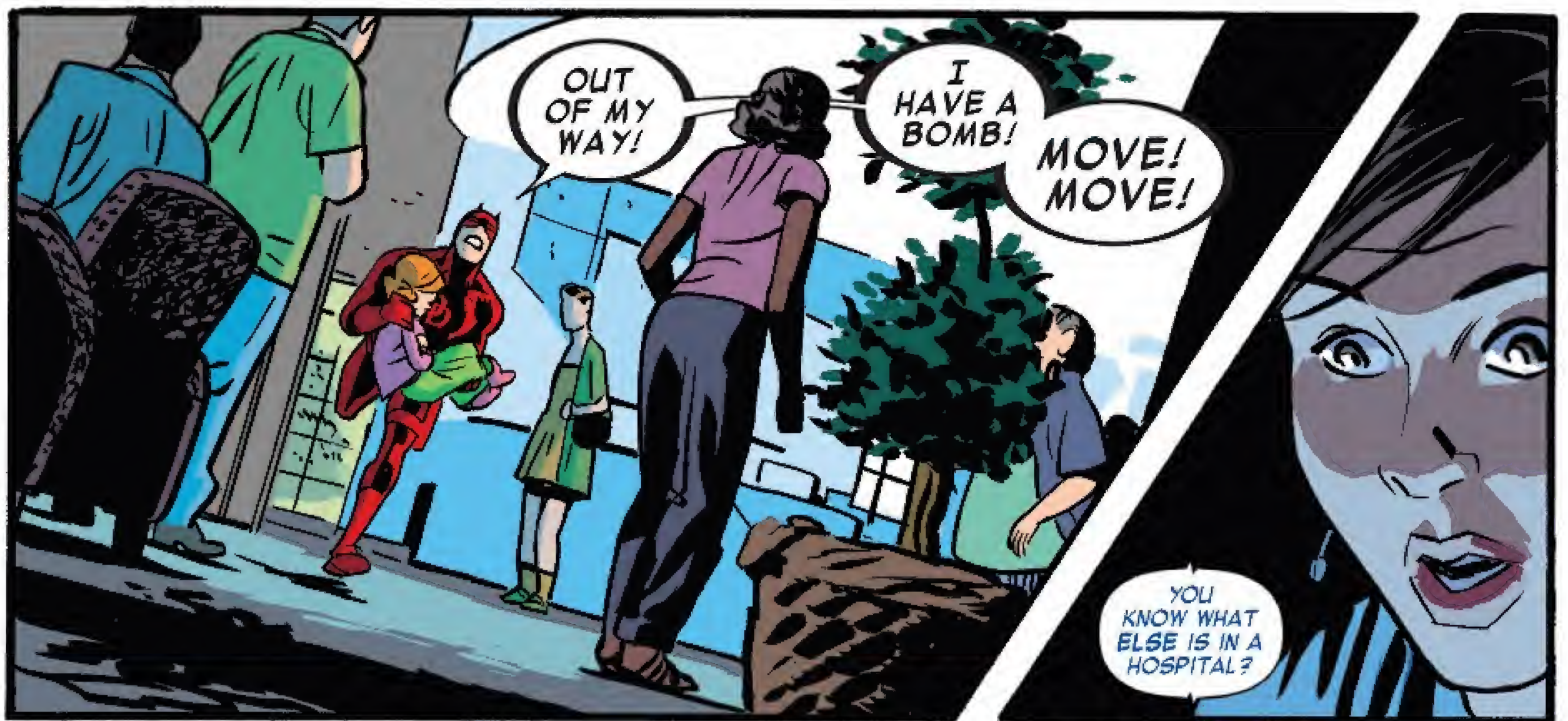


THEY DON'T WANT HER BACK!



"THEY WANT TO SET HER OFF WHERE SHE CAN DO THE MOST DAMAGE!"







A Faraday Cage is an enclosure specifically built to shield its contents from electric signals of all types.

Where one might be is *anyone's* guess.



But take it from someone who can sometimes feel radio waves pepper his skin like raindrops--



--this is a workable substitute--



--provided wingman doesn't narrow the gap.



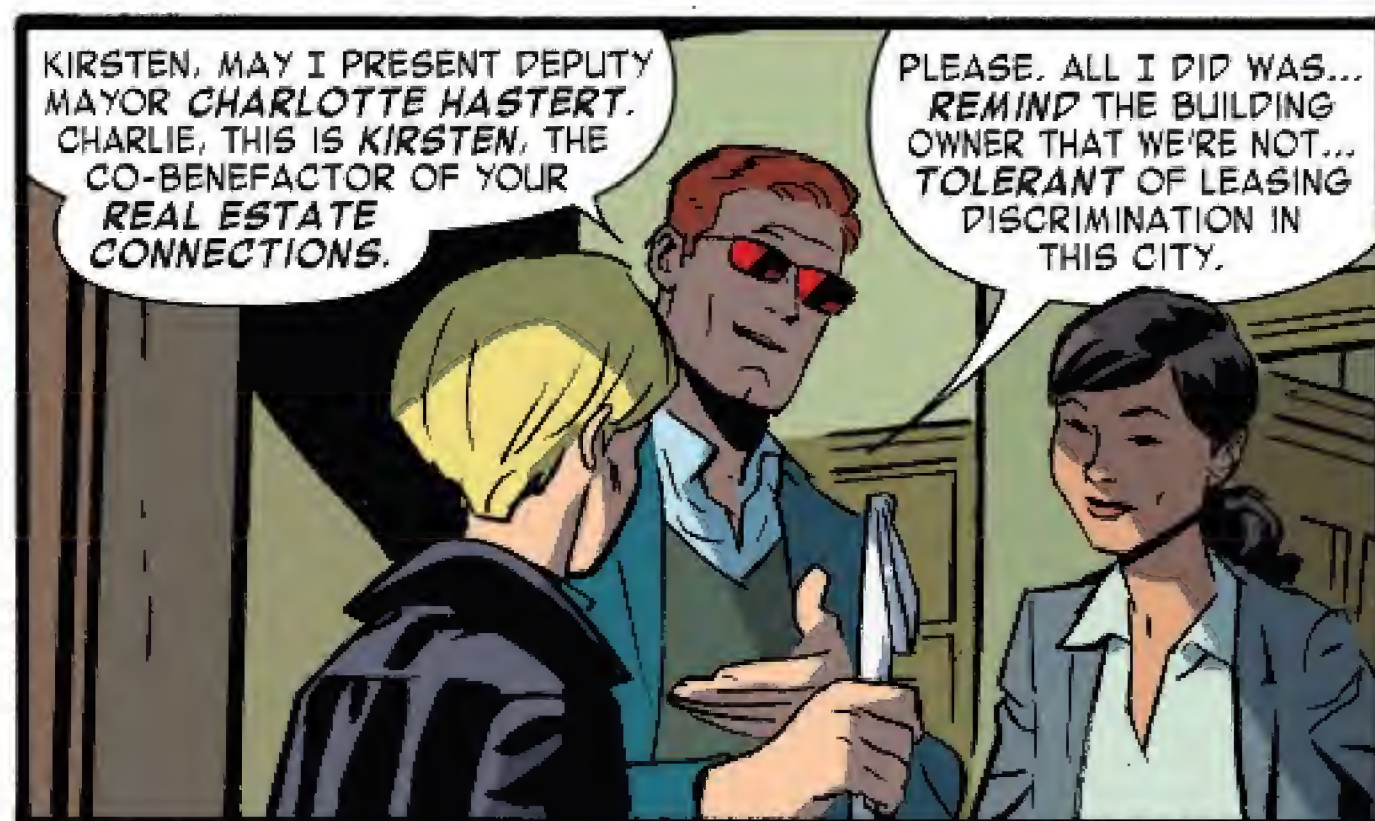
I doubt he and his friend were working alone.

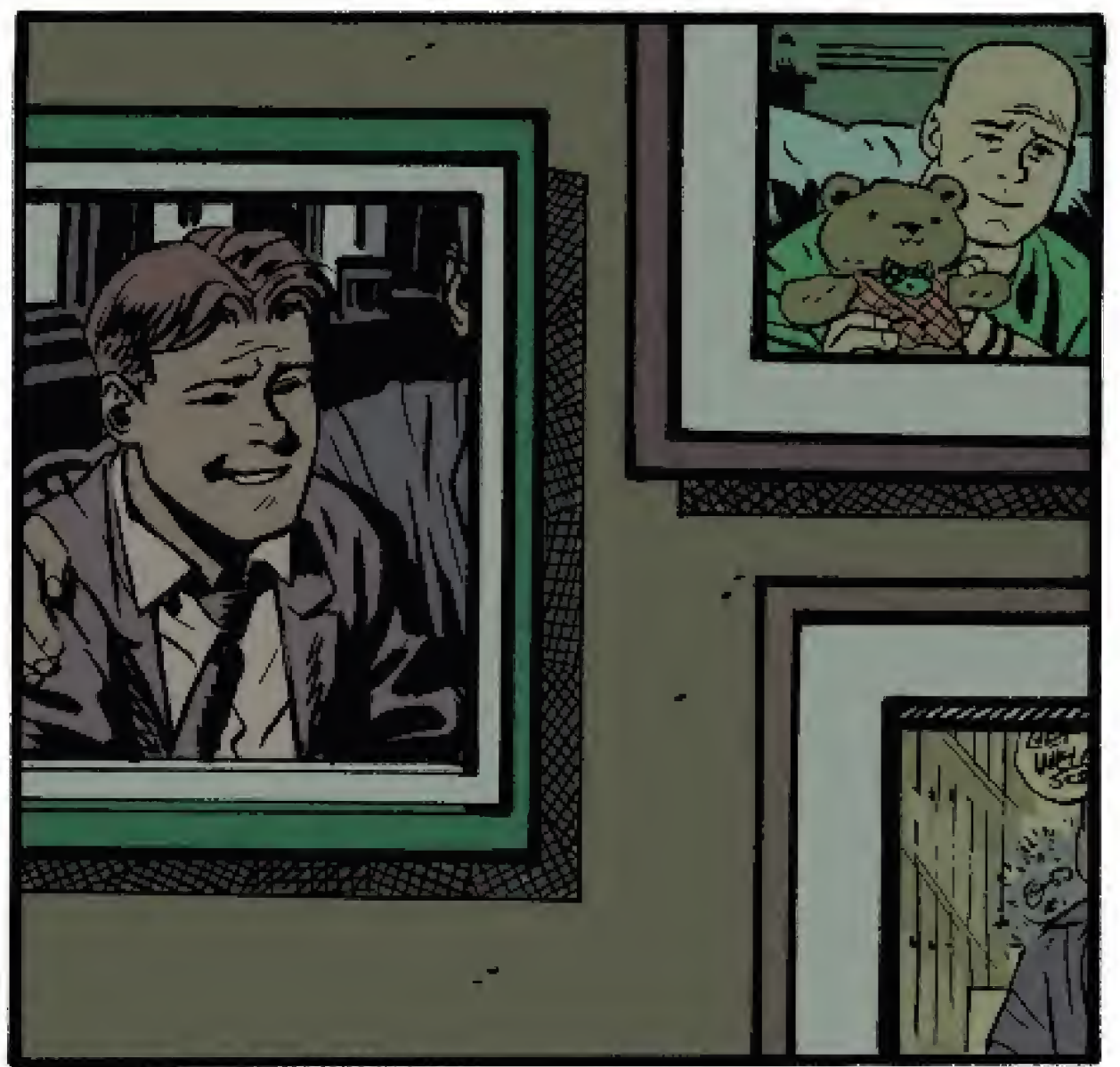


Who planned this? Who's monstrous enough to use a little girl as a living weapon? What's the goal?

I suppose
I'll ask him
when he
wakes up.







"WAS" ...?

**NEXT: THE DEVIL
AND THE DARKNESS**



WAID
BENDIS
KESEL
RODRIGUEZ
MALEEV
PALMER
LOPEZ

MARVEL

**AGENTS OF
S.H.I.E.L.D.**
#ItsAllConnected
NEW EPISODES
TUESDAYS 8/7c

1.50

HERE COMES... **DAREDEVIL** THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Welcome to the 50th Anniversary issue of Daredevil!

Newly appointed Daredevil Editor, Ellie Pyle, here, and I'm going to be honest, writing an intro to a milestone as your second issue is pretty terrifying. So I'm going to use what I've learned from Matt Murdock and just jump in face first!

Back in the spring of 1964*, The Man Without Fear (created by Stan Lee and Bill Everett with some help from Jack Kirby) burst into Fogwell's gym and onto the stands, becoming the world's first blind super hero! As a kid, Matt Murdock saved an older man from being hit by a truck but a cylinder of radioactive chemicals fell off the truck, hit Matt in the face and blinded him! Though Matt's sight would never return, he soon discovered that his other senses had become hypersensitive to compensate. He could tell if someone was lying by listening to their heartbeat, read by feeling the indentations a pen made in paper, identify people by smell, and his sight was replaced by a kind of radar sense that let him perceive the world around him 360 degrees at a time. Matt was raised in Hell's Kitchen, NYC by an aging prize fighter father who wanted his son to grow up to be a lawyer. After Matt's father was killed by the mobsters he had unknowingly been working for, Matt adopted the costumed identity of Daredevil to avenge his father's death and protect Hell's Kitchen. He became a lawyer by day, and a super hero by night.

Matt Murdock has been through a lot since then. In the 80s Frank Miller added new levels to Daredevil's origin by introducing the Hand, a mysterious organization of ninjas who had trained Daredevil and his star-crossed love, Elektra. During Miller's run a book that had once been a swashbuckling adventure with hilarious hijinks (see Mike Murdock, below) became a brilliant, noir crime book with a mystical edge. And it really speaks to the enduring nature of this character that both of those styles continue to work, and some stories have even landed nicely in between.

In this issue you will find three stories:

The first is by Mark Waid and Javier Rodriguez who are part of the current Daredevil creative team. Mark took a suggestion (might have been a dare) from former Daredevil editor Stephen Wacker to spend this milestone looking forward instead of back and set the issue on Matt Murdock's 50th birthday. It draws from a lot of what is going on in the current series right now though (Including Matt's recent move to San Francisco!) and includes many clues about where stories Mark is just starting now might end up.

The second story is by Brian Michael Bendis and Alex Maleev whose four year run remains one of the most acclaimed in the book's history. Where this story falls in relation to that run or other possible futures remains up to you.

Finally, we have a flashback to the madcap Gene Colan days when Matt Murdock tried to hide his secret identity by inventing a twin brother for himself named Mike. It's written and drawn by former Daredevil writer Karl Kesel and inked by Tom Palmer who inked Daredevil over Gene years ago.

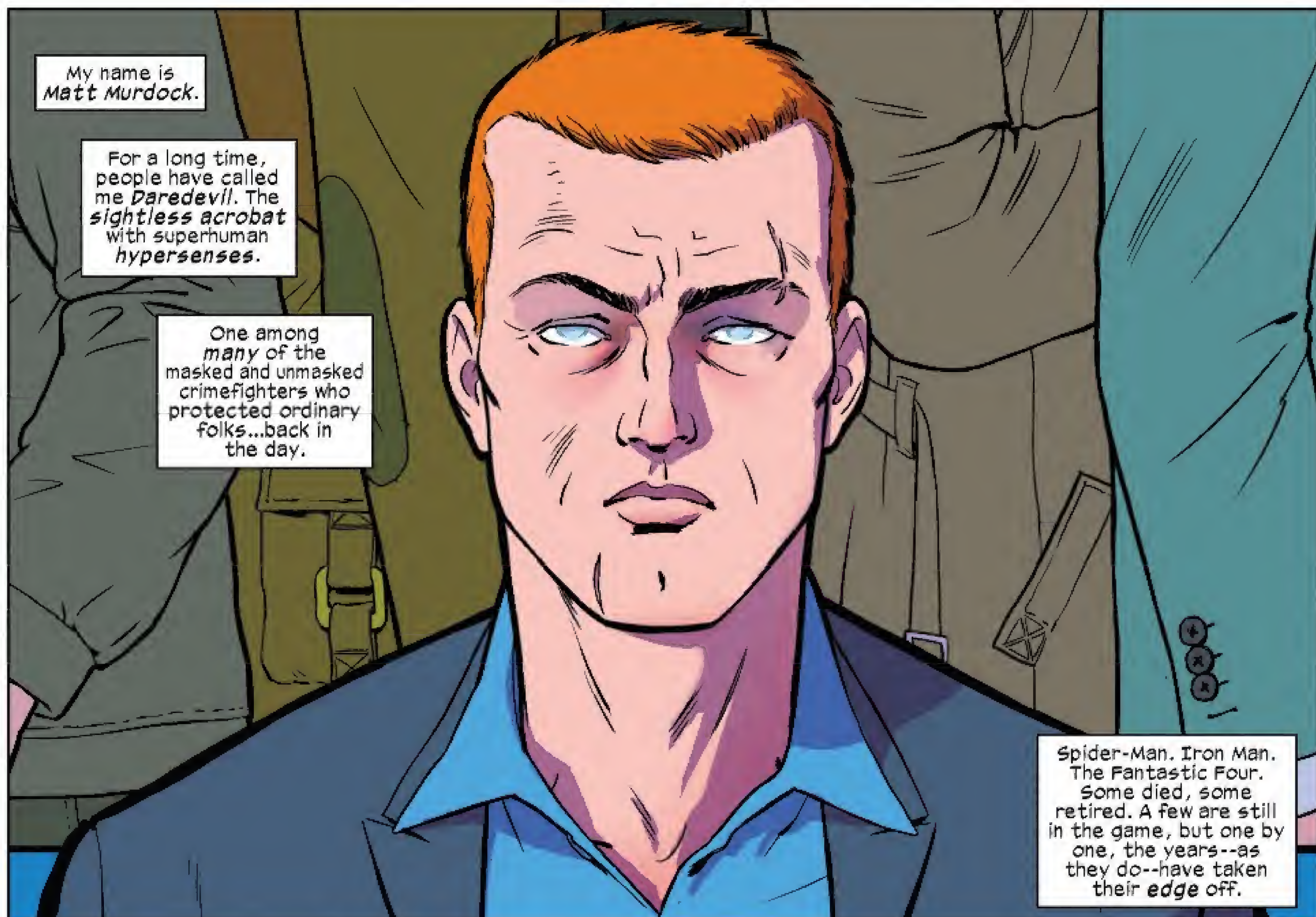
It would be impossible to encapsulate every kind of Daredevil story in one 40 page issue, but these stories are an excellent sampling of where the character has been and where he might one day be.

So you should start reading!

Said with a smile,

Ellie Pyle
Daredevil Editor

*Daredevil fun fact: Tom Brevoort says that Daredevil #1 was running so late that Stan had to create the Avengers just to fill a hole in the publishing schedule. No issue of Daredevil has ever run late since... (They can't hear my heartbeat on paper right?)



My name is
Matt Murdock.

For a long time,
people have called
me *Daredevil*. The
sightless acrobat
with superhuman
hypersenses.

One among
many of the
masked and unmasked
crimefighters who
protected ordinary
folks...back in
the day.

Spider-Man. Iron Man.
The Fantastic Four.
Some died, some
retired. A few are still
in the game, but one by
one, the years--as
they do--have taken
their *edge* off.



Time has treated
me, on the other
hand, with a
unique kindness.

My gifts have
only intensified
with age.



Over time, my radar
sense evolved to where
I can distinguish depth
and contour. I can
"see" vivid colors.



If I concentrate and
take my time, and
the type is large and
clear enough, I can
just about *read*.



It's still not the same as
full-blown *sight*, of course,
but God knows it beats
being straight-up *blind*.





PRESENTING A VERY SPECIAL LOOK AT THE FUTURE TO
COMMEMORATE DAREDEVIL'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY:

THE KING IN RED

MARK WAID & JAVIER RODRIGUEZ STORYTELLERS

ALVARO LOPEZ INKS

JAVIER RODRIGUEZ COLORS

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER

PAOLO RIVERA COVER

MARCOS MARTIN and SAMNEE & RODRIGUEZ VARIANT COVER

ELLIE PYLE EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF

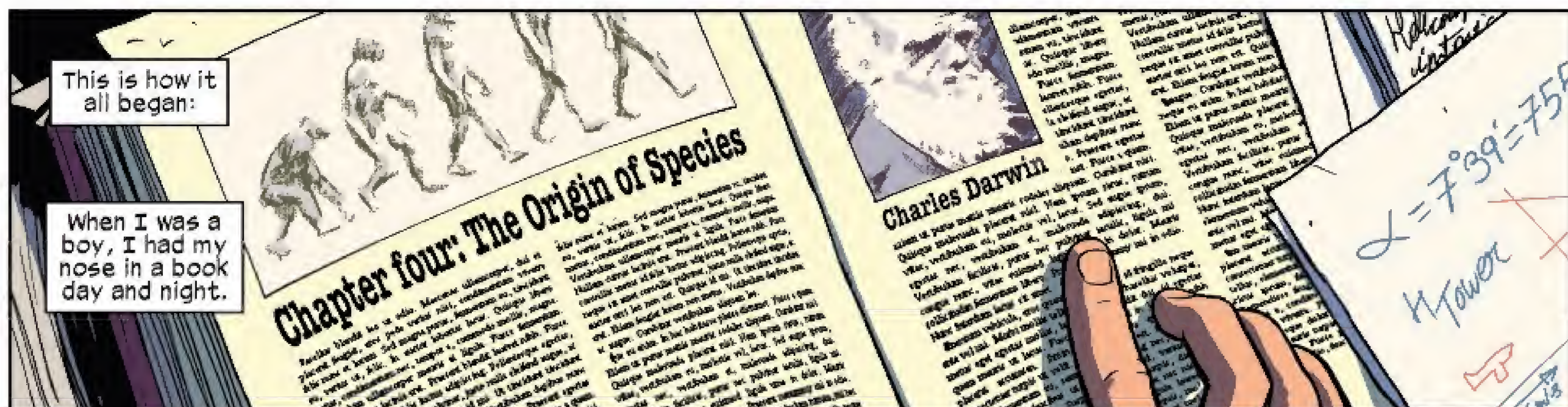
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

WITH GRATITUDE TO

STAN LEE & BILL EVERETT, KARL KESEL, TOM PEYER, AND STEPHEN WACKER







Jonathan Franklin Murdock is a nine-year-old who I'm told looks just like me.

Bless his heart, that's where the resemblance ends.



He fooled us at first. He was born healthy and normal, with no trace of my powers or of his mother's affliction.

The backlash came when he hit fourteen months.



Out of nowhere, thanks to a nasty surprise hidden deep in my DNA, hypersenses took the poor guy by storm.



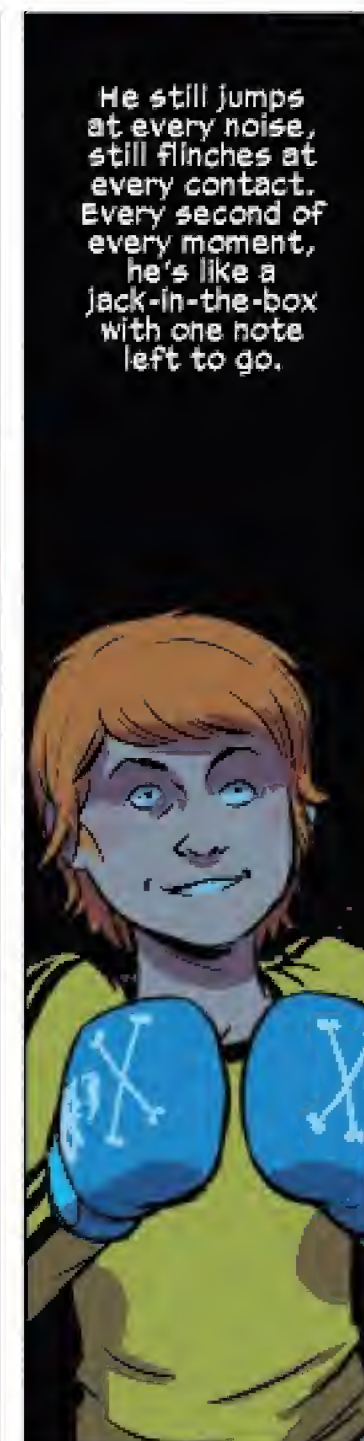
Hearing, touch, taste, smell--all amplified a hundredfold. He'd bruise PURPLE at the merest touch. The scent of his mother's perfume made his little NOSE bleed. He was in perpetual AGONY.



POF



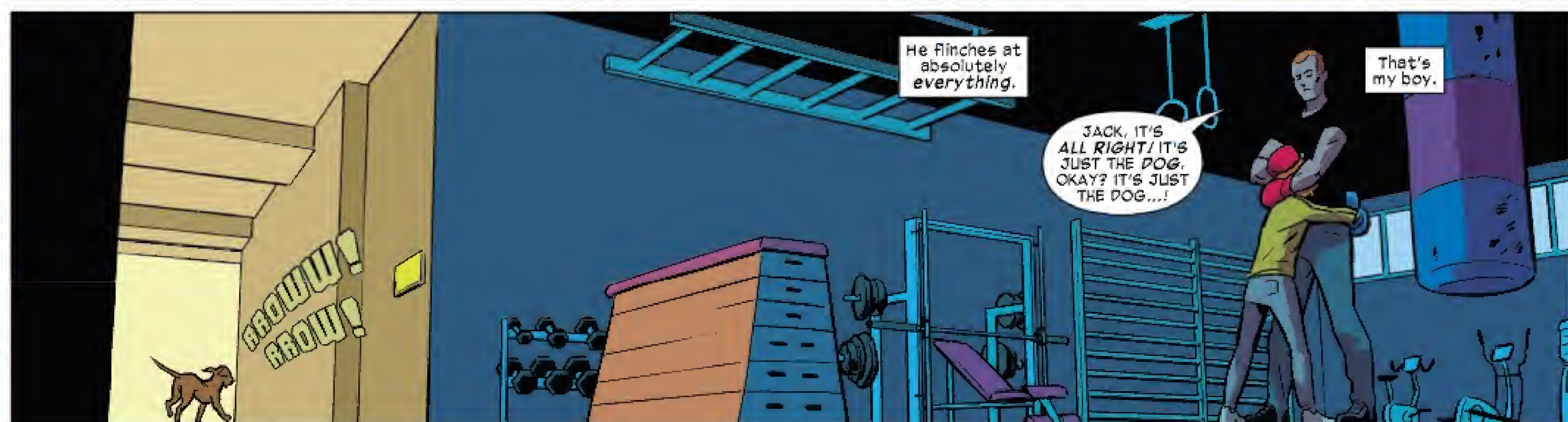
It took Dr. Valeria Richards six months to cure and restore him, but even so, the psychological scars were permanent.



He still jumps at every noise, still flinches at every contact. Every second of every moment, he's like a Jack-in-the-box with one note left to go.



AAAH!
AAHUFF
AAHUFF
AAHUFF

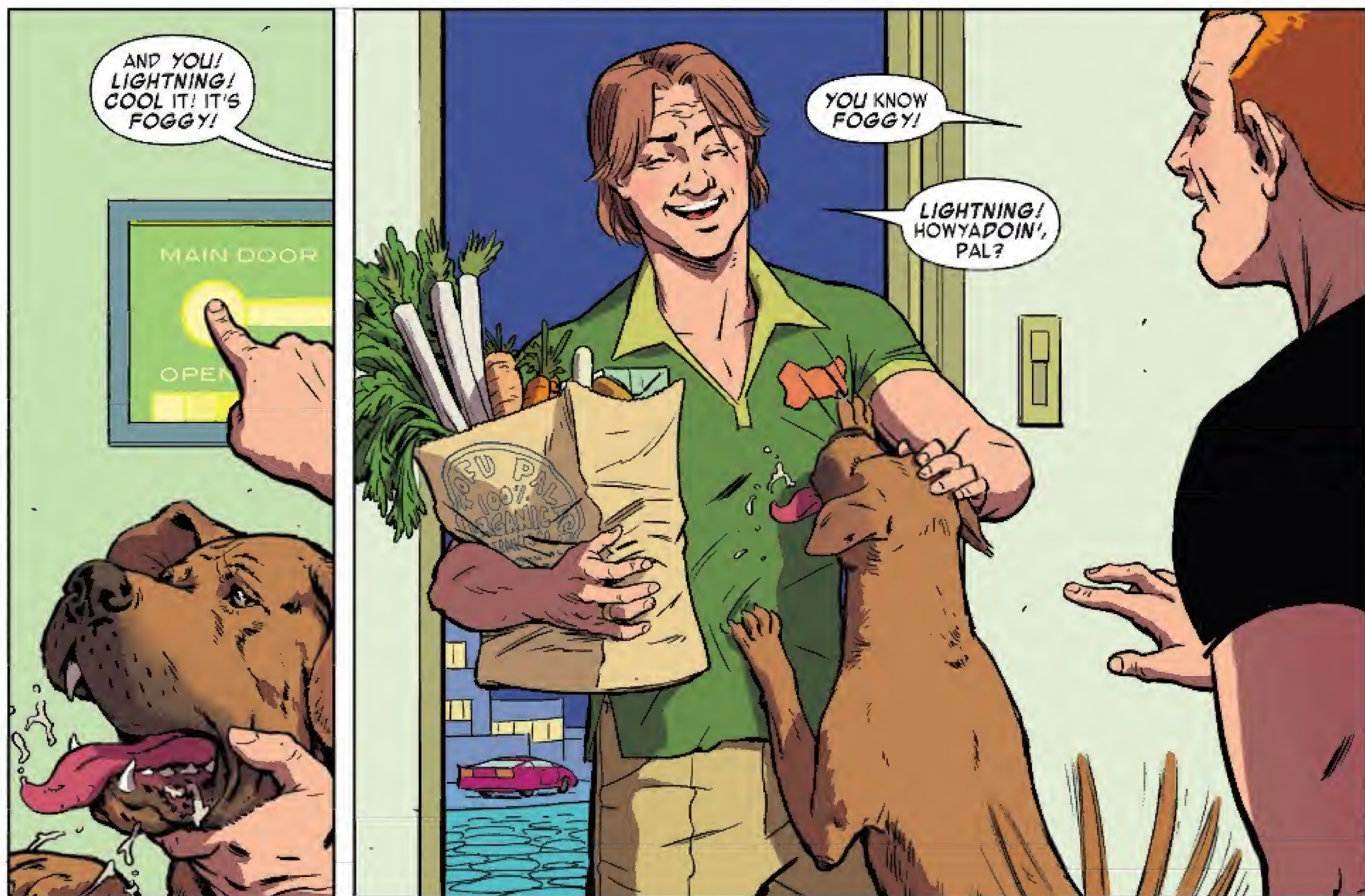


He flinches at absolutely everything.

That's my boy.

JACK, IT'S ALL RIGHT! IT'S JUST THE DOG. OKAY? IT'S JUST THE DOG...!

AAHUFF!
AAHUFF!





"THEY REMEMBERED HIM FROM HIS **ORIGINAL** TOUR OF DUTY HERE, WHEN HE AND THE **BLACK WIDOW** MADE THE SCENE."

"MADE THE WHAT...?"

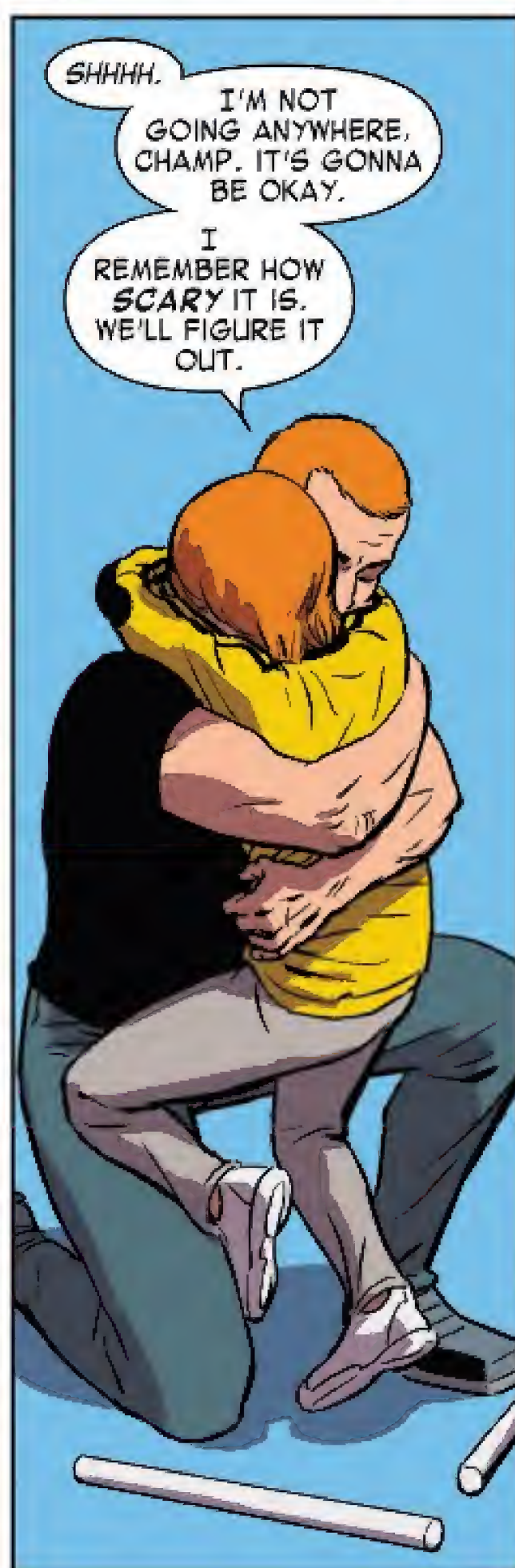
"SO WHEN HE CAME **BACK**, THEY HAD YOUR POP RUNNING FOR OFFICE IN **NO** TIME. **BUSY** BOY, HE WAS. MADE **LOTS** OF ENEMIES. THE **SHROUD**. THE **PURPLE** CHILDREN. **JUBULA** PRIDE.

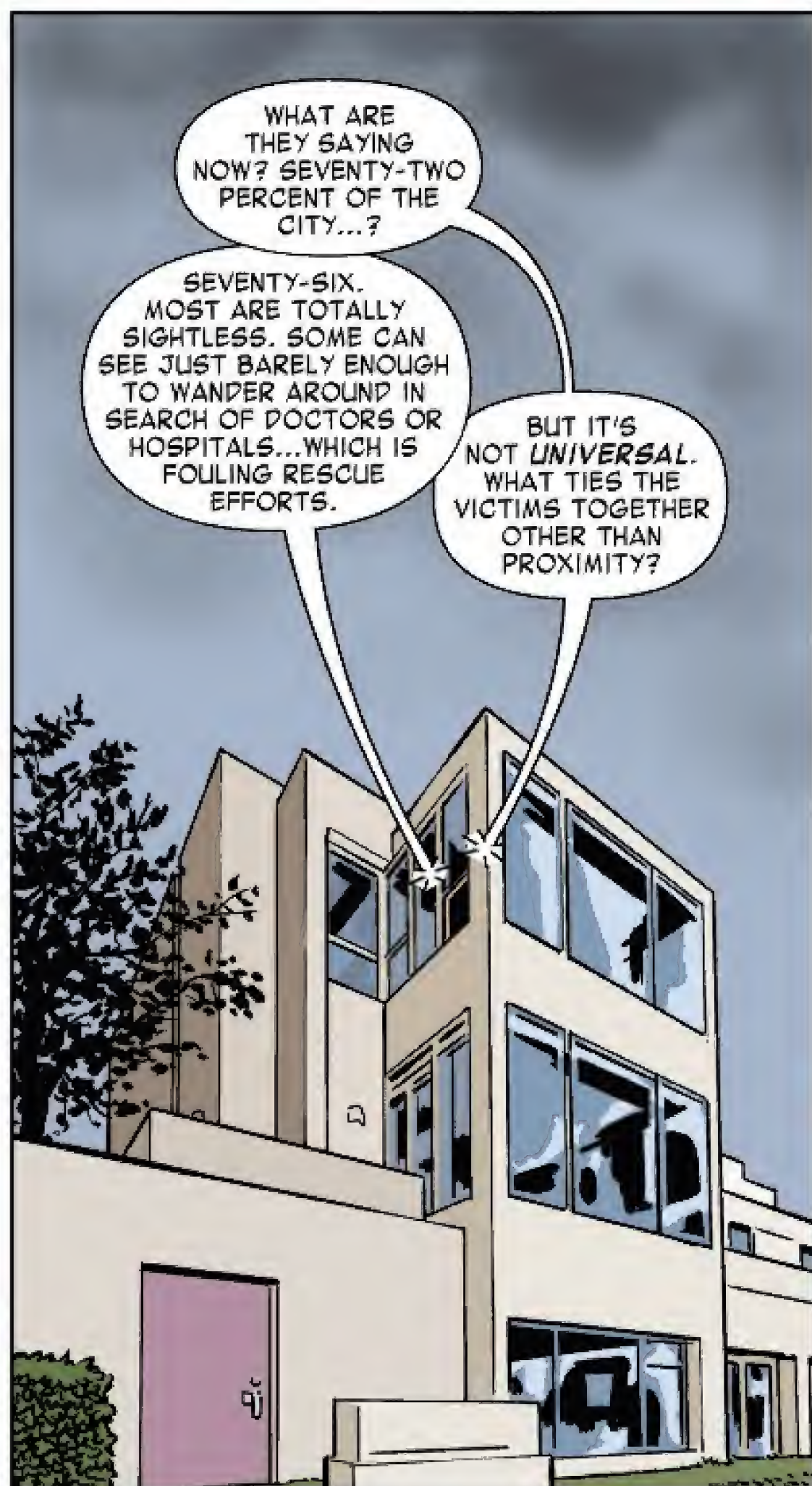
"EVEN HAD TO HAND OFF THE **DAREDEVIL** SUIT TO...YOU-KNOW-WHO FOR A WHILE. HAD TO **FIGHT** TO **RECLAIM** IT. **RETIRED** IT NOT LONG AFTER YOU WERE BORN.

"NO **REGRETS**, THOUGH. RIGHT, **MATTY?**"









WHAT ARE THEY SAYING NOW? SEVENTY-TWO PERCENT OF THE CITY...?

SEVENTY-SIX. MOST ARE TOTALLY SIGHTLESS. SOME CAN SEE JUST BARELY ENOUGH TO WANDER AROUND IN SEARCH OF DOCTORS OR HOSPITALS...WHICH IS FOULING RESCUE EFFORTS.

BUT IT'S NOT *UNIVERSAL*. WHAT TIES THE VICTIMS TOGETHER OTHER THAN PROXIMITY?



NO ONE KNOWS YET. THEY'RE ASSUMING IT'S A TERRORIST ATTACK. NO MEDICAL CONDITION COULD SPREAD THAT QUICKLY.

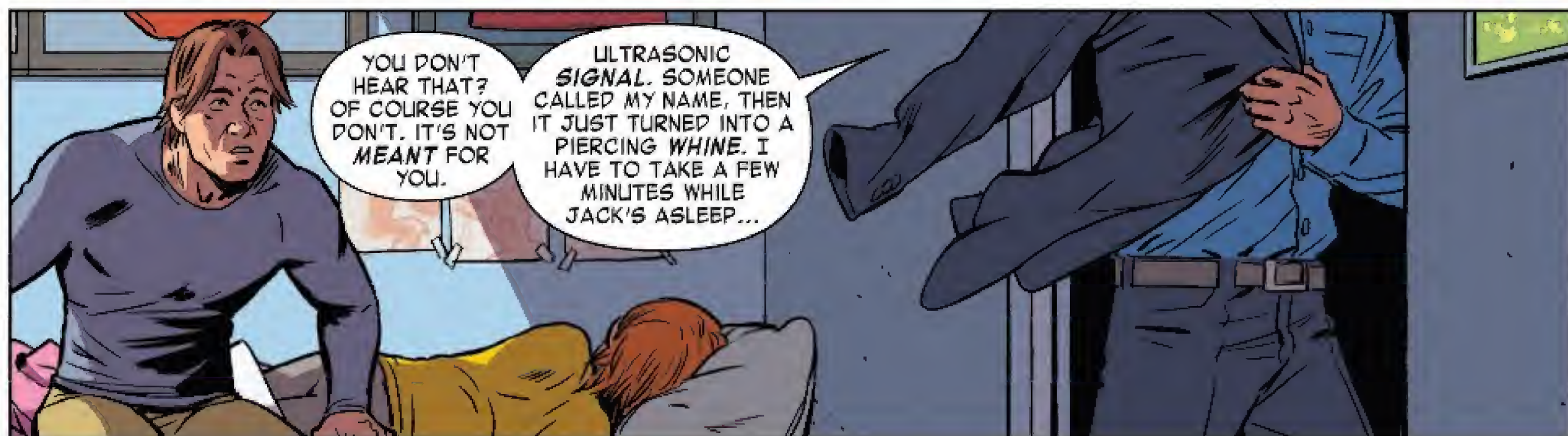
THE CITY'S ON LOCKDOWN. NO ONE IN OR OUT. YOU WANT TO TRY JACK'S MOTHER AGAIN...?

WORLDSTREAM ROUTERS ARE DOWN. WE'RE NOT GOING TO CONNECT--



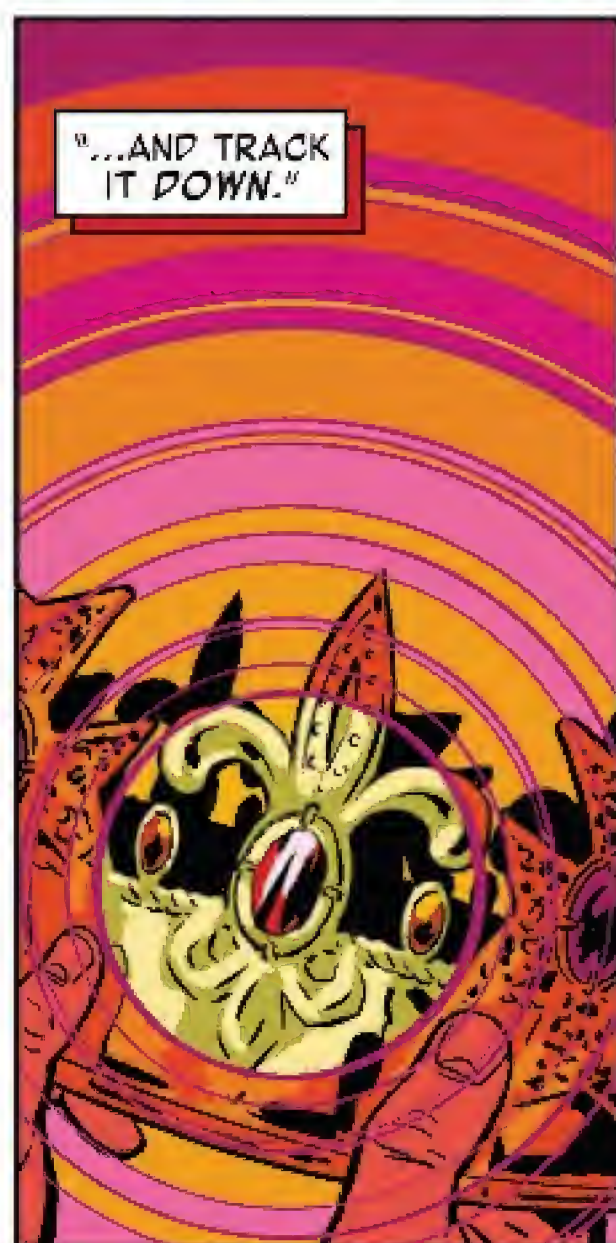
--AAAHH!

MATT?



YOU DON'T HEAR THAT? OF COURSE YOU DON'T. IT'S NOT MEANT FOR YOU.

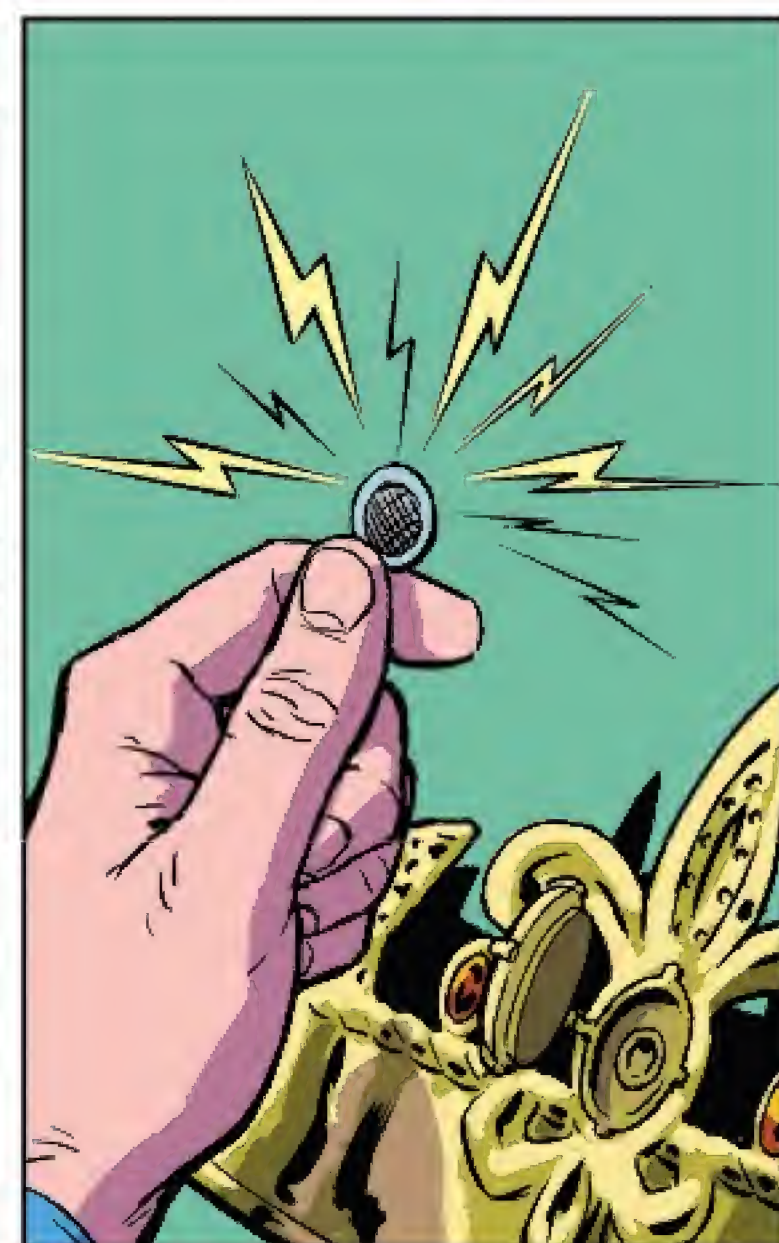
ULTRASONIC SIGNAL. SOMEONE CALLED MY NAME, THEN IT JUST TURNED INTO A PIERCING WHINE. I HAVE TO TAKE A FEW MINUTES WHILE JACK'S ASLEEP...



"...AND TRACK IT DOWN."



So here I am.







She *is* behind this, then. But how--?

MATTY?



HOLY GOOGLE GLASS, MATTY, I THINK I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THE EPIDEMIC.



DID YOU KNOW JACK'S BEEN DROPPING CYBER-OPTICS?



"GUESS WHAT PERCENTAGE OF BAY AREA RESIDENTS USE THIS STUFF TO STAY CONNECTED TO THE WORLDSTREAM 24/7?"



590-9834

120 Sea Street
San Francisco CA

"SEVENTY-SIX."

Cecilia Shiro
Management
Consultants
Richmond CA
Online.....

In a relationship
Cinema - Dance - Music



THERE'S
YOUR COMMON
THREAD.

GOD, I
ORDERED HIM NOT
TO MESS AROUND WITH
THAT JUNK! LIVE IN THE
MOMENT, DON'T LIVE
BEHIND A HEADS-UP
DISPLAY OF--



THAT'S IT.
SHE'S HACKED
THE FEED AND
FLIPPED A LIGHT
SWITCH THAT ONLY
SHE CAN TURN
BACK ON!

"SHE"?



The
crazy one.
Craziest.

Jubula
Pride.

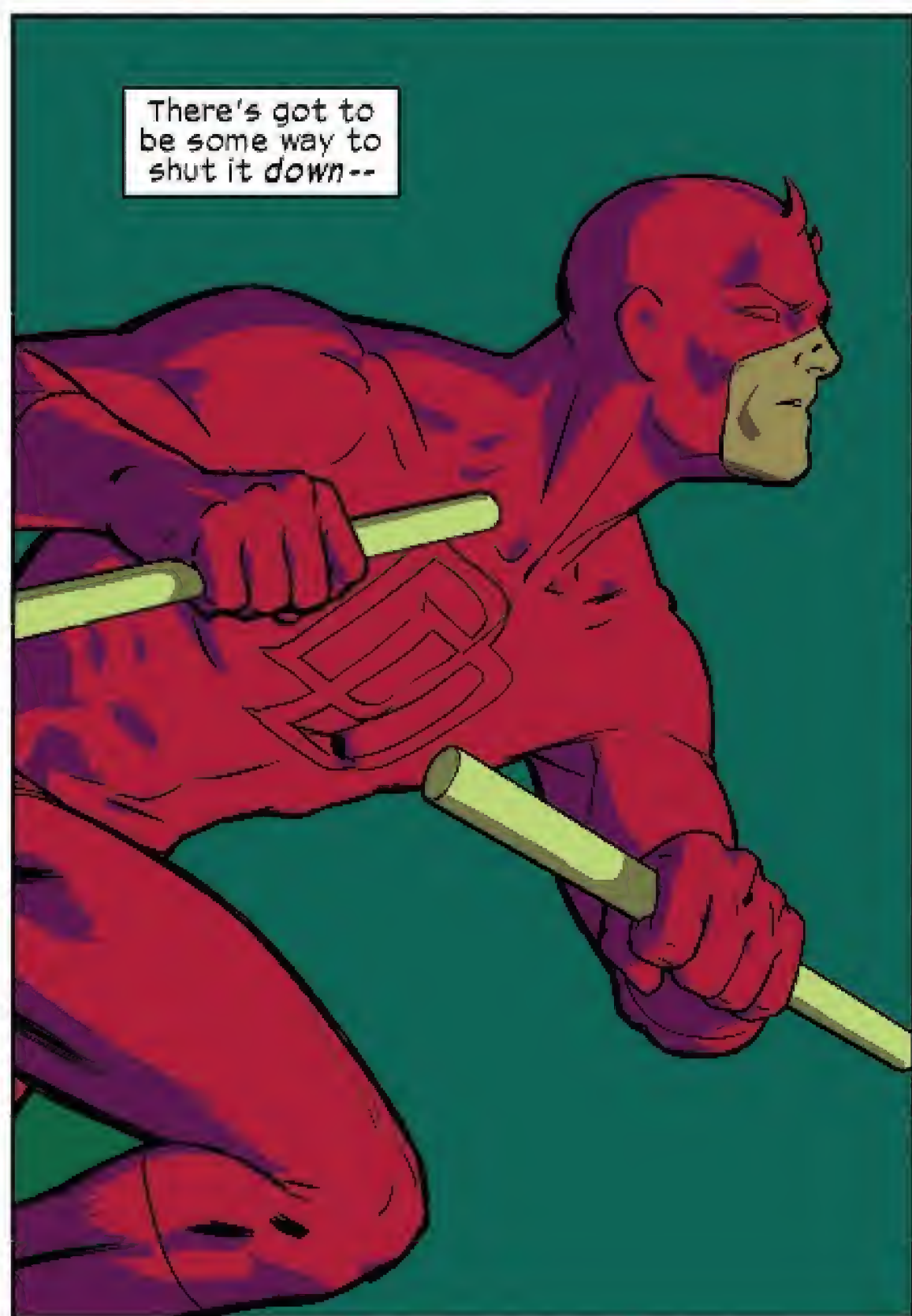


The Owl's
daughter.

KSHH

OH!
I WAS
EXPECTING
YOU! YOU SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN THE
ELEVATOR.
DARLI--







HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SWEETHEART! NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO DO THIS FOR YOU, WOULD THEY?



She was *sane* at first. But after what I did to her father, she snapped clean in two.

GIVE YOU BACK YOUR IDENTITY!



Since then, no matter how I push her off, she's determined to love me...



WE USED TO CALL YOU THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, BUT YOU THREW THAT AWAY WHEN YOU HAD A KID!



...to death.



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WITH CHILDREN! YOU START BEING SCARED FOR THEM!

THINK ABOUT YOUR DAD-- HOW MUCH HE COMPROMISED HIS DREAMS AND HIS PRINCIPLES TO PROVIDE FOR YOU--



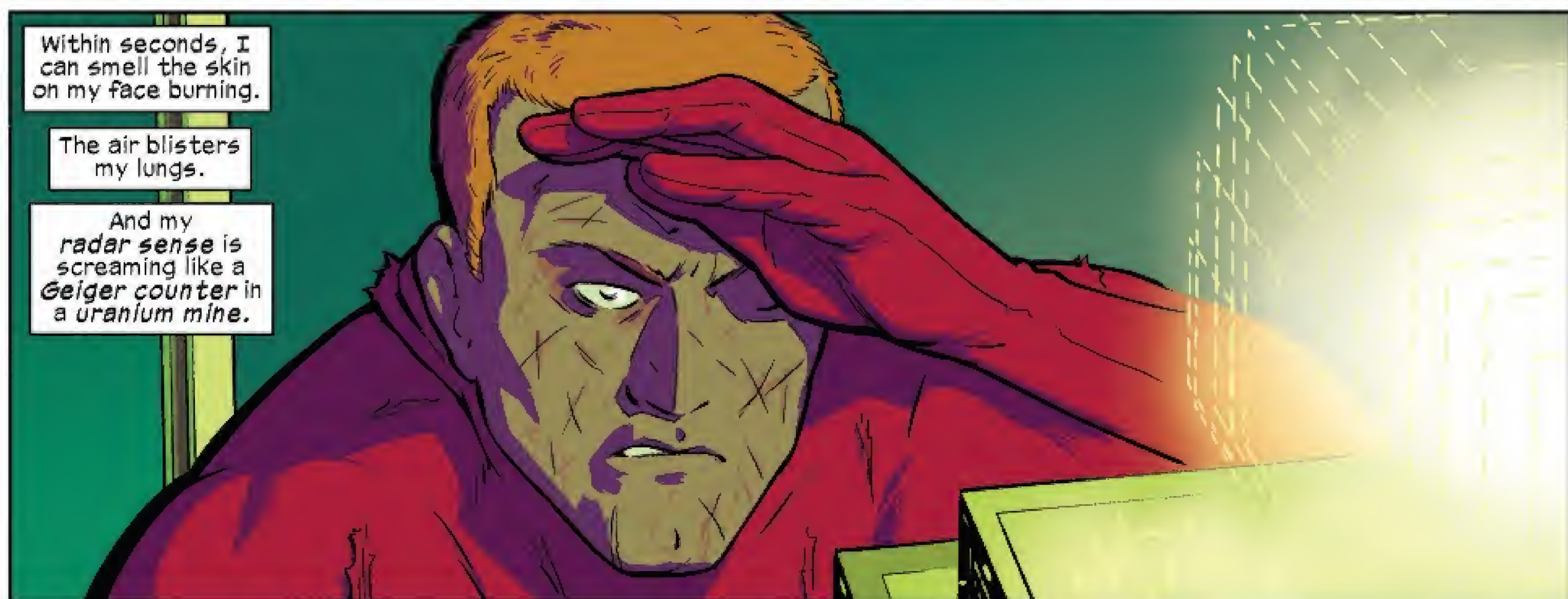
--BECAUSE HE WAS SO AFRAID YOU'D GROW UP WRONG IF HE PUT HIMSELF FIRST!

YOU WERE THE MASTER OF THIS CITY! NOW YOU CAN BE THE KING! KING OF THE WORLD! THEY'LL ALL BE HELPLESS, AND THEY'LL ALL NEED YOU TO SAVE THEM! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



THAT'S MY PRESENT TO YOU! I'M GIVING YOU BACK YOUR COURAGE!

I'M GIVING YOU THE CHANCE TO BE THE MAN YOUR FATHER NEVER WAS!





All I can do is
what I've always
done when the
odds are
against me.



I just start
punching.



And try to ignore
the sensation of
the fluids inside
my *eyes* starting
to boil.



It's *working*.
Wires are
crackling. Hums
are *fading*.



I think I
did it.



I've given
five million
people their
sight back.



I saved
my *son*.

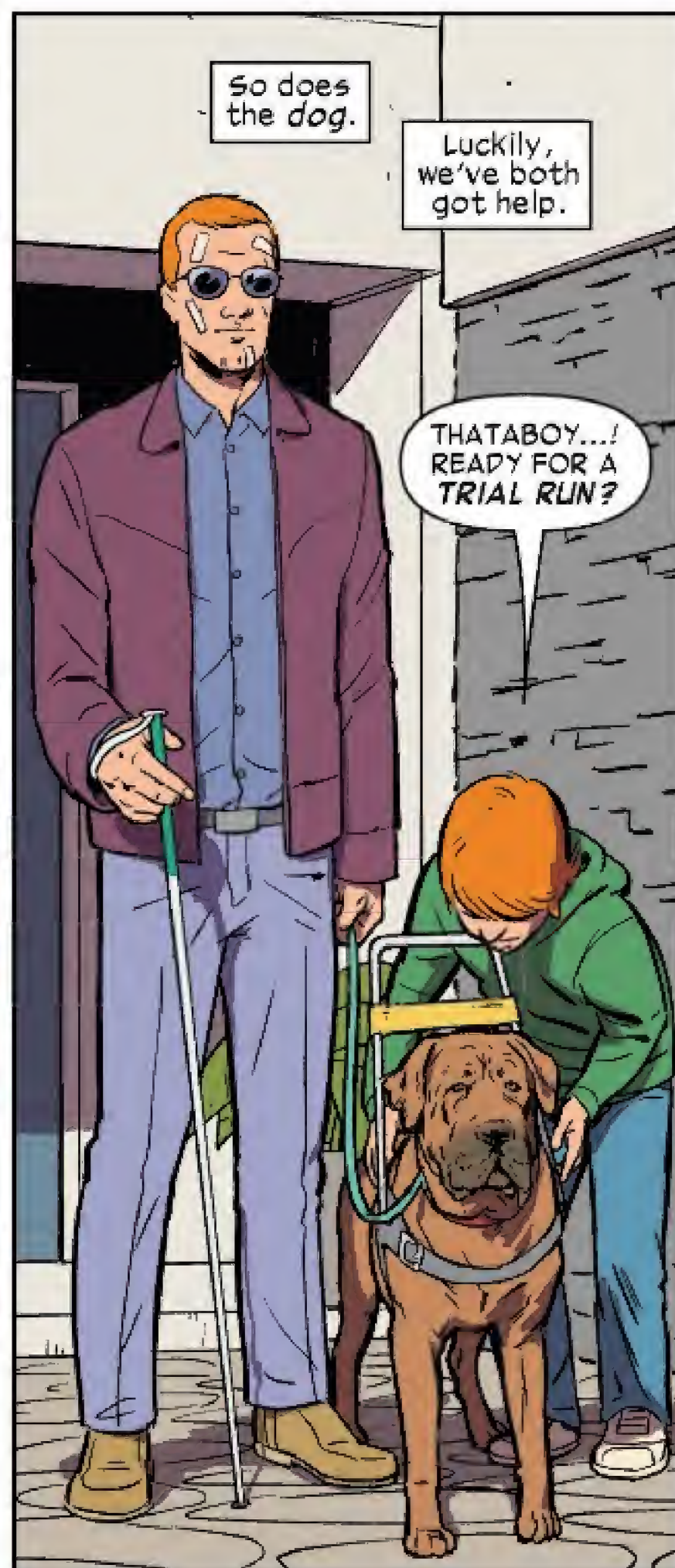


By the end of the month, the Bay Area is back to normal.

Better than, maybe, because everyone's more reluctant to splatter their corneas with *foreign substances*.



Me, I have to learn a surprisingly new set of skills.



So does the dog.

Luckily, we've both got help.

THATABOY...! READY FOR A TRIAL RUN?



YOU COMING WITH?

THEY...THEY SAID THERE'S STILL A LOT OF *WRECKAGE* AROUND AND STUFF. WE GOTTA *BOTH* BE CAREFUL...

Sigh.



IT WAS KIND OF SCARY OUT HERE FOR A WHILE, WASN'T IT? YOU'D RATHER BE INSIDE *READING*. I GET IT. GO!

YOU'RE NOT MAD?

NOT EVEN A LITTLE. IT'S COOL. WE'LL BE BACK IN A BIT.



Okay, so he's still *skittish*. It's not the end of the world.

Maybe he'll never be brave, but he's still my boy. I just wish I could see *some* spark of courage in--





BANK

My name is Stana Morgan and I am married to Matt Murdock. He is, or was, in fact, no matter what he says to the public, the costumed vigilante the press called Daredevil. I'm telling you this because this is a monumental and substantial part of my life that I have not been able to share with anybody and, well, it's time.

You need to know this. You specifically.

We met on the worst day of my life. The bank that I work, or should say worked at, was held hostage by a truly awful human being that calls itself The Owl. This disgusting, filthy monster decided to jump into our bank and terrorize us.

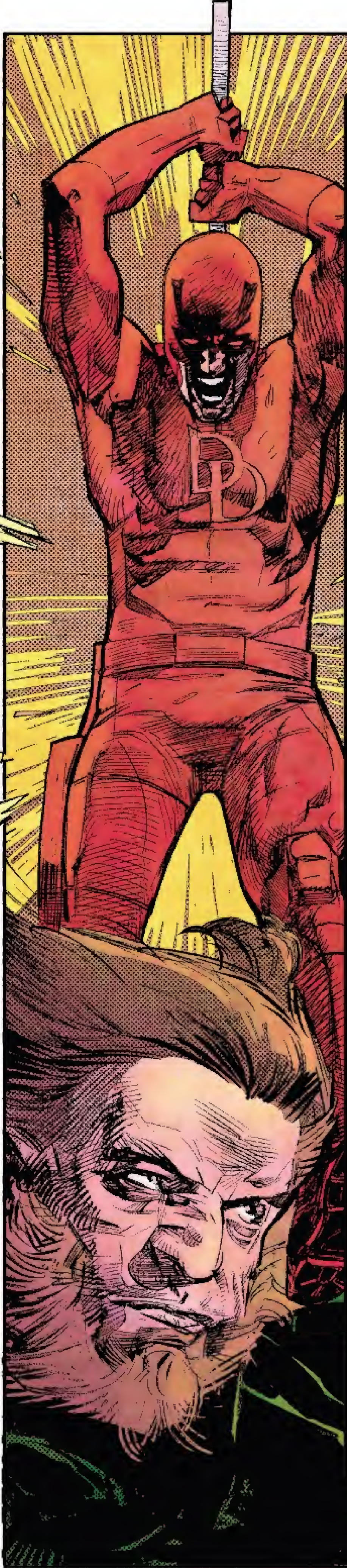
I was assistant manager, having spent many years attempting to rise in the ranks of the company, looking to become branch manager. He came storming into our lives and he ruined them. He tried to rob us but I quickly got the sense that he wasn't even there to rob us. It was, if you think about it, just an excuse to cause chaos. He could've taken bags of money and ran out of the bank but instead he wanted us to open all of the safe deposit boxes. To open 1000 safe-deposit boxes when there is only one key to each is not a good smart plan for a bank robber in broad daylight...and certainly not a smart plan for someone who clearly had some sort of power or skill.

I truly believe he was there just to cause chaos and was hoping that the police and/or the super heroes would come and hurt him. I didn't think this at the time. All I thought was that I was going to die. I was frozen in place when it first happened and this Owl grabbed me by the neck and threw me across the room at my coworkers. My feet left the floor. That might sound small but that had never happened to me before. I crashed into my friend's desk and hurt my leg badly.

That was the total of the interaction between myself and this Owl. He had gone on to terrorizing everybody else. I was hiding under a desk with my work friend Cheryl. I thought I was going to have a heart attack. I know it is such a cliché but I really could hear my heart beat so loudly that I couldn't hear what was going on around me. I couldn't hear the screams. I couldn't hear the sound of the Owl punching one of our customers into a coma. But, I could feel this change when he came in.



BANK



I don't know how he knew we needed him. I don't know if someone had sounded the alarms or if he was already chasing this Owl to begin with but Daredevil came charging right through our front door.

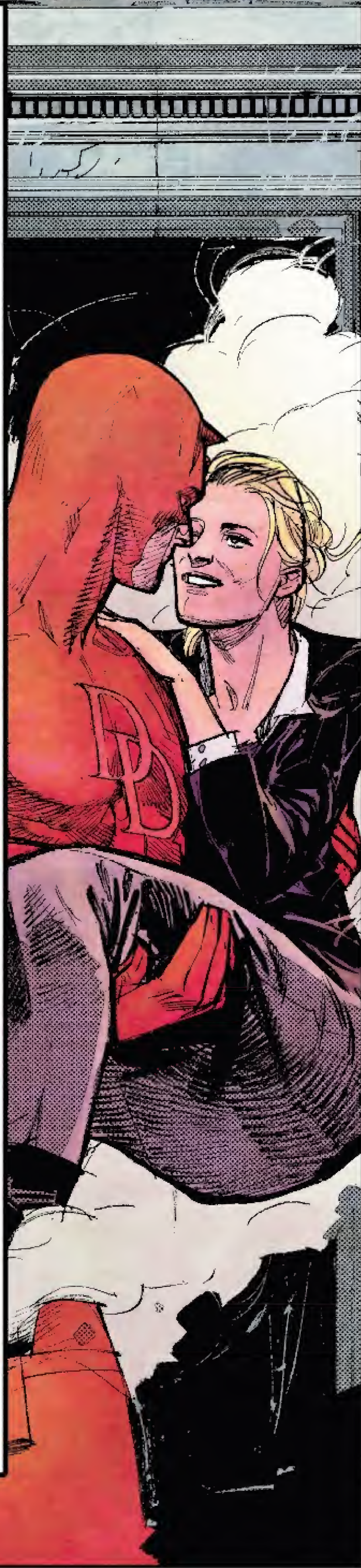
At first, I didn't know what it was. This red thing out of the corner of my eye. I don't think that Owl knew he was coming either because it wasn't much of a fight. It was like the Mike Tyson fights my father used to make me watch with him. In about 45 seconds Daredevil had beaten the Owl unconscious, tended to the medical emergency of our customers, and had everybody who could stand out of the bank in a single file.


Obviously, he had done this before. He knew exactly how to manage the crowd. He delivered us to the police and emergency crews just as they were surrounding the banks. He had done all of this before the police even got to the front door.

As I lifted myself up out from under the desk I had trouble standing on my leg. Suddenly, I found myself face-to-face with this man in a costume. Even though I've lived in New York my entire life, I'd never seen a super hero before. I had never seen an adult dressed in a uniform like this. Even though I could only see his mouth and chin I knew he was beautiful.

I know no one believes me but it was not whatever you call it when you fall in love with your rescuer. I was startled at how attractive he was. I hadn't felt that way about someone in a very long time. I'm not one of those women who pines away for the costumed people on the gossip sites.

Daredevil sat me down on the desk and used a letter opener to push down on my leg and whatever he did stopped the throbbing pain immediately. I found out later that it was some oriental mystical acupuncture science that Western medicine has long since abandoned. He knew what he was doing. I went from throbbing pain to almost euphoric relief. He offered to carry me out of the bank and even though I was pretty sure I could walk at this point, I accepted because I just wanted him to carry me out of the bank.





I was interviewed by police and told by the branch manager that I could take the rest of the week off. In my heart I knew I had already quit my job. I could not go back there.

That night, as I lay there in bed not able to sleep, I knew that my life had to change. I could've died and I hadn't. I would have died unhappy and unfulfilled. Something had to change.

I didn't hear him but I sat up in bed and I saw his silhouette on my fire escape.

Daredevil.

After all I have been through the fact that I hopped out of bed, walked over to my bedroom window and opened it and let this stranger in a costume into my room is insane. I know that. But at that moment I was just so happy to see him.

I didn't even ask him how he found me. Later on, I would discover that it was a relatively easy thing for him to do. He sat on the edge of my bed and told me he had been thinking about me all day. That his senses were heightened to some supernatural state that made most people chemically unappealing to him. It was just how he had to live. Except, not me. He said that my smell...the chemicals that make me were very intoxicating to him. That he spends most of his day politely trying to not be offended by people's choice of hygiene. I told him I didn't use any kind of perfume or anything. He said he knew. He said that most perfume was revolting to him. He said he just liked me for me. On a chemical level.


No one had ever said that to me before. And although I'm sure he has said that to other women in the past, I didn't care. It was exactly what I needed to hear from the person I needed to hear it from. Just because he said it to someone else doesn't mean it wasn't true when he was saying it to me.


He surprised me when he pulled off his mask and showed me his face.

It was as beautiful as I thought it would be.

I immediately recognized him as Matt Murdock. The man who denies he is Daredevil. I didn't tell him that I spent the earlier part of the night googling him and knew everything about him.

I also didn't tell him that this was the worst day of my life and by far, by a long mile, the best night of my life.





The next day he made it very clear that for numerous reasons we had to keep what was happening between us a secret. He said that he lives a dangerous life and the people around him are in danger as well.

If he could keep me a secret we could enjoy each other just as people.

He kept saying he didn't want to rush things but we both knew that we were going to. Once you get to a certain age, there are a lot of things you know about yourself and the world. You know how some relationships are going to end before they even begin. You know how certain new people in your life will be life-defining. And once you find these people, there is no reason to dance around it.

I was very in love and I was almost certain that he was, too. He kept putting my hand on his heart as if he wanted me to hear and feel it the way he could hear and feel mine without even touching it.

As the days and late nights progressed, we fully expressed our love to each other. I have a best friend, or should I say had, a best friend named Jeannie. Not telling her about this was almost a betrayal to our friendship. Though I was, in a way, betraying Matthew by telling Jeannie about my life now...I had to.

Obviously, I thought she was going to be happy for me. I truly did. No person on the planet Earth had to sit through more whining from me about the parade of disappointments I have had in my life. I thought my happiness would relieve her.

Instead, she stared at me as if I told her I had murdered her cat. I waited for her to speak her mind. She looked me right in the eye and told me that I was going to be murdered. That I had just signed my life away for a "midnight booty call." She said that super heroes bring death to everyone around them. She said that Oprah had done a show about it years ago. I told her I disagreed--that I was in love and that she should be happy for me. The days that followed were the longest we have ever gone without speaking. When I finally decided to corner her at work and asked her if she was mad at me she said that she was certain that I was going to die and that she didn't want to be there to see it.

She kissed me, hugged me, told me she loved me and told me never to speak to her again. I have never been so angry at someone in my entire life. I confessed to Matthew what had transpired. He asked me to marry him.

At his law office, his partner Frank Nelson officiated the ceremony. In attendance were some of Matt's friends. I had to look them up later: Luke Cage, Danny Rand, this very funny woman named Jessica Jones. They could not have been happier for us and more welcoming of me into their circle. I was angry that I had gone my whole life surrounded by people who judged me while Matt had found a circle like this. I didn't know what I was missing.





The months that followed were everything I had always hoped my life would be, I was happy, I was happy on a level that I did not know I needed to be. Sometimes days would go by without Matt and I seeing each other, but I understood. Sometimes he was away. Sometimes what he was doing was actually in the newspaper or online so I knew where he was and I knew who he was with. I wasn't jealous.

Matt was a good man. A man who I could trust wholeheartedly. I just hoped that he was safe and that he would come back. And he always did. I have a cousin who was married to a police officer. She told me that the trick was that you just have to learn to share them.

I don't know why I bought the pregnancy test. I didn't get crazy, or nauseous, or constipated, or any of those other things my girlfriends have felt when they thought they were pregnant. I had never bought one before.

But I did. And I was.

Maybe I wanted to be and I willed it. I was married and happy and I wanted to bring a baby into this miraculously happy life I had finally put together.

If you are reading this, you know that this is my last will and testament, my last rites and confession, and you know that my friend Jeannie was right.

To my darling baby, I am writing this for you.

One day you'll be old enough to understand it and I just wanted you to know from me, to you, that I love you. That you were born out of love. That your mother and father love you entirely and each other, as well. As you get older, you'll see what a gift that is. I would've given anything to be by your side at every minute of your life, but know that your mother died a happy woman who knew the risks. It was worth it.

But I hope you never see this. I hope I am crazy for writing it.

I can't wait for your father to find out about you.

I know he will cry.

I know he'd been wanting this forever.



Written by Brian Michael Bendis
Art by Alex Maleev
Color art by Matt Hollingsworth
Lettered by VC's Joe Caramagna



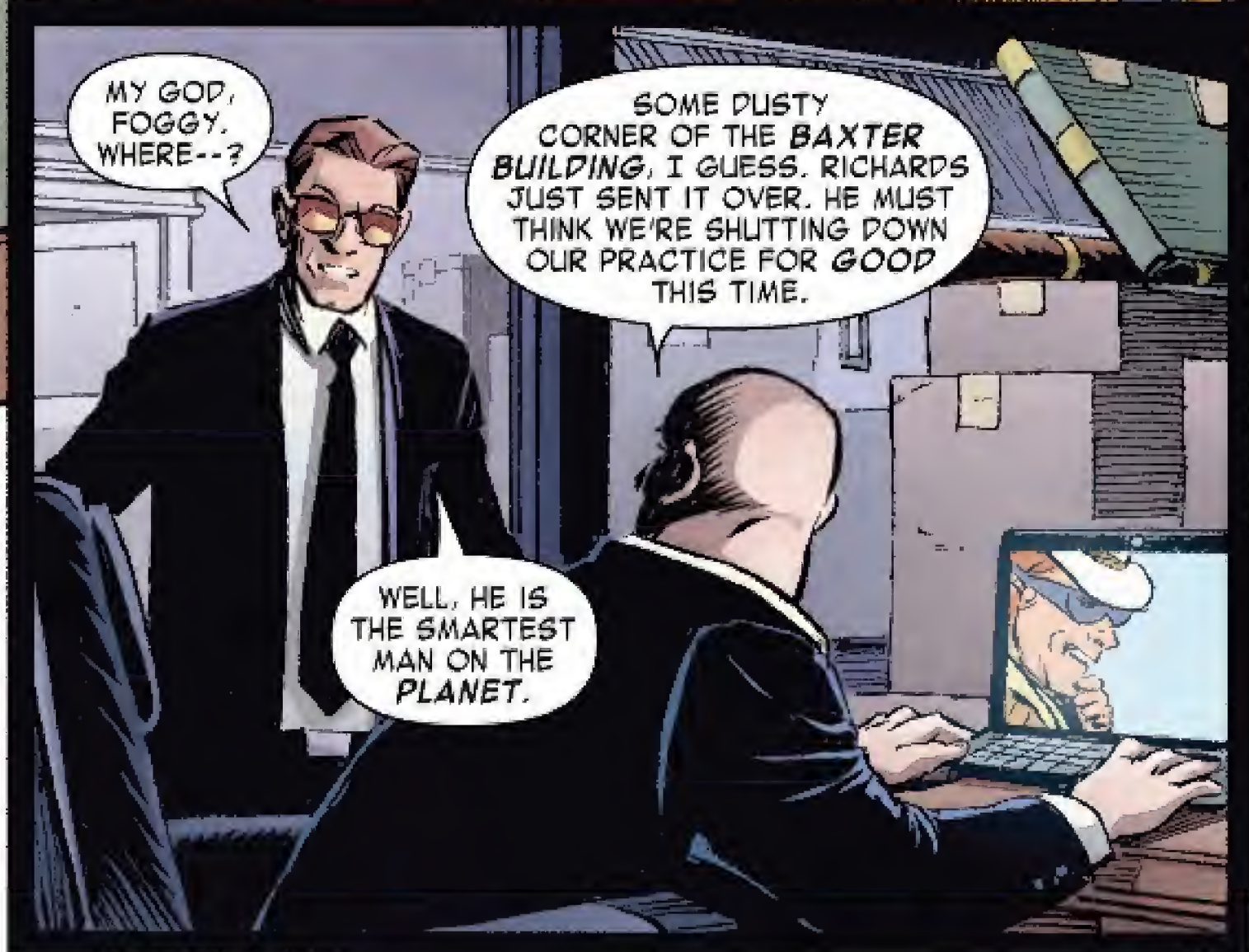
HELL-O, FUTURE! THIS IS THE INIMITABLE MIKE MURDOCK TALKING AT YOU!

AND BY FUTURE I MEAN WHENEVER YOU FEW--YOU LUCKY FEW, MATT, KAREN AND FOGSTER--ARE WATCHING THIS...

...THANKS TO THE SNAZZY BUZZ-CAMS REED RICHARDS LOANED ME TO RECORD THIS FOR POSTMODERN POSTERITY!

AND BY MIKE MURDOCK I ALSO MEAN THE SWINGING, ZINGING, SKYSCRAPER-PINGING MAN ABOUT TOWN AND WITHOUT FEAR--

DAREDEVIL!



MY GOD, FOGGY, WHERE--?

SOME DUSTY CORNER OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, I GUESS. RICHARDS JUST SENT IT OVER. HE MUST THINK WE'RE SHUTTING DOWN OUR PRACTICE FOR GOOD THIS TIME.

WELL, HE IS THE SMARTEST MAN ON THE PLANET.



I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THIS.

FORGOTTEN HOW YOU PRETENDED TO BE YOUR OWN TWIN BROTHER TO FOOL YOUR FRIENDS INTO THINKING YOU WEREN'T DAREDEVIL?

IT WAS A CRAZY TIME. I DID CRAZY THINGS.

I TRIED TO PASS AS THOR. FOR GODS' SAKE...



YOU KNOW, I NEVER SAW MATT AND MIKE MURDOCK TOGETHER--FOR MONTHS-- BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED! I WAS AN IDIOT!

NOT YOU-- ME. I WAS JUGGLING AS FAST AS I COULD, BUT KNEW ONE DAY IT WOULD ALL COME CRASHING DOWN.

WHICH IS WHY I MADE THIS.

I'M IN THE SHABBY-CHIC LAW OFFICES...



...OF NELSON AND MURDOCK WHERE I'VE BEEN...

WELL, SOME WOULD SAY FREELOADING-- I SAY GETTING REACQUAINTED WITH MY BROTHER!

PA-TAY-TO, PA-TAH-TO!



IT'S BEEN A BLAST-AND-A-HALF, AND WHILE I KNOW THE SUN SHINES A LITTLE BRIGHTER WHEN I'M AROUND--

--HENCE THE SHADES--

--ALL GOOD THINGS MUST END! COME THE DAY, I WON'T BE HERE TO DAZZLE YOU WITH MY DERRING-DO, OR WOW YOU WITH MY WONDRIOUS WIT...



...OR CHUCK SOME OF YOUR CHEESE PUFFS WHEN YOU AREN'T LOOKING!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW THOSE BAGS WEREN'T A FULL TWELVE OUNCES!



WHO KNOWS HOW THE CURTAINS WILL COME DOWN ON THESE SOLD-OUT, STANDING-OVATION DAYS OF MY LIFE?

WILL I BE GUNNED DOWN BY GANGSTERS?

WILL I HAVE SAVED THE WORLD...OR THE CITY...OR SIMPLY ONE OTHER LIFE?



NAH! MOST LIKELY SOMETHING SHINY WILL CATCH MY EYE, AND I'LL JUST MOVE ON!

IT'S THE DEVIL IN ME!



BUT I STILL
GET A LITTLE *MISTY-
EYED* THINKING ABOUT
IT--'CAUSE I'M GONNA
MISS YOU THREE!

YES-- YOU,
FOGSTER! NOT TO
MENTION THE BEST
REASON TO COME
INTO AN OFFICE I'VE
EVER SEEN--*KAREN
PAGE!*



AND
MOST OF ALL
YOU, *TWIN-
BROTHER-OF-
MINE!*

HE
SAYS--TO
HIMSELF.

MY LIFE
WAS A LOT MORE...
COMPARTMENTALIZED
BACK THEN.



SO BEFORE
THAT HAPPENS, I
WANT TO PASS ON
A FEW WORDS OF
WORLDLY *WISDOM*
TO *REMEMBER*
ME BY!

AS IF
ANYONE COULD
EVER FORGET
ME!

JUST ALLOW
ME TO SLIP
INTO SOMETHING
A LITTLE MORE...
*PAREDEVIL-
ISH!*



OKAY--
TRY TO KEEP
UP!



FIRST
IMPORTANT
THING...

...I NEVER
LOOK BEFORE
I LEAP!

THE *TRICK*
TO A DEAD-DROP
LIKE THIS IS...

A: DON'T
CALL IT A DEAD-
DROP! THAT'S
GLASS-ALMOST-
EMPTY THINKING!

B: FIND A
FLAGPOLE
TO REBOUND
OFF!

IF YOU CAN'T
FIND A FLAGPOLE--
DON'T WORRY! THE
GROUND WILL
CATCH YOU!

WHICH IS
THE SORT OF
BACKUP PLAN
THAT KEEPS YOU
ALERT AND
INVENTIVE!

ONCE YOU'VE
SECURED YOUR *BILLY-
CLUB* LINE AND HAVE SOME
MOMENTUM, THE FUN
REALLY STARTS AS YOU
SWING PAST THE ADORING
PUBLIC WHO--

HEY! IT'S
SPIDER-
MAN!

--ARE
NOTORIOUSLY
BAD EYE-
WITNESSES!

SOMETHING,
UH, YOU
TAUGHT ME,
MATT!

BUT THERE
ARE PEOPLE OUT
THERE SAYING MY
NAME! YOU CAN'T
HEAR THEM
BUT I...

HOLD
ON...

LEXINGTON
P-T-O-K!



NHG!

KWOKK!



NO NEED TO
THANK ME FOR
STOPPING THIS
MUGGER!

NO NEED
TO THANK
ME!



REMINDS ME
OF YOU, KAREN!
NOT THE *RUNNING*
AWAY, I MEAN,
THE...

LOOK, I
SEE WHAT YOU DO
AT THE OFFICE! I KNOW
IT'S *THANKLESS* WORK...
BUT THE PLACE WOULDN'T
BE THE SAME
WITHOUT YOU!

REMEMBER THE
TIME MATT THOUGHT
THE NEW TEXTURED ENTRY
TILES WERE THE EVERETT
TRANSCRIPTS?

I REST
MY CASE.



THAT SAID,
IF YOU EVER THINK
OF *CHANGING JOBS*--
NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER
THAN A STUNNING COSTAR
LIKE YOU RUNNING
ACROSS ROOFTOPS
WITH ME!

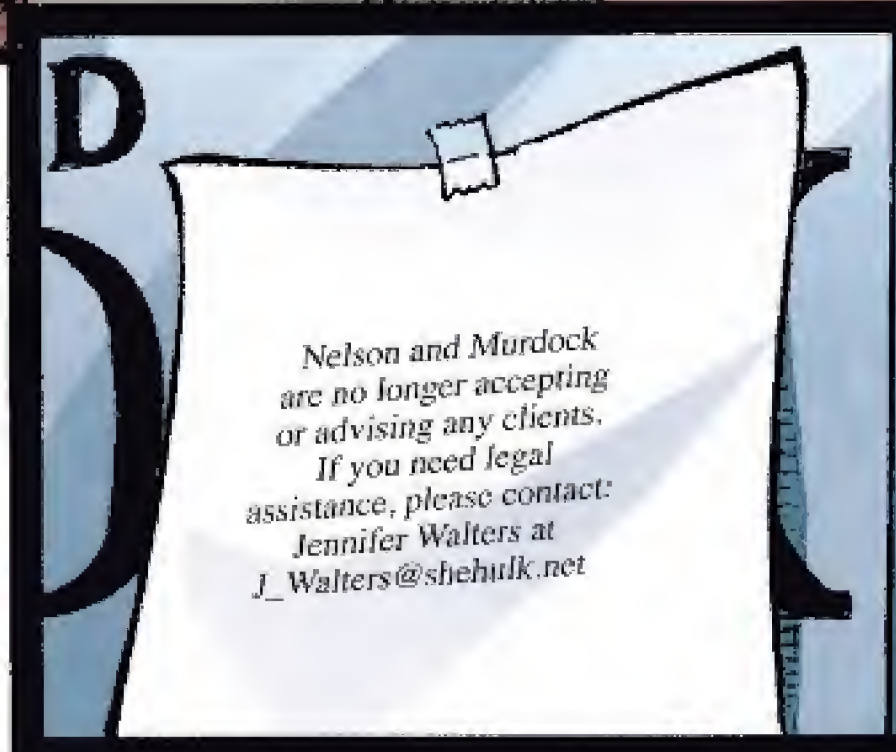
WE'D CALL
YOU...LET'S
SEE...

SHE-DEVIL...
DEVIL LASS...
DEVILETTE...



WHO AM
I KIDDING?
THAT'S NOT
WHO YOU
ARE!


YOU'RE
AN
ANGEL!





SO WHAT
CAN I SAY
THAT YOU DON'T
ALREADY
KNOW?


NOTHING!
BUT THERE ARE SOME
THINGS YOU DON'T LIKE
TO **ADMIT**, AND A FEW
OTHERS YOU TEND TO
FORGET!



SO BEFORE
I SWING OFF INTO
THE **SUNSET**, TOWARD
WHATEVER DESTINY
HAS IN STORE FOR
ME...

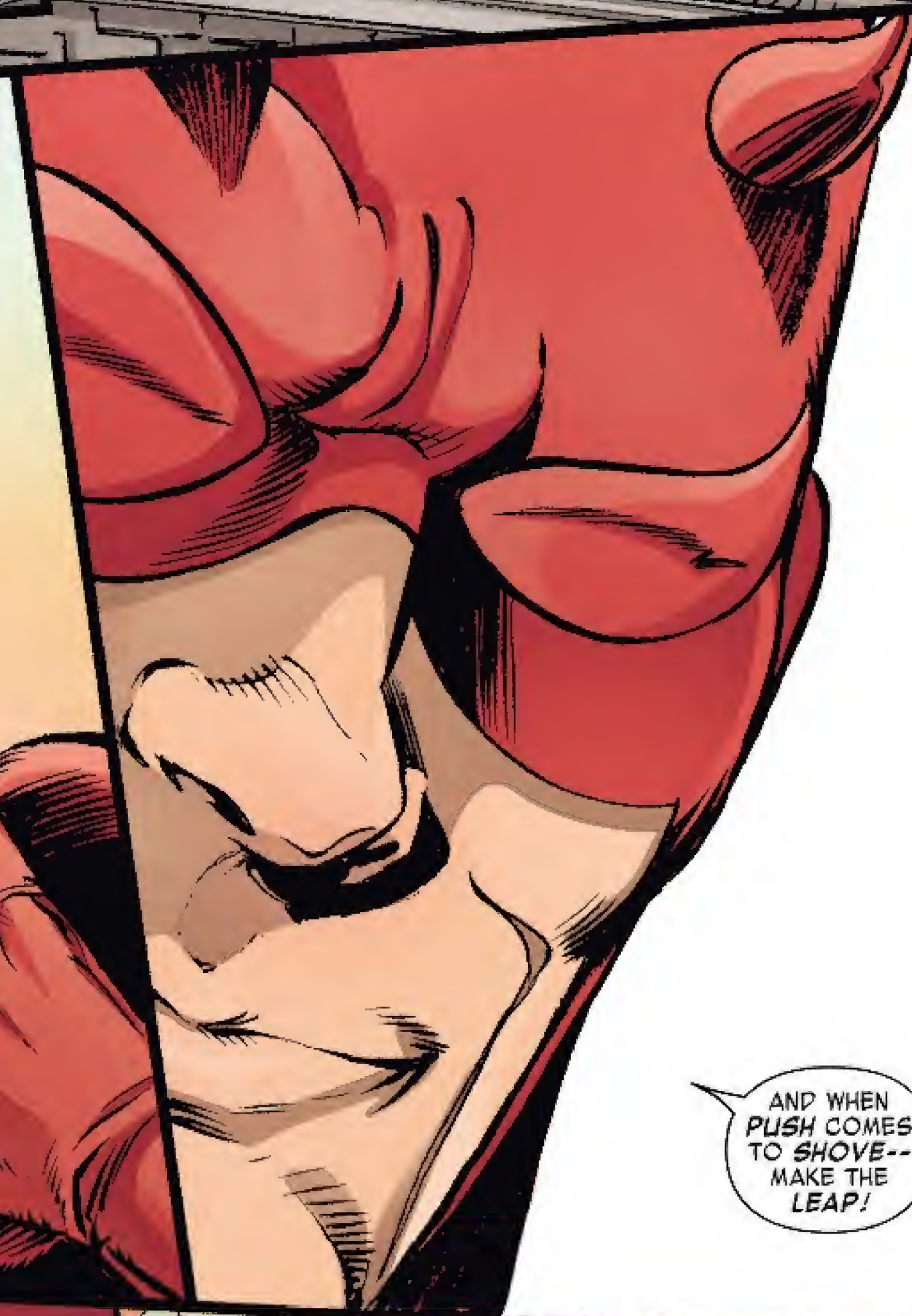
...WHICH
I'M HOPING IS
AN OCEANFRONT
CONDO ON
PISMO BEACH...

...JUST
REMEMBER...




CRIMINALS
ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS,
COWARDLY LOT! DRESS
ACCORDINGLY!

NO MATTER
HOW **BAD** THINGS
GET, SPIDER-MAN'S LIFE
IS ALWAYS **WORSE!**
ALWAYS!



AND WHEN
PUSH COMES
TO **SHOVE**--
MAKE THE
LEAP!



PEOPLE MIGHT
THINK THAT'S EASY
FOR **ME** TO SAY--BUT
WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S
NOT TRUE!

WHAT'S AROUND
THE NEXT **CORNER**--
EVEN WHAT'S FARTHER
DOWN THE **BLOCK**--I'M
AS BLIND TO IT AS
YOU ARE! AS
ANYONE IS!

ISN'T THAT GREAT!?

THAT'S WHAT MAKES LIFE INTERESTING AND FUNNY! AND TOUCHING! AND SURPRISING!

AND, YES, SCARY!

BUT YOU CAN'T LET THE BIG, BAD SCARY WIN-- BECAUSE YOU LOSE OUT ON SO MUCH MORE!

DON'T EVER FORGET THAT, MATT! THINGS GET DARK? SO WHAT? YOU'RE USED TO THE DARK!

DON'T LET IT STOP YOU! DON'T LET IT EVEN SLOW YOU DOWN!

LAUGH! LOVE! BE ALIVE!

BE FEARLESS!

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MIKE MURDOCK

WRITTEN & PENCILED BY THE "DOUBLE-TROUBLE TWINS" KARL & KURT KESEL
INKED BY "TITANIC" TOM PALMER
LETTERED BY VC'S "JAMMIN'" JOE CARAMAGNA
COLORED BY "AMAZING" GRACE ALLISON
EDITED BY THE FEARLESS, PEERLESS ELLIE PYLE
ALEX ALONSO, JOE QUESADA, DAN BUCKLEY, & ALAN FINE - STILL THINK MATT AND MIKE MURDOCK ARE DIFFERENT PEOPLE.
DEDICATED TO STAN LEE & GENE COLAN - WHO MADE DAREDEVIL A FUN, FRANTIC, FEARLESS AND UNFORGETTABLE BOOK.



I HAVE OFTEN
TRIED TO BE
SOMETHING MORE.

AT NINE, I
DREAMT OF BEING
A BALLERINA.

BUT THAT REQUIRED
A FORM OF BALANCE
I DID NOT POSSESS.

AT NINETEEN, I SECRETLY
STUDIED FIGURE PAINTING
BEHIND MY FATHER'S BACK.

BUT I COULD NEVER
SEE PAST THE MODELS'
SKIN AND MUSCLE. ALL MY
CLASSES ENDED WITH HALF-
NAKED CANVASES MARRED
BY TWISTED LIMBS AND
SLACK FACES.

I HAVE EVEN
PLAYED AT BEING
A HERO.

BUT I COULD NOT
BEAR HOW FOOLISH I
FELT EVERY TIME I SPARED
SOMEONE WHO WAS
DETERMINED TO KILL ME.

I AM NOT A
DANCER, OR AN
ARTIST, OR A HERO.

I AM NO LONGER
A DAUGHTER OR
A LOVER...

VICTIM OR
STUDENT OR
SLAVE.

I AM, AND I
WILL ALWAYS
BE...

SOMEONE'S
ASSASSIN.

TO BE CONTINUED IN
ELEKTRA #1,
ON SALE 4/23/14!

DAREDEVIL

WAID • SAMNEE • RODRIGUEZ



SAMNEE '13
RODRIGUEZ '13

ALL-NEW
MARVEL
NOW!

50
YEARS
WITHOUT
FEAR!

002

PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. Under oath he explained how as a child he was blinded by radioactive waste in the process of saving a blind man from being hit by a truck. His heightened senses, including his 360 degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. Matt left NYC with his — let's say — "friend" Kirsten McDuffie and set up a new law practice in San Francisco, where he continues to fight for justice as **DAREDEVIL**, The Man Without Fear.



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ELLIE PYLE

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COVER

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PUBLISHER

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EXEC. PRODUCER



--LAST SEEN
IN THE NEW YORK
AREA, SAN FRANCISCO'S
NEWEST SUPER HERO
SENSATION IS TURNING
HEADS WHEREVER HE
GOES--



--FROM THE
WAR MEMORIAL
OPERA HOUSE TO PIER 39
TO GOLDEN GATE PARK,
HE'S CERTAINLY ENJOYING
HIS CELEBRITY
STATUS--AND WHY
WOULDN'T HE?



BY DAY, HE'S
ONE OF THE MOST
FEARLESS LAWYERS IN
TOWN, CHAMPIONING THE
RIGHTS OF ORDINARY
FOLKS AGAINST
CORPORATE
TYRANTS--





--BUT BY NIGHT, HE DONS HIS MASK AND TAKES TO THE BACK ALLEYS TO CHALLENGE THE UNDERWORLD.



THOUGH AS BLIND AS THE JUSTICE HE REPRESENTS, HIS SUPERHUMAN SENSES MORE THAN COMPENSATE FOR THE EYE INJURIES HE SUSTAINED YEARS AGO--



--AND THE BAY AREA HAS THE FAST-FALLING CRIME STATISTICS TO PROVE IT.



HE'S BEEN HERE ONLY A FEW SHORT WEEKS, AND SINCE THEN HE'S ALREADY BECOME ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST BELOVED AND RESPECTED FIGURES--AND IT'S TIME WE MET HIM FACE-TO-FACE.



WHAT BRINGS HIM TO THE WEST COAST? WHO ARE HIS FRIENDS? WHO ARE HIS ENEMIES? LET'S FIND OUT IN OUR FIRST, EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN HIMSELF--





--MAX COLERIDGE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE SHROUD!



MATT, ANY REGRETS ON BECOMING A PUBLIC FIGURE?

NOT REALLY, TONYA. IT'S TRUE THAT UP UNTIL NOW, I'VE OPERATED ON THE FRINGE OF--



--WAIT. YOU SAID "MATT."

MATT MURDOCK. WHY WOULDN'T I? AFTER ALL, HE'S THE HERO IN THIS CITY. YOU...



...YOU'RE TRESPASSING, MAX.



GET OUT.



--FOURTH
MISSING-PERSONS
CASE IN AS MANY
NIGHTS.

ALL FOUR
MEN ARE RUMORED
TO HAVE CONNECTIONS
TO ORGANIZED CRIME,
THOUGH OBVIOUSLY THEIR
WORRIED WIVES AND
FAMILIES DENY ANY
WRONGDOINGS OR ANY
CONNECTION BETWEEN
THE FOUR.

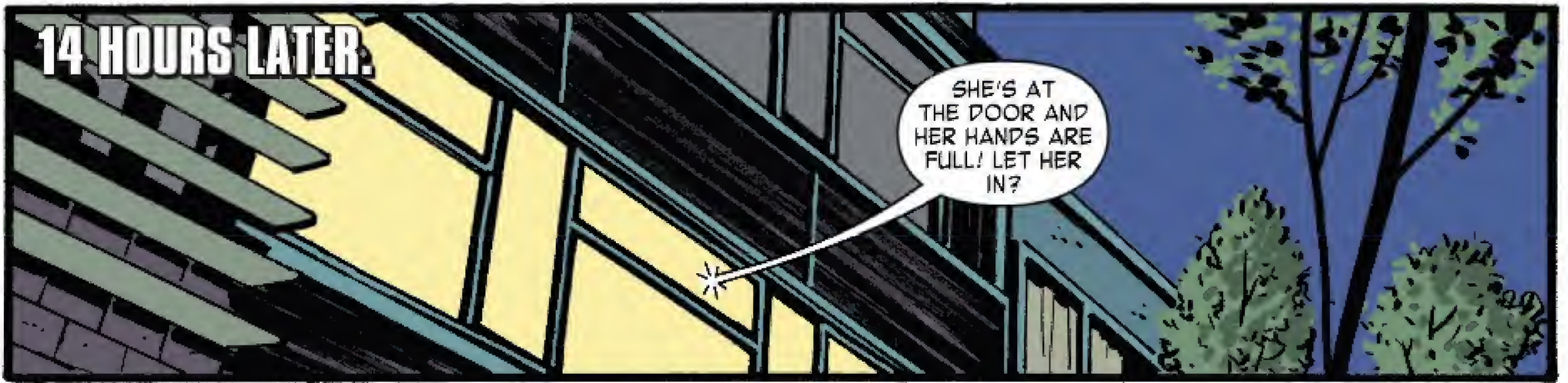


LOCAL
OFFICIALS INSIST
THAT THERE IS NO CAUSE
FOR ALARM TO LOCALS,
THOUGH THEY SUGGEST
PEOPLE TAKE EXTRA
PRECAUTIONS AFTER
DARK.



NO CLUES
HAVE YET BEEN
FOUND AS TO THE
MISSING MENS'
WHEREABOUTS.





14 HOURS LATER.

SHE'S AT THE DOOR AND HER HANDS ARE FULL! LET HER IN?



KNOCK KNOCK

MATT MURDOCK, THE HUMAN DOORBELL.

HOW DO YOU KNOW HER HANDS ARE FULL?



SHE SMELLS OF TIRAMISU, AND A WINE BOTTLE'S CLINKING AGAINST HER WEDDING RING.

HE'S VERY GOOD.

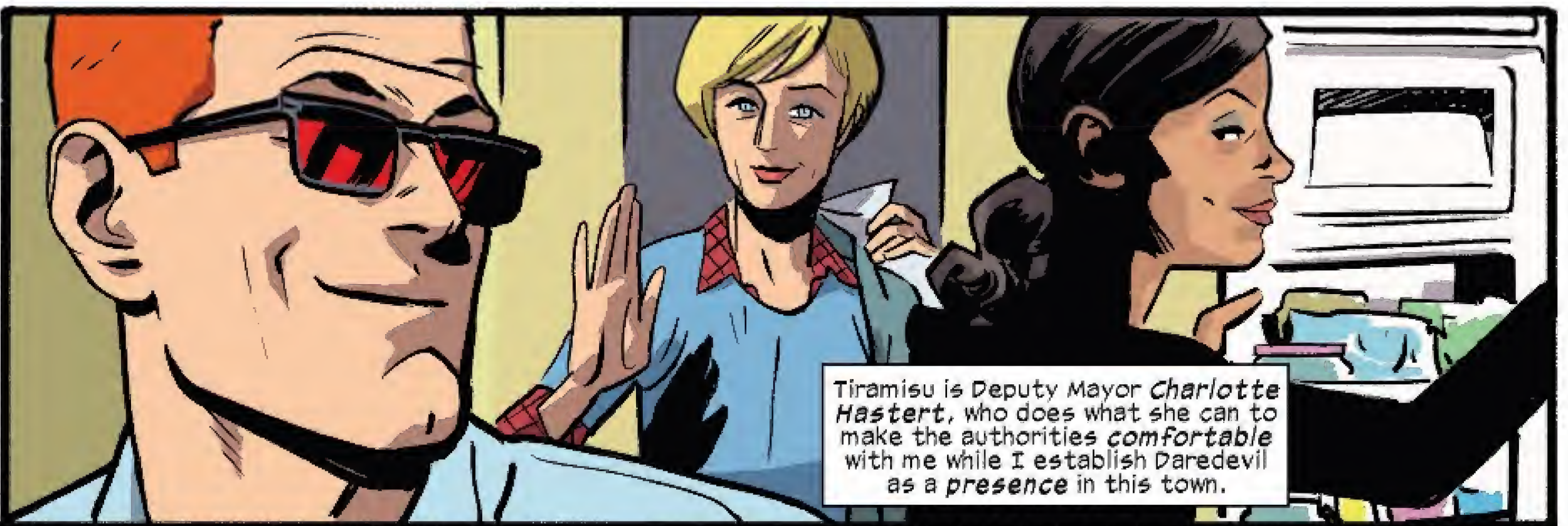
HE KNOWS. HERE, LET ME TAKE THAT...



San Francisco: so far, so good, I'd have to say.

Likewise, the company.

Guerlain perfume is Kirsten McDuffie, my law partner and my eyes as I learn a new city.



Tiramisu is Deputy Mayor Charlotte Hastert, who does what she can to make the authorities comfortable with me while I establish Daredevil as a presence in this town.



I like Charlie a lot.

Enough not to risk embarrassing her by stopping the conversation...



...even though it's obvious she's nervous about *telling* me something.

MATT, THIS IS A LITTLE MORE THAN A SOCIAL CALL.



OH?



YOU SHOULD BE AWARE, THERE'S A NEW GANG LORD IN TOWN, AND THERE'S TALK THAT IT'S ONE OF YOUR OLD ENEMIES. BELIEVED DEAD, HAVING RESURFACED.

AND THAT HE'S REBUILDING HIS EMPIRE HERE.



A FORMER NEW YORK CRIME BOSS. ONE YOU LOCKED HORNS WITH MANY, MANY TIMES, I'M TOLD.

ONE OF THE **BIGGEST** AND MOST **POWERFUL** EVER ON THE EAST COAST.



A KINGPIN OF CRIME.



GULP



LELAND OWLSLEY.



THE OWL?

AH ha ha ha ha!!



FORGIVE ME. OH, THANK GOD. I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY WILSON FISK.



NOT THAT OWLSLEY'S NOT A **THREAT**--HE CAN BE--BUT HE'S NO FISK. HE'S **MANAGEABLE**.

GIVE ME ANOTHER PROJECT. WHO'S YOUR BIGGEST **CONFIRMED** PROBLEM IN THIS CITY? WHO'S GIVING THE COPS THE WORST HEADACHE RIGHT NOW?



THE **SHROUD** IS A PAIN IN THE COMMISSIONER'S ASS.

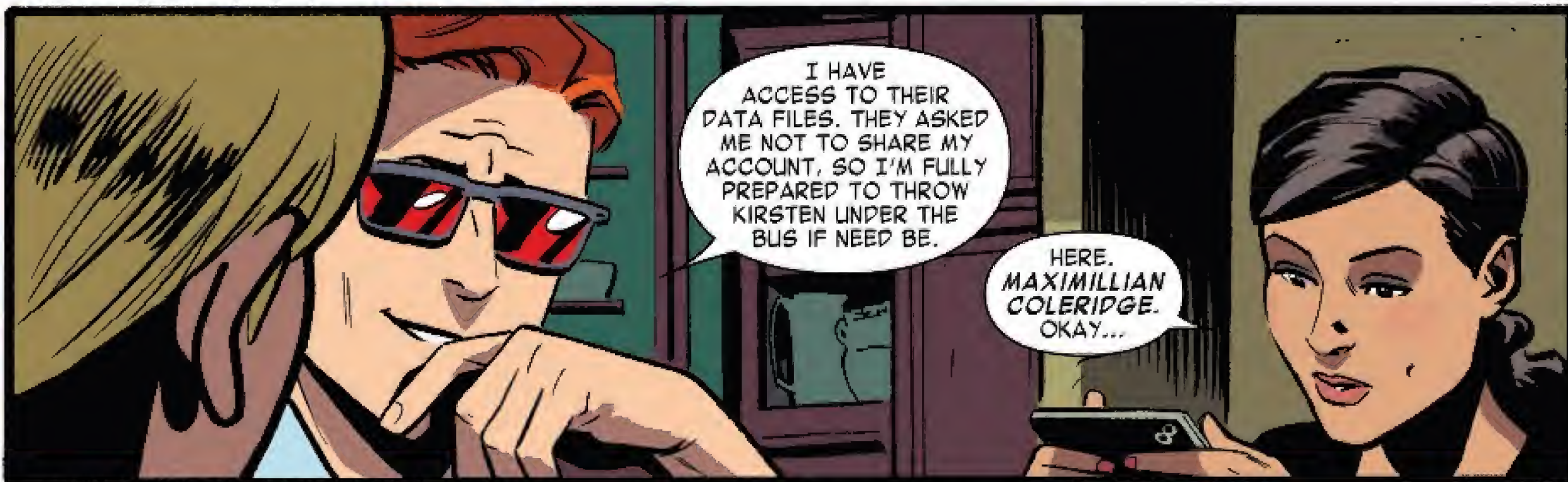
WHO?



I'M SORRY. I JUST ASSUMED YOU CAPE-AND-COWL TYPES ALL **KNEW** EACH OTHER. STRAIGHT-UP VIGILANTE. VIOLENT, SOCIO-PATHIC, DEFIANTLY UNCOOPERATIVE WITH THE LAW. WARRANTS APLENTY.

RIGHT. RIGHT. SHROUD. I'VE HEARD OF HIM. WHAT'S HIS STORY...?

I BET THE **AVENGERS** KNOW...



I HAVE ACCESS TO THEIR DATA FILES. THEY ASKED ME NOT TO SHARE MY ACCOUNT, SO I'M FULLY PREPARED TO THROW KIRSTEN UNDER THE BUS IF NEED BE.

HERE. **MAXIMILLIAN COLERIDGE**. OKAY...

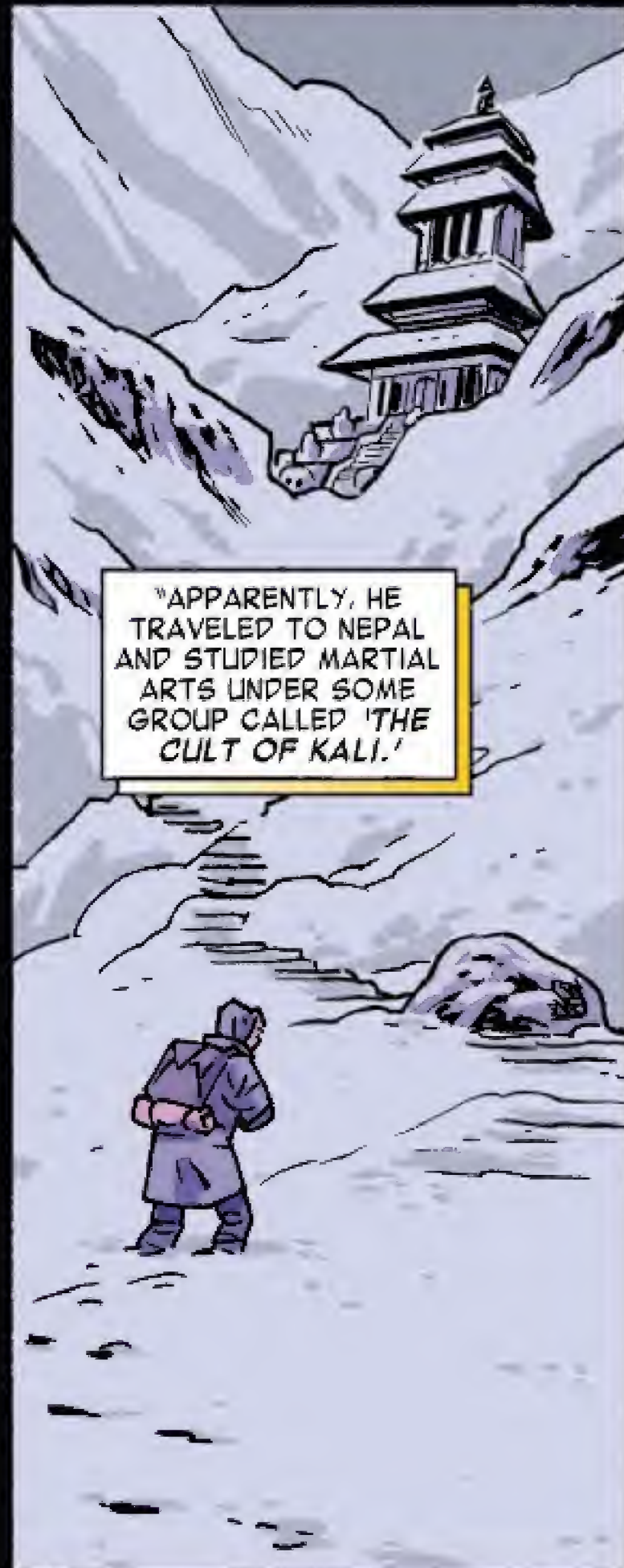
"SAW HIS PARENTS
GUNNED DOWN BY A
MUGGER WHEN HE WAS
A BOY. OUCH. ROUGH.



"TRAINED TO BE A
POLICEMAN OR A LAWYER.
BUT--INSPIRED BY
SPIDER-MAN AND OTHERS--
SET HIS SIGHTS HIGHER.
INTERESTING.



"APPARENTLY, HE
TRAVELED TO NEPAL
AND STUDIED MARTIAL
ARTS UNDER SOME
GROUP CALLED 'THE
CULT OF KALI.'



"MAGICIANS? SORCERERS?
SAYS HERE THEY TAUGHT
HIM HOW TO 'COMMAND
SHADOWS AND DARKNESS'...
AND IN RETURN, THEY...



"OH, MY
GOD. THEY...



"...MATT,
THEY TOOK
HIS EYES."





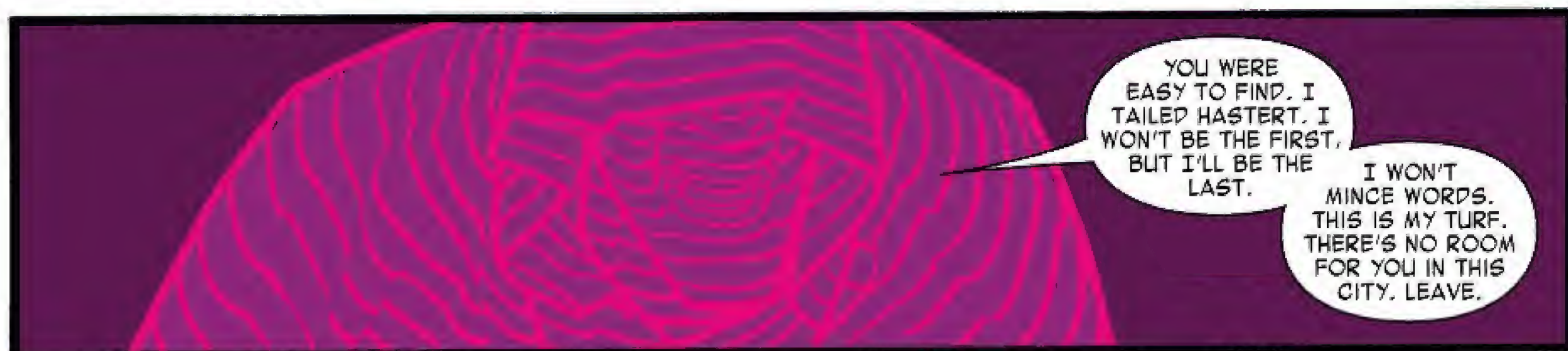


IF YOU
WANT TO
SNEAK UP ON
SOMEBODY...



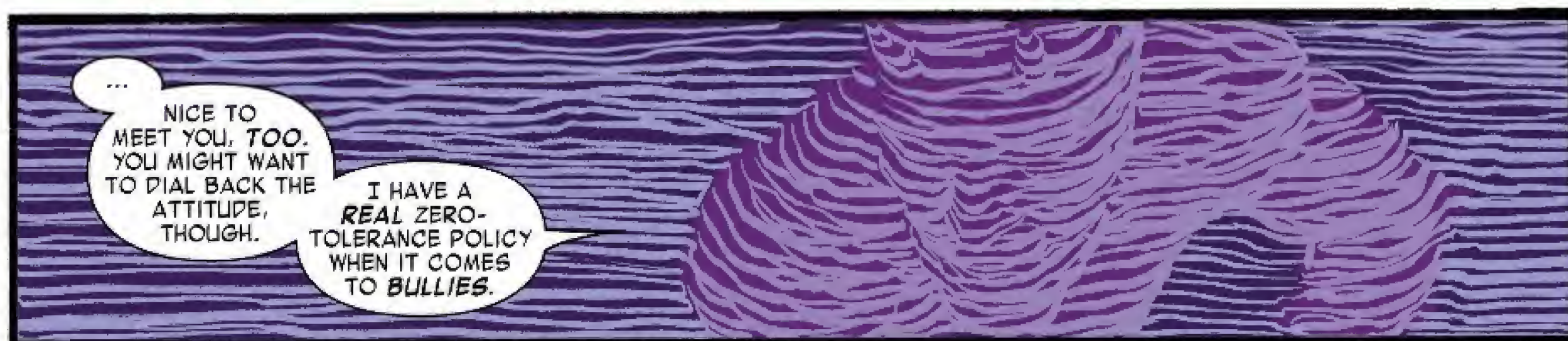
...THIS IS
HOW YOU
DO IT.

I CAN'T
IMAGINE I CAN
KEEP MY ADDRESS
SECRET FOR LONG,
BUT THIS ISN'T
HELPING.
SO...?



YOU WERE
EASY TO FIND. I
TAILED HASTERT. I
WON'T BE THE FIRST,
BUT I'LL BE THE
LAST.

I WON'T
MINCE WORDS.
THIS IS MY TURF.
THERE'S NO ROOM
FOR YOU IN THIS
CITY. LEAVE.



...
NICE TO
MEET YOU, TOO.
YOU MIGHT WANT
TO DIAL BACK THE
ATTITUDE,
THOUGH.

I HAVE A
REAL ZERO-
TOLERANCE POLICY
WHEN IT COMES
TO **BULLIES**.



THIS ISN'T A
PLAYGROUND.

I
GAVE YOU A
CHANCE.







NOW, EITHER
WE HAVE COMMON
ENEMIES, IN WHICH
CASE WE ALLY FOR
THE GREATER
GOOD...

...OR YOU
COME AT ME
AGAIN, AND YOU'LL BE
IN JAIL IN LESS TIME
THAN IT TOOK TO
LAY YOU OUT.



DO WE HAVE AN
UNDERSTANDING?

YOU DON'T
CALL THE PLAYS,
YOU OVERPRIVILEGED
PUBLICITY HOUND. YOU
CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT
I'VE SACRIFICED
TO DO MY JOB.



IT'S NOT
A *COMPETITION*,
MAX. MAY I CALL
YOU MAX?

NO.

ANYWAY,
MAX, YOUR
BODY ODOR IS A
TESTAMENT TO YOUR
DEDICATION, AND I
APPRECIATE THAT,
BUT I AM DONE
WITH Y--



THEN
FOUR MEN
STARVE TO
DEATH.



I'M
LISTENING.



FOUR
MID-LEVEL **CAPOS**
FROM FOUR LOCAL
FAMILIES.

I TOOK
THEM PRISONER TO
GET SOME KEY **INTEL--**
TO LEARN WHAT THEY
HAVE ON ONE ANOTHER,
WHERE THEY'RE STRONG,
WHERE THEY'RE
WEAK--

--AND I CAN
PROMISE YOU THAT IF
I'M TAKEN IN, THOSE
MEN WILL NEVER, **EVER**
BE FOUND.

YOU'RE
CRAZY.

DID
HASTERT TELL
YOU THERE'S A
NEW BOSS IN
TOWN?

I CAN
TAKE YOU TO
HIM. RIGHT
NOW.

OR I CAN
GO TO **JAIL.**
WHERE IT'S
NICE AND
QUIET.

LEAD
THE
WAY.







THIS IS IT.
STAY BEHIND
ME. YOU HEAR
ANYTHING FROM
INSIDE?

TOTAL
SILENCE.



Worse
than that.
Something's
wrong.

My *radar sense* is
pinging off...*nothing*. The
only way I know there's a
floor beneath my feet is
that I'm not *falling*.

Hearing, smell--equally
dead. Shroud's *playing*
me. Hello, *trap*. But just
as I start to *retreat*--



--the void
fades--



--and I realize
Shroud was
telling me the
truth.



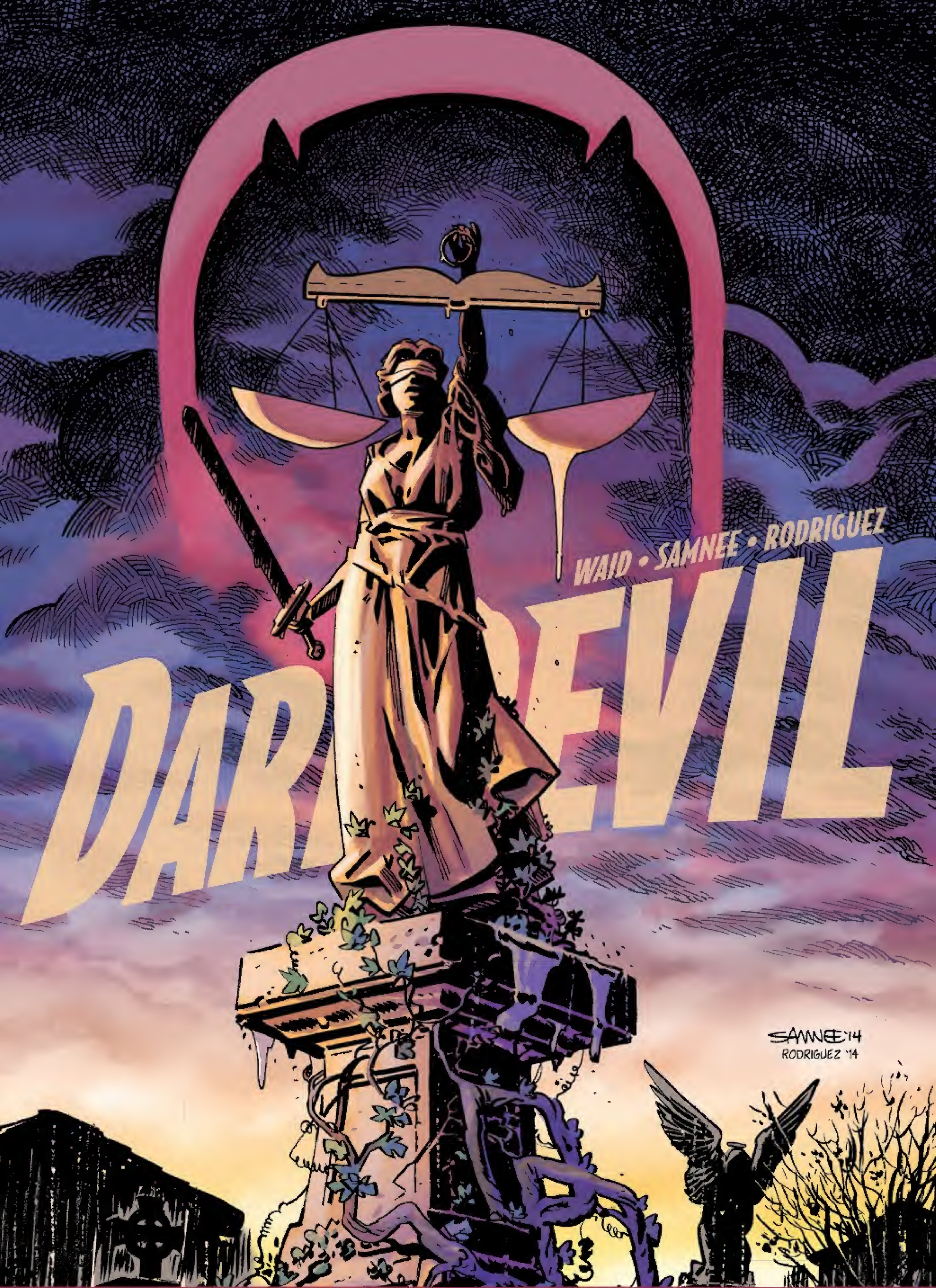
He *said* he'd take
me right to San
Francisco's new *mob*
boss, and he *did*.



His name is
Max Coleridge.



**TO BE
CONTINUED!**



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SAMNEE '14
RODRIGUEZ '14

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PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360 degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. Matt closed the law practice he shared with his best friend Foggy Nelson and moved to San Francisco with his-let's say "friend"-Kristen McDuffie. But San Francisco already has a blind vigilante, a man who calls himself The Shroud.



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EXEC. PRODUCER

THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

...COULDN'T
MEET AT A
COFFEE SHOP,
NO...

☞KOFF☞
MR...MR.
OWLSLEY?

WHAT
DO YOU HAVE
FOR ME,
ELI?

!

WELL?

IT--IT'S
POSITIVELY
HIM, SIR. MAX
COLERIDGE. THE
SHROUD.

WE
DEFINITELY THINK
HE'S MAKING A PLAY
TO CHALLENGE
YOUR EMPIRE.

WE KNOW
HE'S BEHIND THE
KIDNAPPING OF THE
FOUR CAPOS. OUR
SURVEILLANCE
FOOTAGE SHOWS THAT
MUCH. LU, BOYLAN,
HEISSERER,
ARVINO--

--ALL OF
'EM WALKED INTO
THE SHADOWS, THEN
NEVER WALKED OUT
AGAIN. THAT MATCHES
WITH COLERIDGE'S
M.O.





THAT DOESN'T *TRACK*,
ELI. WASN'T COLERIDGE A...
FORGIVE THE EXPRESSION...
"CRIMEFIGHTER" AT
ONE POINT?

AHH...
HE WAS.

BUT HE
FELL DOWN ON
THE WRONG SIDE
OF THE SUPER
HERO REGISTRATION
ACT A WHILE
BACK...

...AS A
CONSEQUENCE,
HE *LOST* A LOT,
BLAH, BLAH--



ELI...
A MAN'S
LOSSES AREN'T
TRIVIA.

THEY'RE
THE KEY TO
UNDERSTANDING
HIS
WEAKNESSES.



THE ONES
THAT PROVE
HIM TO A *DARKER*
LIFE, IN THIS
CASE.

WHERE IS
COLERIDGE
NOW?



SORRY...
SORRY...

OUR CAMERAS
CAUGHT HIM
MIXING IT UP WITH
DAREDEVIL. BIG
BRAWL. STARTED
AT *HIS* PLACE,
THEN--



MURDOCK'S
RESIDENCE?



YOU AND
I *BOTH* KNOW
WHERE HE
LIVES, ELI?



WELL...
I...I FIGURED
YOU'D BE OKAY...
IF I KNEW...

...SO
I COULD
KEEP YOU...
INFORMED...

...I...I
DIDN'T SPREAD
IT AROUND, I
SWEAR...





My name is
Matt Murdock.

And I am
totally out of
my element.



Recently, I moved from
New York City to the Left
Coast. "How hard could it
be to adjust?" I actually
said, out loud.



What I wasn't
taking into
account is maybe
my greatest
weakness:



Sensory
overload.

For me, it's not
just about warmer
weather or navigating
traffic. Because of my
hypersenses, *everything*
out here is new to me.



But the human brain,
no matter how smart,
can only process so
much data at any
given time.

The more there
is to learn, the
more difficult it is to
maintain your normal
level of concentration.

That is either
the God's
honest truth...

...or a *ridiculous* line of
crap to cover an idiot lapse
of judgment on my part.

Hard
to tell.

I am a *lawyer*,
after all.

Let's go with "neurological
excuse." I refuse to believe
my instincts have failed me
this drastically--

--that I would fall so
easily into a trap set
by a B-level Avengers
wannabe who lured me
to his tenement lair
just to *attack*.

My gut tells me
that there's more
to it than that,
because, frankly--

--if Shroud wanted
me *dead*, he could
probably stab right
into my *brain* with
his *darkforce*!

LUB
DUB



SO WHAT'S THE GOAL, SHADOW MAN? YOU GOING TO KILL ME?

SKKKK
YES.



BZZZT. LYING CAT SAYS "LYING." TRY AGAIN.

THE MOBSTERS YOU'VE BEEN COLLECTING ARE OUT OF EARSHOT. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME. TALK, OR--



OKAY! FINE! YOU'RE A RESUME-BUILDER!



BEAT YOU DOWN, DROP YOUR PUNCH-DRUNK BODY AT A TV STATION, TAKE THE CREDIT TO ESTABLISH MYSELF AS A CREDIBLE THREAT IN THIS CITY.

THAT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO GET AN AUDIENCE WITH THE OWL.

THAT'S NOT A HORRIBLE PLAN, ACTUALLY.



WE CAN STILL RUN IT OUT. WE'LL FAKE IT. BETTER YET, LET'S TAKE THE DIRECT ROUTE.

YOU PLAY UNCONSCIOUS, I'LL HAND-DELIVER YOU TO OWLSLEY--HE'LL OPEN HIS DOORS FOR THAT--

--THEN ONCE WE'RE INSIDE, WE DOUBLE-TEAM.



ARE YOU CLINICALLY INSANE? WHY DON'T WE SWAP COSTUMES WHILE WE'RE AT IT, TOO. JUST TO REALLY THROW HIM OFF?

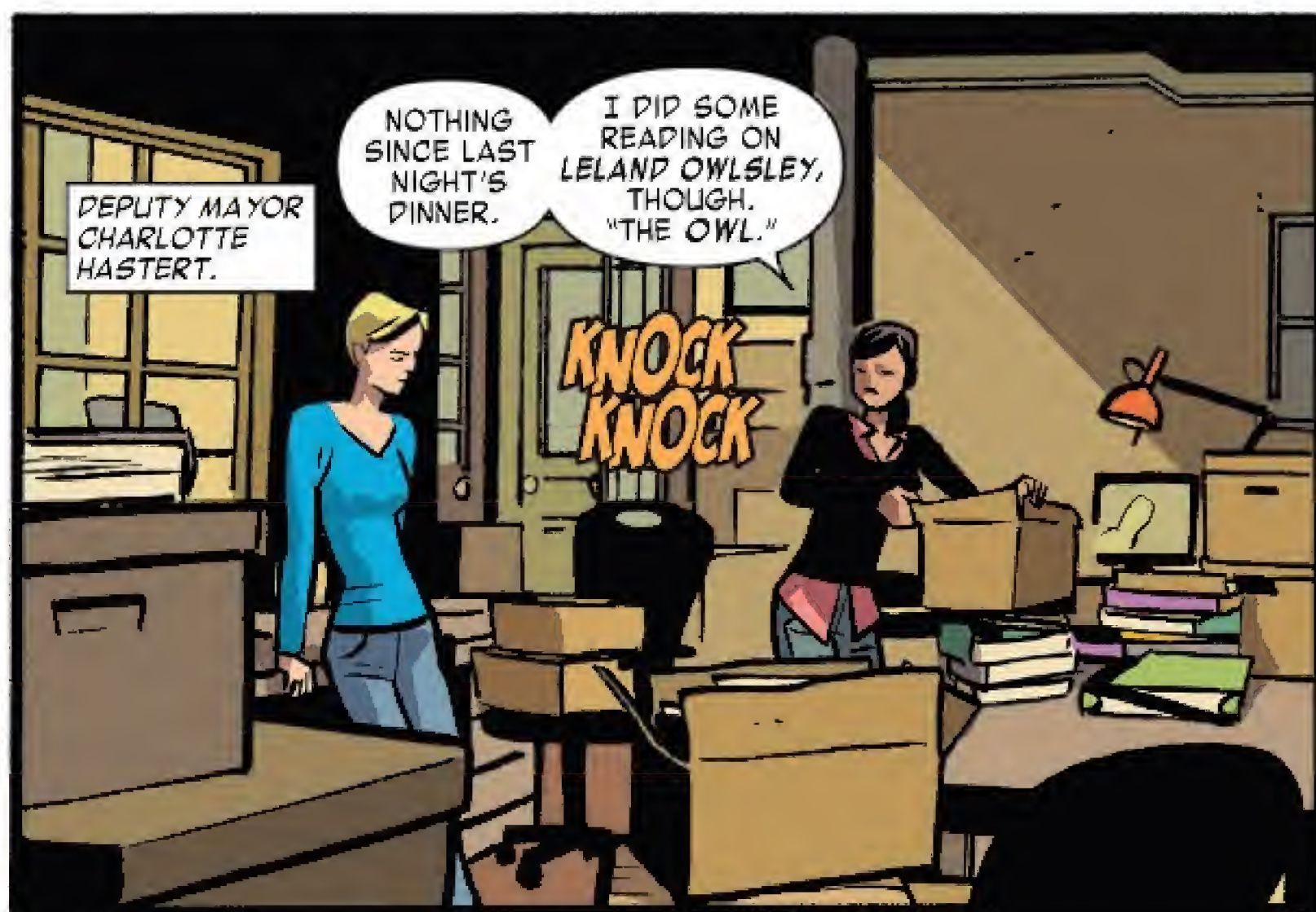


ALTERNATELY--

YES. "ALTERNATELY!" I'M NOT TRUSTING YOU OR ANYBODY TO MARCH ME INTO A LION'S DEN...NEST... WHATEVER!

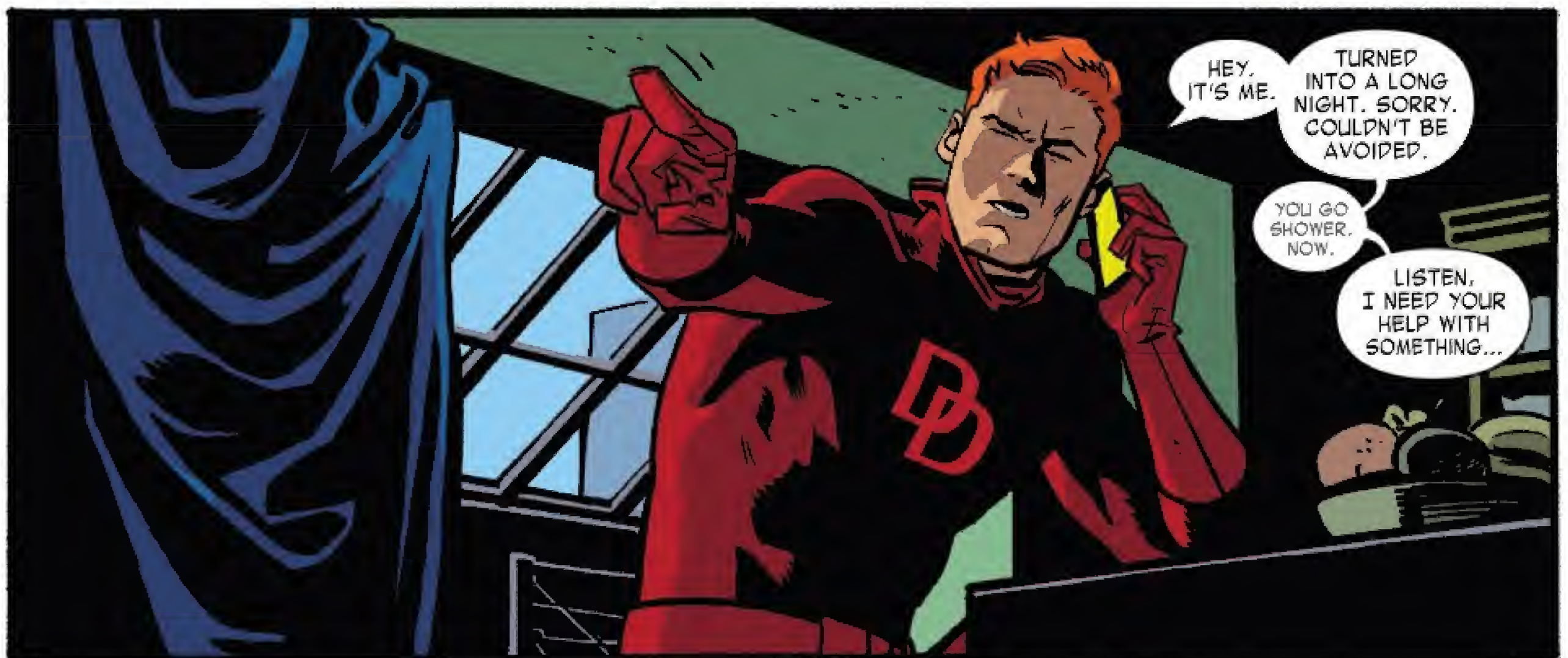


YOU WANT A PLAN? HERE'S A PLAN...









At dusk, Coleridge takes me to a secluded mansion so replete, he says, with security measures that it puts the Pentagon to shame.

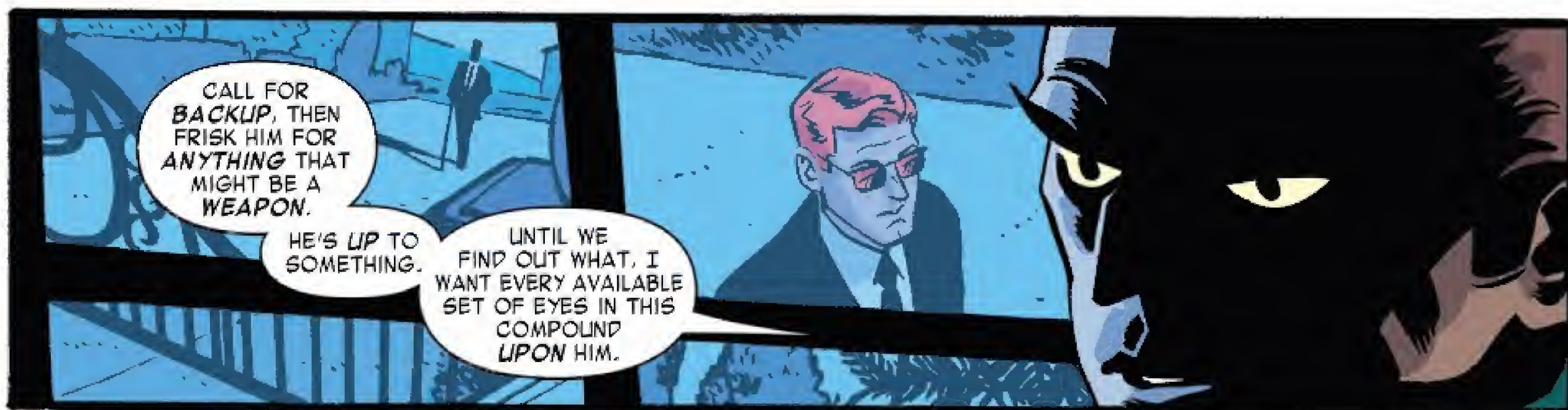
Owlsley's roost, if you will.

Coleridge says even with his "second sight" --some weird form of *x-ray vision* that, he claims, allows him to "see" the inner workings of things like safe tumblers and hidden doors--

--even with *that*, the observation is so relentless that he's tried to break in three times already and can never even make it past the dog kennel.

Amateur.

This is how you crack a fortress.







...the most *curious* man I have ever encountered.

NO WORKING CLOTHES, MR. MURDOCK? YOU MADE QUITE THE *MOCKERY* OF ME FOR YEARS.



LIKE EVERYONE *ELSE*, I ASSUMED DAREDEVIL WAS SIMPLY A SKILLED *ACROBAT*, BUT AS IT TURNS OUT...



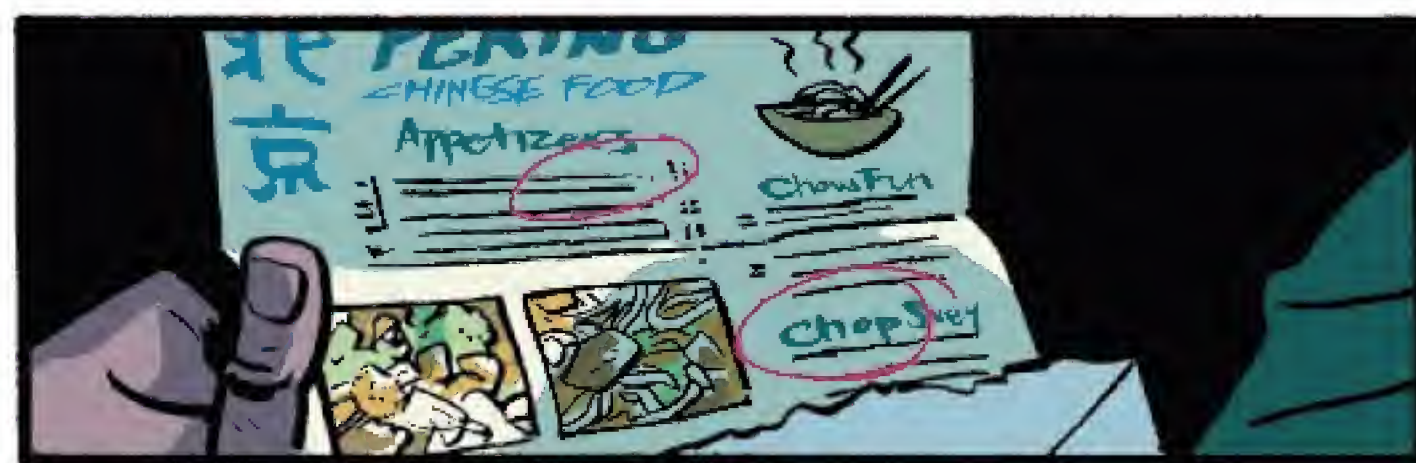
...LONG TIME...NO SEE.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?



THE ANSWER'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, OWLSLEY.

YOU'VE BEEN SERVED.



THIS IS NO SUBPOENA.

IT IS A RESTAURANT ORDER.



WHOOOPS.

GUESS THAT'S WHY I NEVER GOT MY LUNCH.



OH, ALSO, WHEN I SAID "SERVED"...





MR.
→KAFF←...
...MR. COLERIDGE
WON'T KILL
ME...



...NOT IF
HE WISHES TO...
→KAFF←...TO SEE HIS
PRECIOUS JULIA
EVER AGAIN.

WHAT...?

Oh, hell.
I haven't a clue
who "Julia" is...



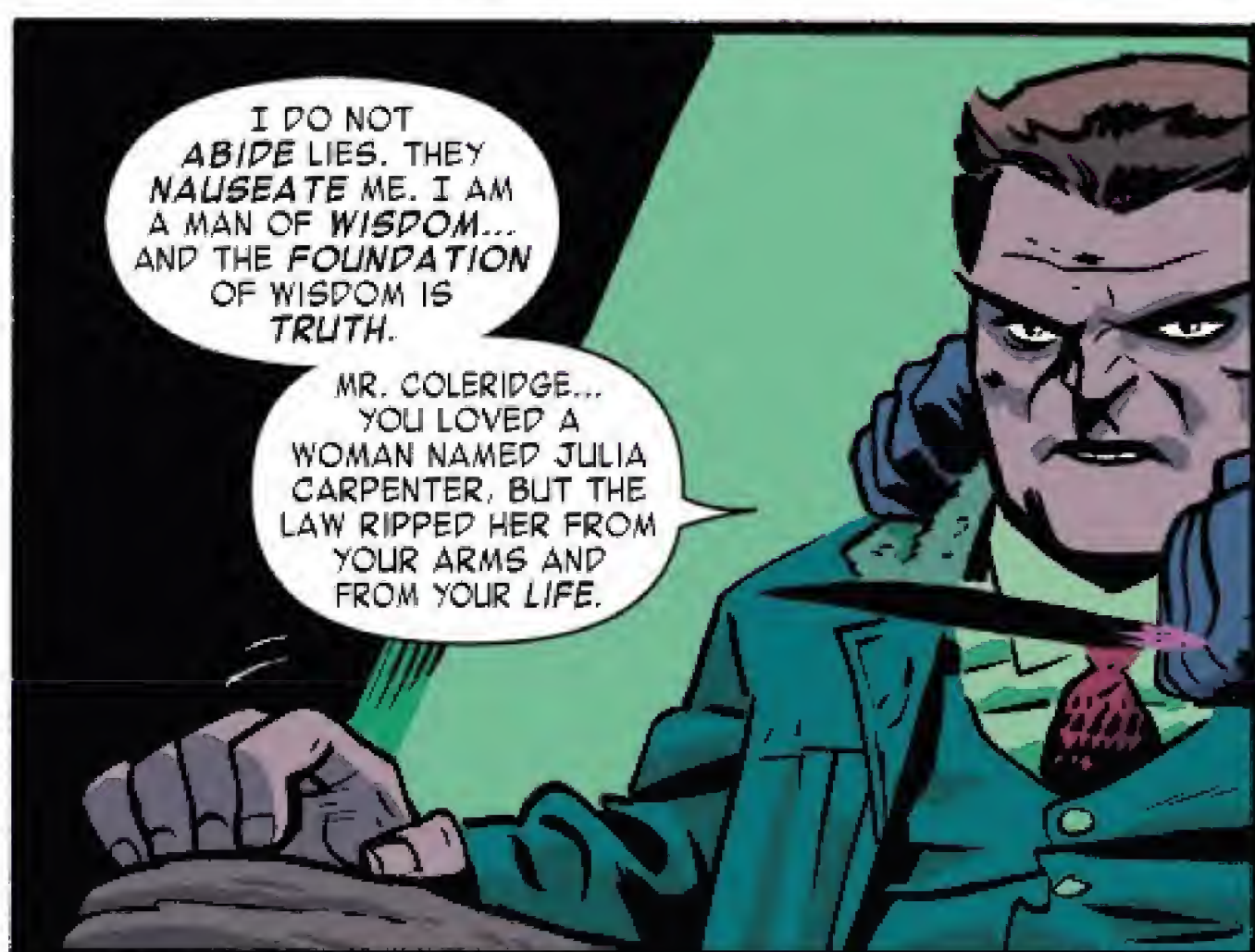
...but the stench of Shroud's *endorphin*
surge tells me our *smash-and-grab*
plan just took a *severe* left turn.

MAX, DON'T
FLINCH! HE'D
SAY ANYTHING
RIGHT NOW!



NEVER...

...NEVER
CALL ME A LIAR,
MR. MURDOCK. NOT
TODAY, NOT EVER
AGAIN.



I DO NOT
ABIDE LIES. THEY
NAUSEATE ME. I AM
A MAN OF WISDOM...
AND THE FOUNDATION
OF WISDOM IS
TRUTH.

MR. COLERIDGE...
YOU LOVED A
WOMAN NAMED JULIA
CARPENTER, BUT THE
LAW RIPPED HER FROM
YOUR ARMS AND
FROM YOUR LIFE.



BUT I KNOW
WHERE SHE IS.
FIGHT ME, AND I
WILL TAKE THAT
KNOWLEDGE TO
MY GRAVE.

ALLOW ME
TO DISPOSE OF
MY GREATEST
ENEMY...AND I
WILL REUNITE
YOU.



MAX, STAND PAT! WE HAVE A CLEAR PATH OUT OF HERE, AND THE OWL COMES WITH US! WE'VE WON!



IS HE LYING?



MAX, HE'S A SNAKE! DON'T LET HIM INTO YOUR HEAD!



IS HE LYING?

IS HE?



NO, BUT--



--MAX, IT'S STILL A TRICK! YOU DON'T KNOW THE OWL LIKE I DO!



HE--

NO. NO.



Tell me I didn't let the shroud walk me right into a deathtrap--

--for a SECOND TIME!

Son of a--

NEXT: SHADOW'S END

DAREDEVIL

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SAMNEE '14

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MARVEL
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This is what I hear faster than can be told:

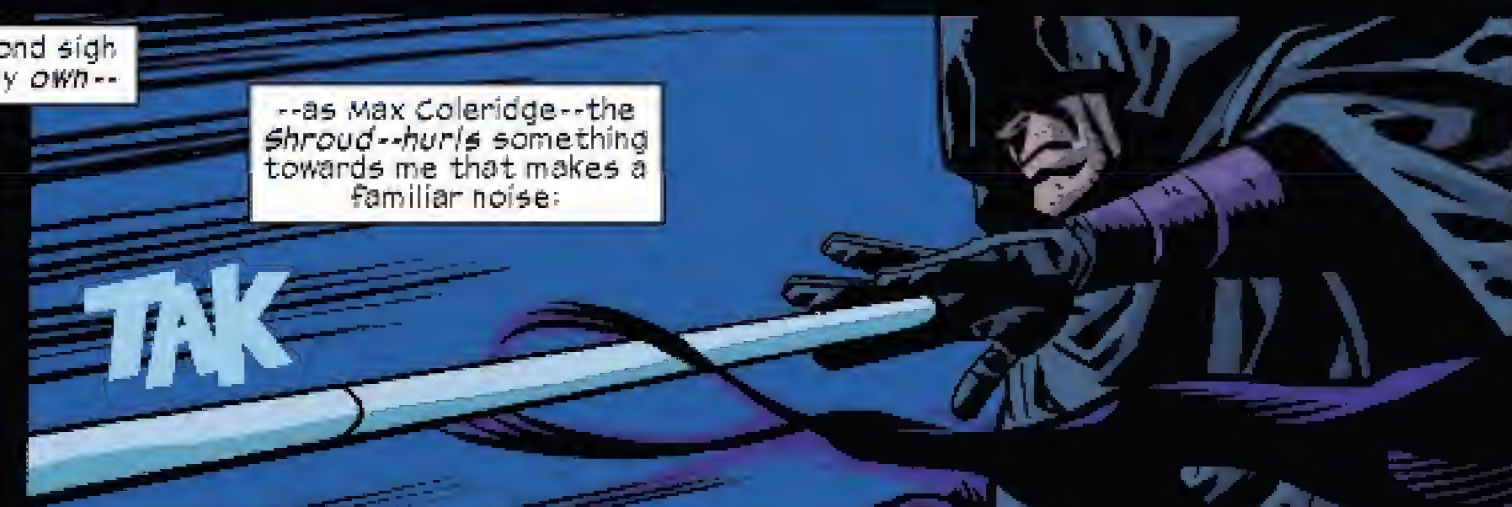


The roar of a furnace.

The clack of a solenoid beneath my feet.



A split-second sigh of relief--my own--



--as Max Coleridge--the Shroud--hurls something towards me that makes a familiar noise:

TAK



The sound of my cane telescoping into a staff.

TAK TAK



And judging from the confused hubbub of the gunnels...



...Shroud's using his shadow powers to cover me...



WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

IT'S A TRICK! GRAB HIM!

...throwing the entire room into pitch darkness.



I'm not sure what Shroud's up to...

...but at least he's put me back in my element.

The fight
itself is barely
notable.

DON'T SHOOT!
YOU COULD HIT
THE **BOSS**--

SHNNNGH

I got more
exercise walking
up the hill to
get here.

And when it's
over, I can sense
that I'm the only
conscious man left
standing.

Which means
the *Shroud*
ran out--

--and he
took the Owl
with him!

Damn it,
Coleridge...none
of this was the
plan...!

Owlsley's
mansion is
enormous.



They could be
anywhere.

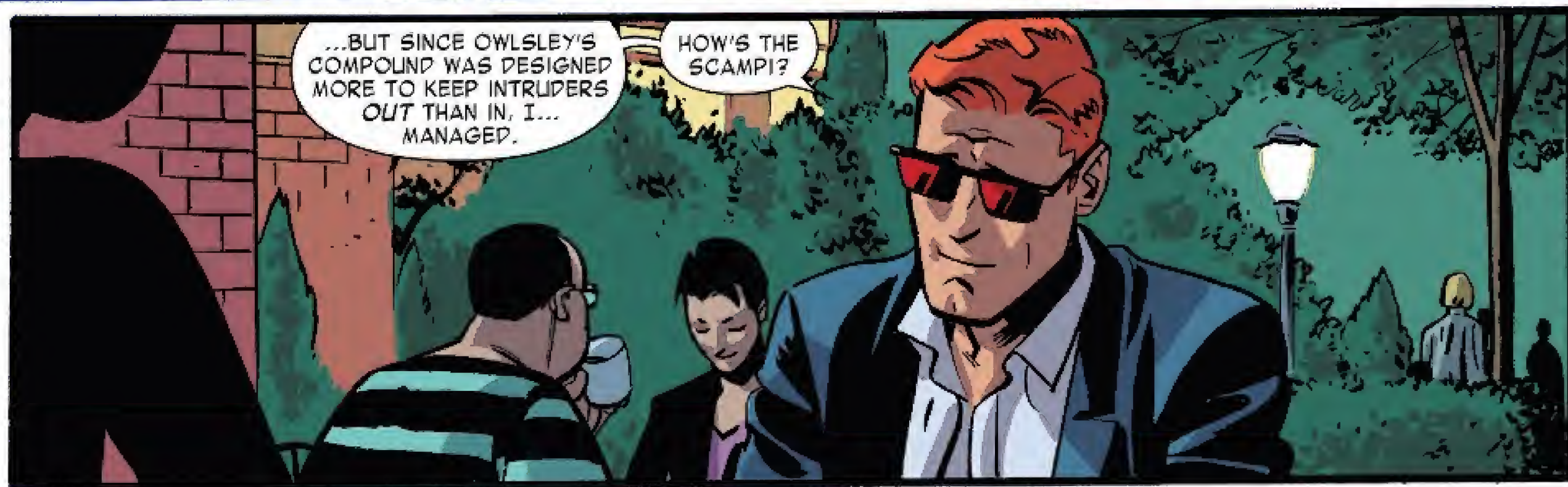


SO THAT'S
IT? YOU JUST
TOOK YOUR FAKE
SUBPOENA AND
WENT HOME?

WELL...



"...YOU'RE MAKING
THAT SOUND A
LITTLE EASIER
THAN IT WAS..."



...BUT SINCE OWLSLEY'S
COMPOUND WAS DESIGNED
MORE TO KEEP INTRUDERS
OUT THAN IN, I...
MANAGED.

HOW'S THE
SCAMPI?



TOO
SPICY FOR
YOU.

COLERIDGE
LEFT NO
TRAIL?



I AM AN
EFFECTIVE
BLOODHOUND ONLY
WHEN I'M NOT
BEING *SHOT* AT,
KIRSTEN.



SO WHAT NOW? YOU
LEAVE THE OWL IN THE
HANDS OF A DESPERATE
VIGILANTE WITH
NO RESPECT FOR
THE LAW?

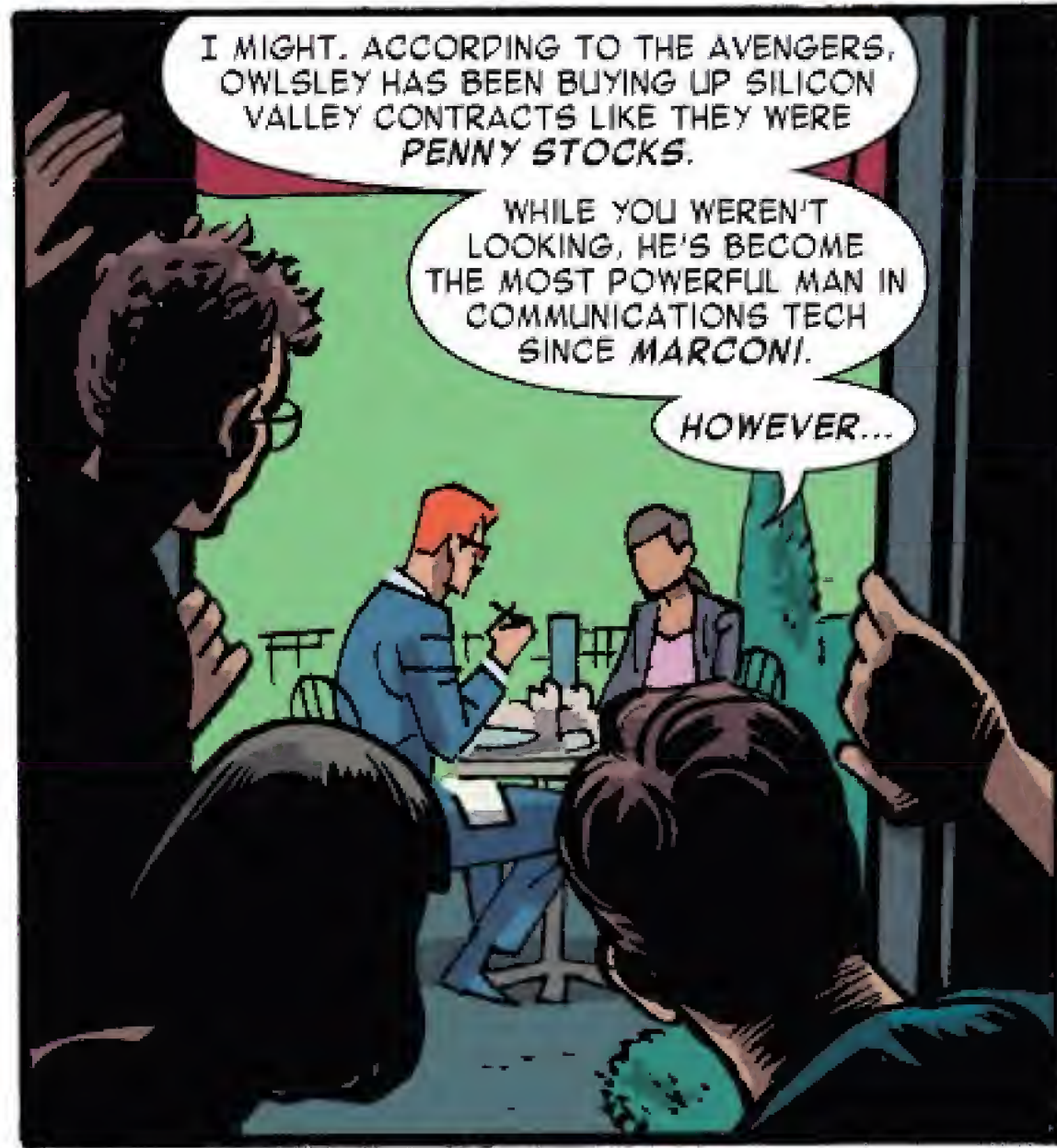
IT'S VERY TEMPTING. LELAND
OWLSLEY WAS THE FIRST
ARCHENEMY DAREDEVIL EVER
HAD. HE IS A WALKING SACK
OF HATE AND GRISTLE, AND
NO ONE ALIVE WOULD
MOURN FOR HIM.



BUT (A) THAT'S NOT
MY CALL TO MAKE, AND
(B) MAX IS IN OVER
HIS HEAD.

APPARENTLY,
HE'S A BROKEN MAN
OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF HIS GIRLFRIEND, AND
OWLSLEY--TRUTHFULLY--
SAID HE COULD
REUNITE THEM.

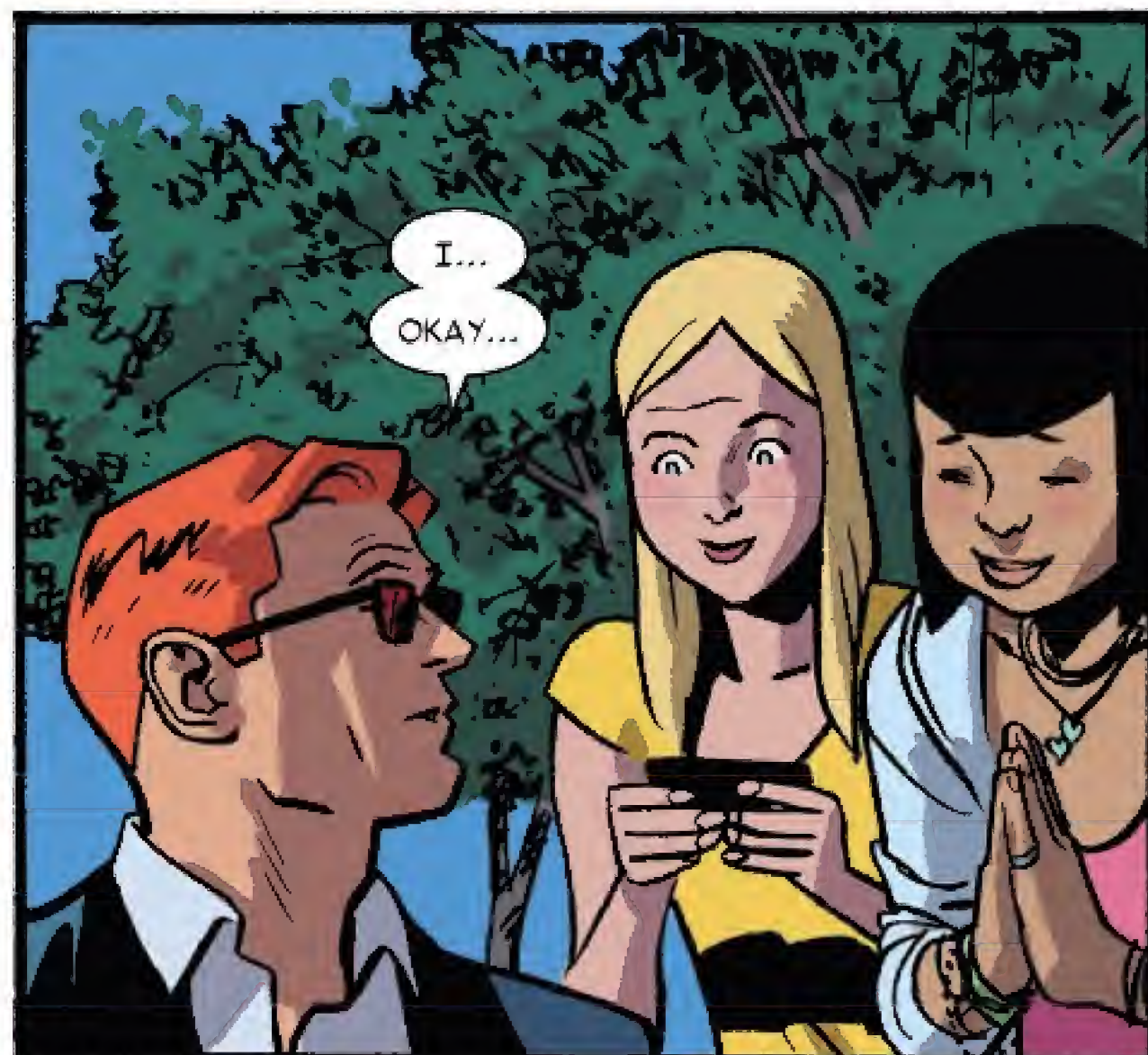
AT WHAT
COST,
I DON'T
KNOW.



I MIGHT. ACCORDING TO THE AVENGERS,
OWLSLEY HAS BEEN BUYING UP SILICON
VALLEY CONTRACTS LIKE THEY WERE
PENNY STOCKS.

WHILE YOU WEREN'T
LOOKING, HE'S BECOME
THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN
COMMUNICATIONS TECH
SINCE *MARCONI*.

HOWEVER...





"I'LL TEXT YOU
AN ADDRESS."



...SEE THAT NEW NOVA
ON COLBERT? THE
TEENAGER?

HE'S FIGHTING
CRIME. I CAN'T GET
MY KID TO CLEAN
HIS ROOM.

...YOUR
LOADING DOCK
MONITOR JUST
GO OUT?

HEY...



THEY'RE ALL
BLANKING! CALL
WHOEVER'S ON DUTY,
SEE IF ANYONE'S
REPORTING--



HGGKKK--!

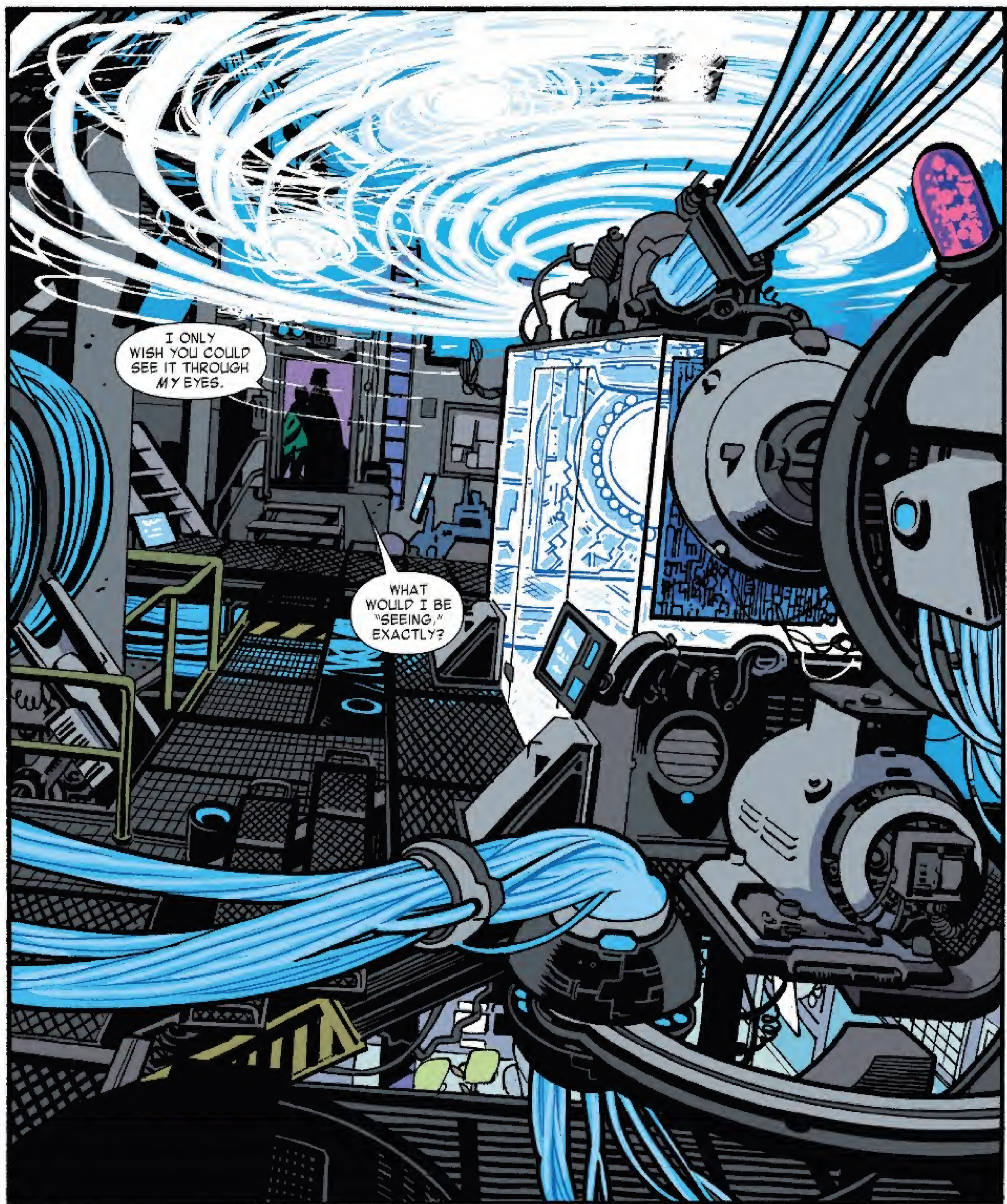






OH, MR.
COLERIDGE.

SUCH
BEAUTY.



I ONLY
WISH YOU COULD
SEE IT THROUGH
MY EYES.

WHAT
WOULD I BE
"SEEING,"
EXACTLY?



THE BLEEDING EDGE OF SURVEILLANCE, MR. COLERIDGE.

DATA DELIVERED NOT THROUGH WIRES OR CABLES, BUT THROUGH UNFETTERED PHOTONS...



YESTERDAY'S SCIENCE.



...DIRECTLY INTO THE HUMAN BRAIN.



TRUE SIGHT, MR. COLERIDGE. UTTER AND TOTAL OMNISCIENCE AS ILLUMINATING AS THE LIGHT THAT FEEDS IT.

I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE YAMMERING ABOUT...



WAK

...BUT YOU'RE NOT LEAVING WITH THAT.





This is on me. I gave Max too much benefit of the doubt. I think he truly is trying to pull out a win...



...but he's playing too long a game, he's out of his weight class, he doesn't understand the enemy...



...judging by the way he's handled every aspect of this encounter, either he's unspeakably arrogant or, deep down, he knows he can't...



...he knows he can't win.





No wonder Max Coleridge resents me so much.



I've been saving his life.



Owlsley.



Over the crackle of arcing electrics, I can hear the sound of a hundred burrowing earthworms. Owlsley...



...what have
you *done*?



ALARMS
CAME FROM IN
THERE!

BE
READY FOR
ANYTHING!

CLEARANCE 13.5











DAREDEVIL

WAID • SAMNEE • RODRIGUEZ

FOGGY NELSON
A TRUE FRIEND AND
A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

SAMNEE-14

ALL-NEW
MARVEL
NOW!

50 YEARS
WITHOUT
FEAR!

005

★★★★
FINAL

NEW YORK CITY BULLETIN

SINCE 1907
★★★★
\$1.00 (in NYC)
\$1.50 (outside city)

COURTROOM CONFESSIONS

Matt Murdock confirmed, under oath in a court of law, that he is in fact Daredevil! In order to foil an alleged blackmail attempt by the Sons of the Serpent, Murdock not only confirmed his alter ego, but also elaborated upon the origins of the Man Without Fear. Sources say that it is very likely that he will be disbarred from practicing law in New York, forcing him to look elsewhere if he still wishes to practice. Given that Matt Murdock still has a valid law license in California, that seems the most likely destination for Daredevil.



NELSON/MURDOCK NO MORE?

With Murdock potentially leaving the state, where does this leave lifelong friend and firm partner Franklin "Foggy" Nelson? Nelson has been battling cancer for several months. With Murdock potentially disbarred in light of the recent revelations, it seems very likely that Nelson/Murdock has seen its last trial. Should Murdock decide to leave the state, it seems Nelson will have to face the rest of this battle alone.

MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

ELLIE PYLE

EDITOR

JAVIER RODRIGUEZ

COLORIST

AXEL ALONSO

EDITOR IN CHIEF

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

LETTERER

DAN BUCKLEY

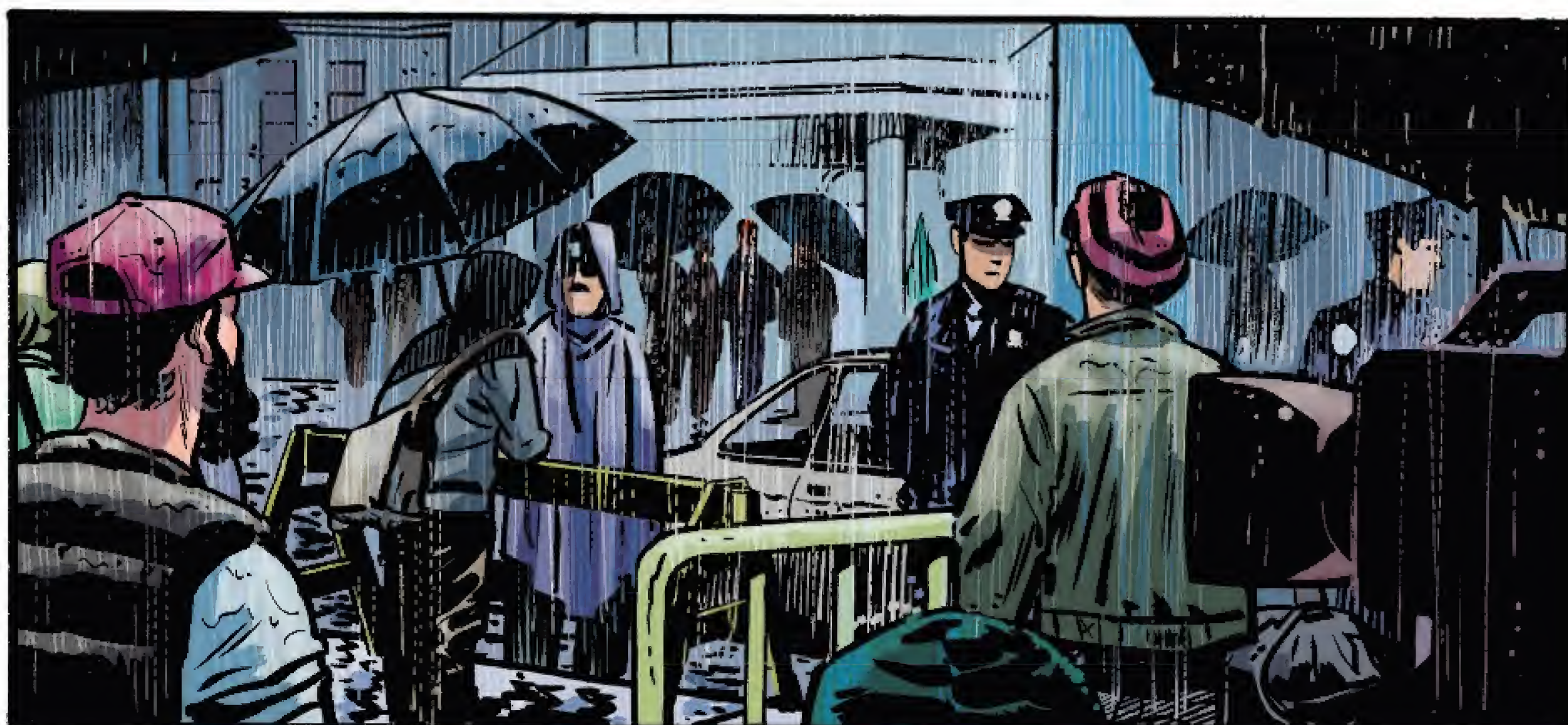
PUBLISHER

SAMNEE & RODRIGUEZ

COVER

ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER





TWO MONTHS AGO.

bip
bip

BINGO.

RELAX,
FOGGY...

...THIS
WON'T HURT
A BIT.

SZAK

BUT I
NEED YOU TO
KEEP MOVING,
OKAY?

I'M SEEING
MORE ACTIVITY
DOWN HERE WHEN
YOUR HEART RATE
IS UP.

FOGGY?

HE'S
RIGHT HERE,
HANK.

HE'S JUST
A LITTLE
WINDED. GIVE US
A SECOND,
OKAY?

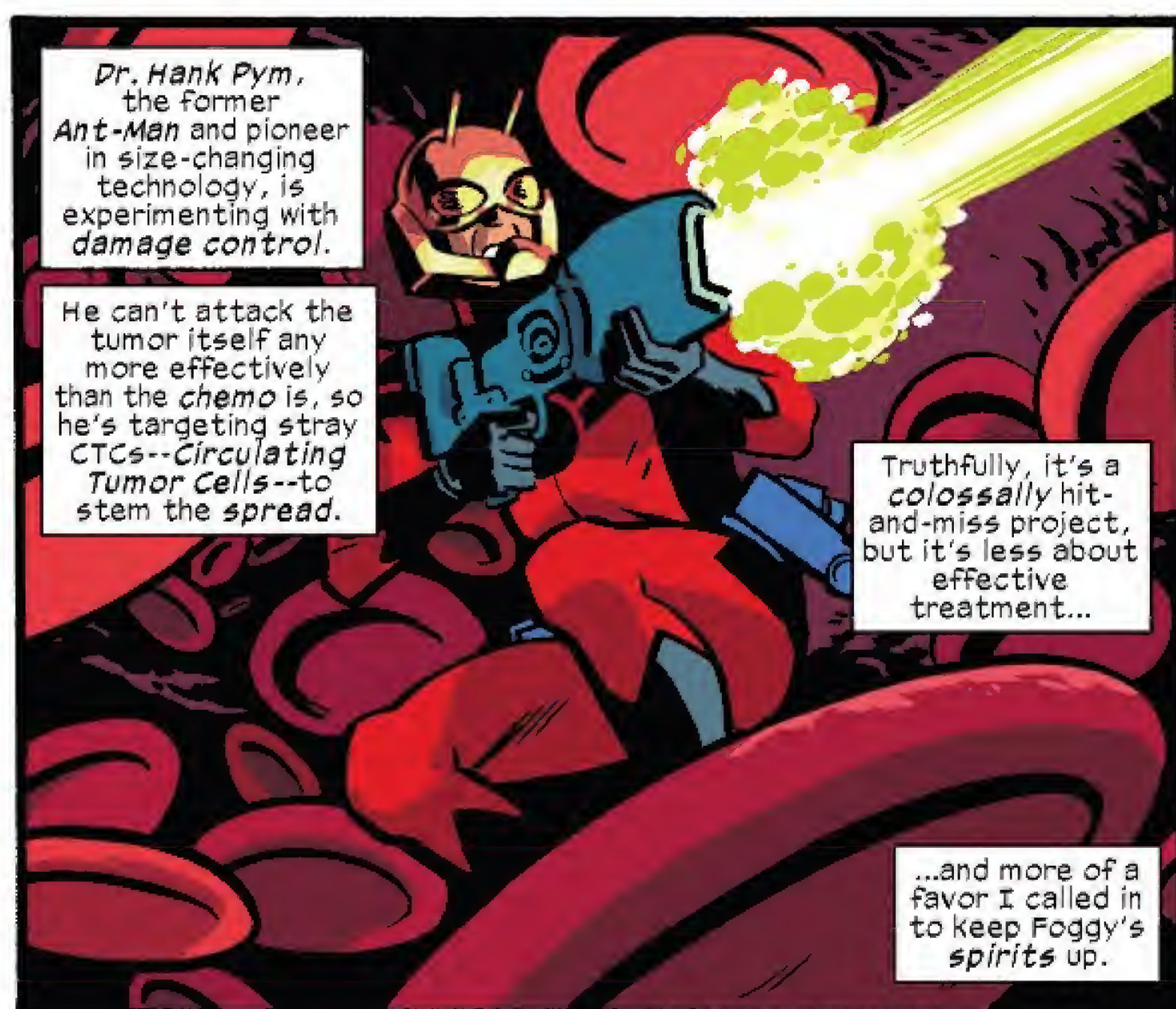
Foggy Nelson is
my best friend
in the world.

And I am
failing him.



A few weeks back, he was diagnosed with cancer. Ewing's sarcoma. A tumor in his hip the size of a tangerine.

Treatment is...taxing.



Dr. Hank Pym, the former Ant-Man and pioneer in size-changing technology, is experimenting with damage control.

He can't attack the tumor itself any more effectively than the chemo is, so he's targeting stray CTCs--Circulating Tumor Cells--to stem the spread.

Truthfully, it's a *colossally* hit-and-miss project, but it's less about effective treatment...

...and more of a favor I called in to keep Foggy's *spirits* up.



Unsuccessfully.

Consequently, we are not getting along right this second.

ON YOUR FEET, SOLDIER.



I AM DONE...TAKING ORDERS... FROM YOU.

IT WASN'T AN--

SIGH

FINE. BE MAD AT ME. BUT WE DISCUSSED THIS. YOU SAID IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

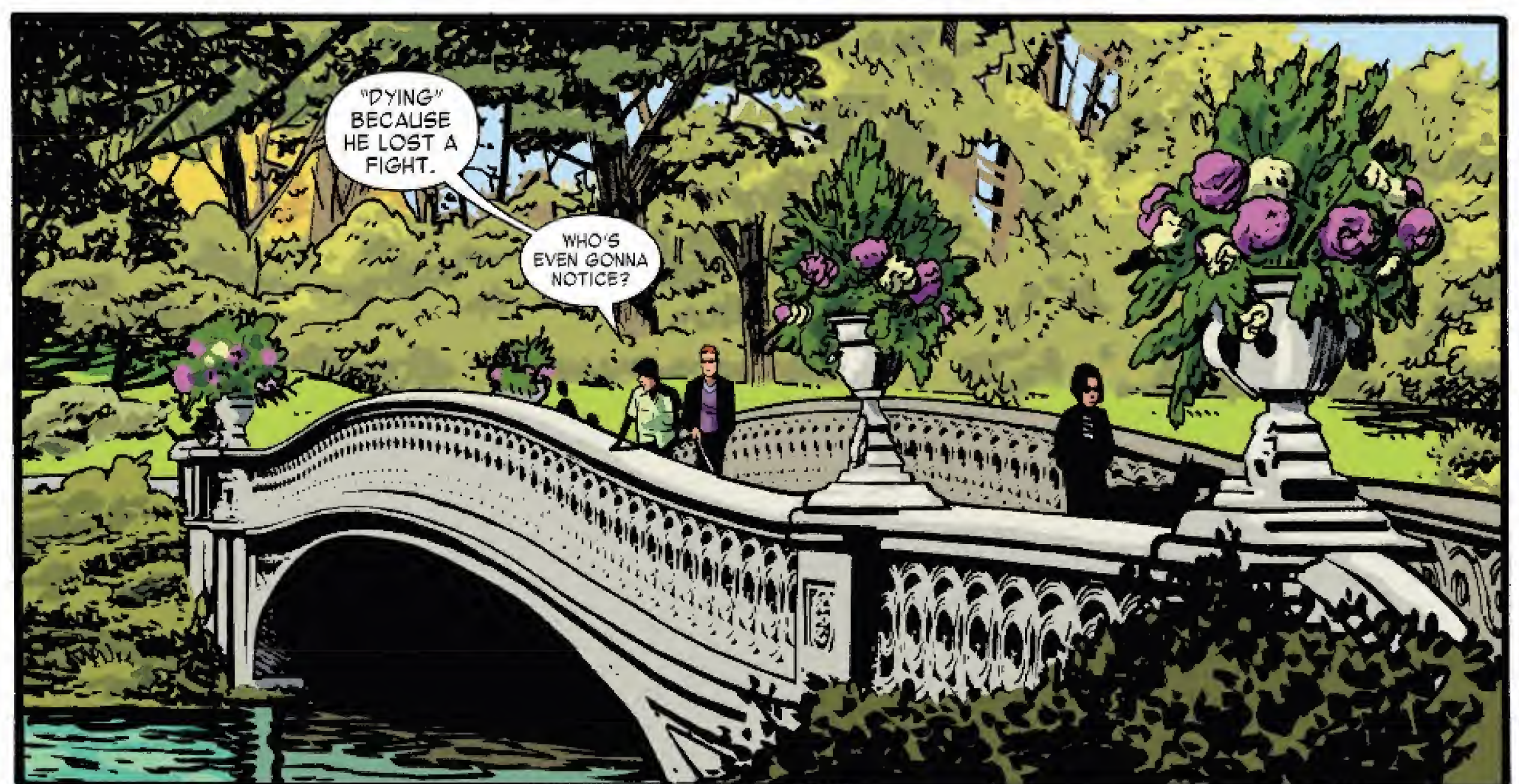
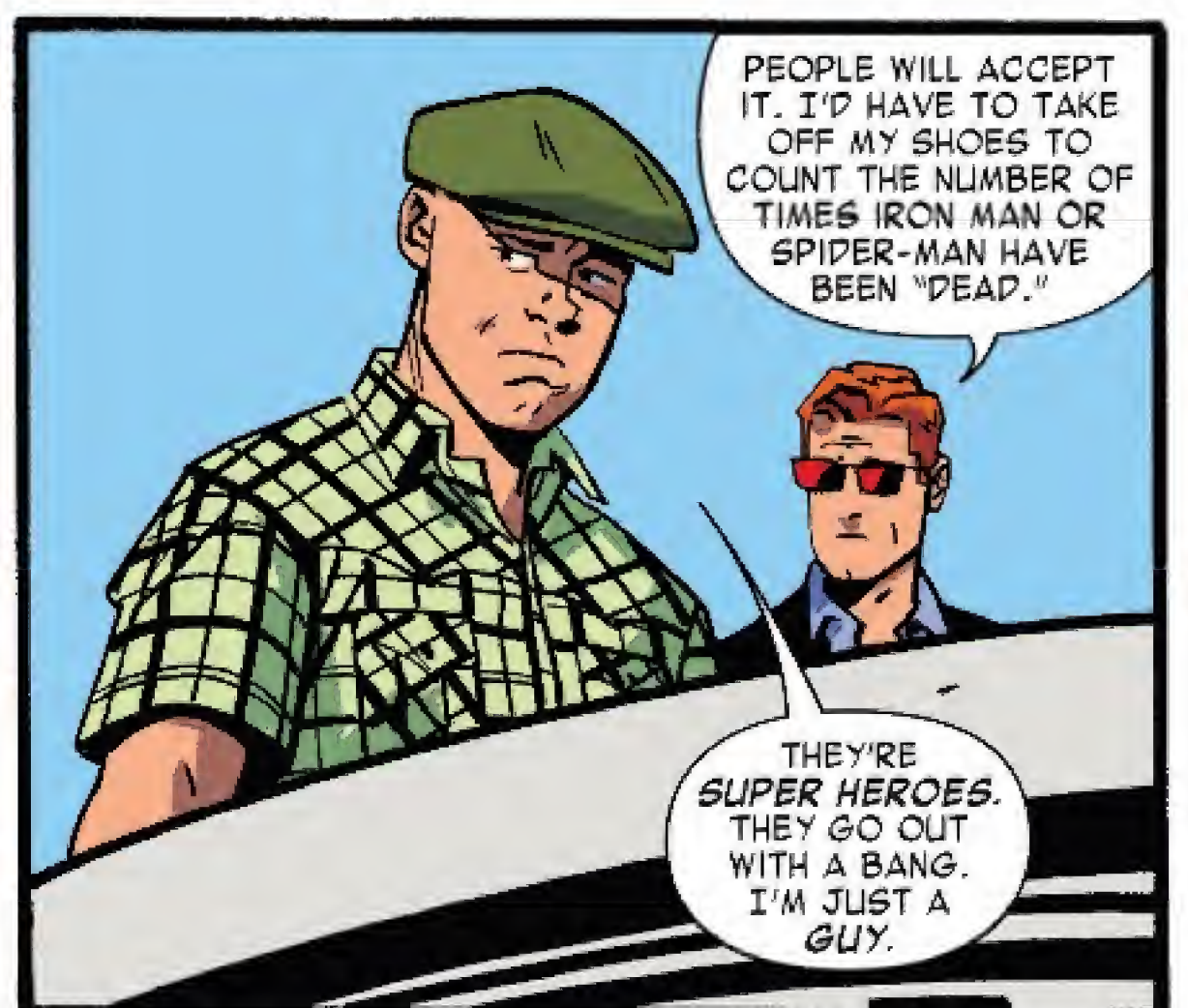
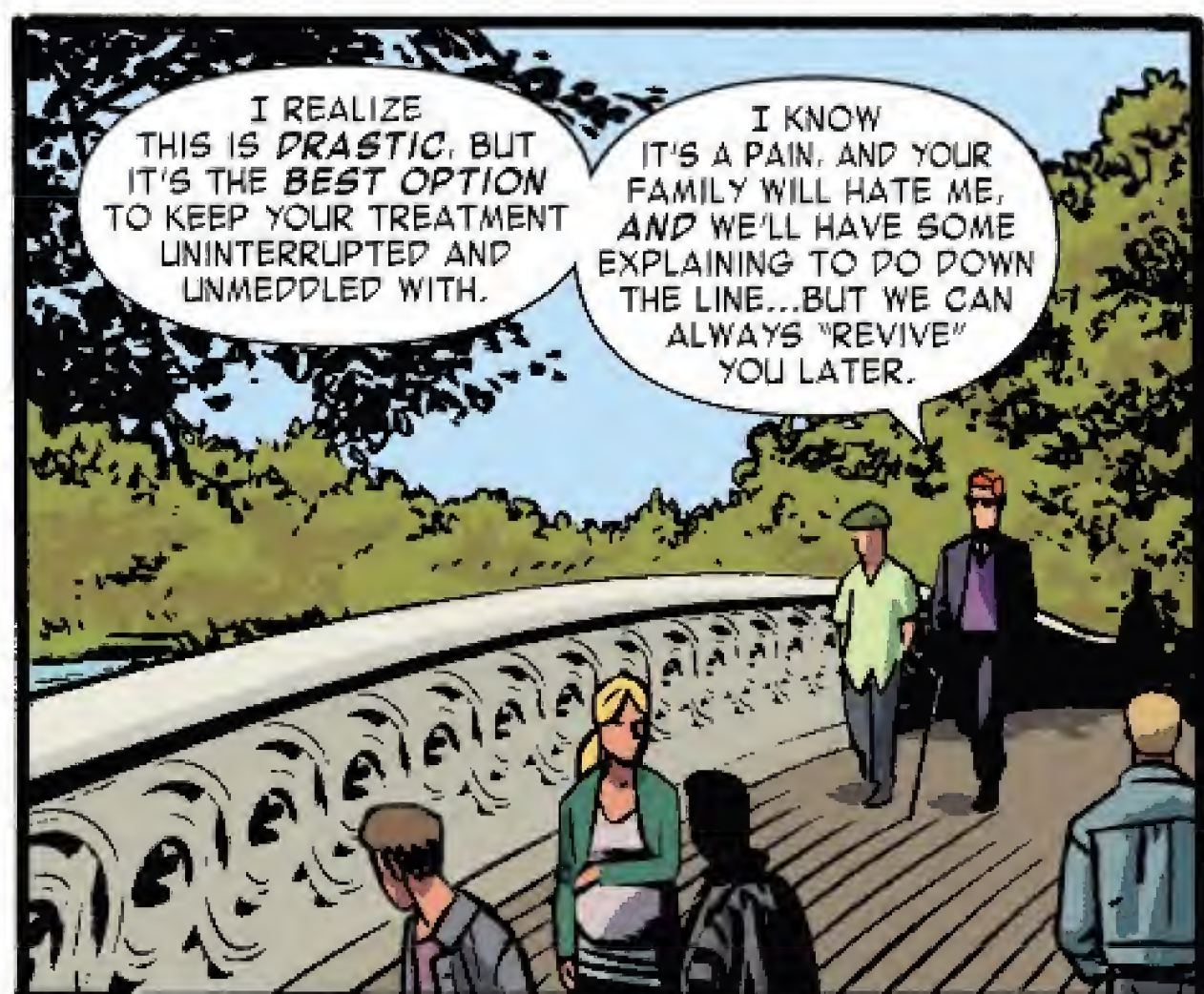


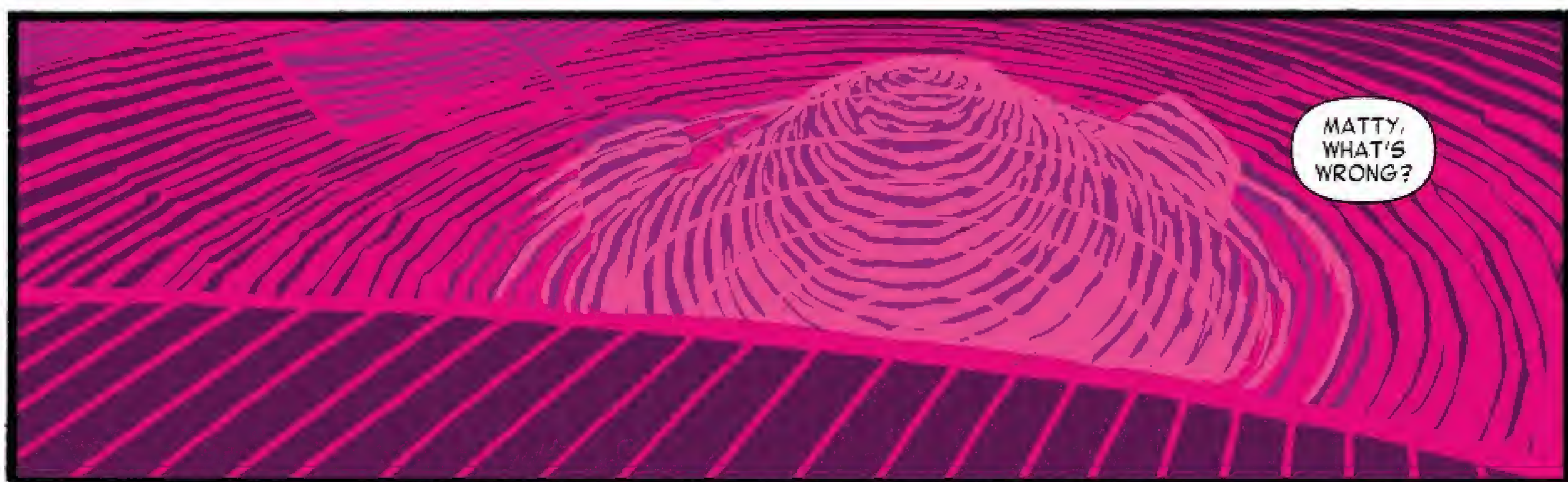
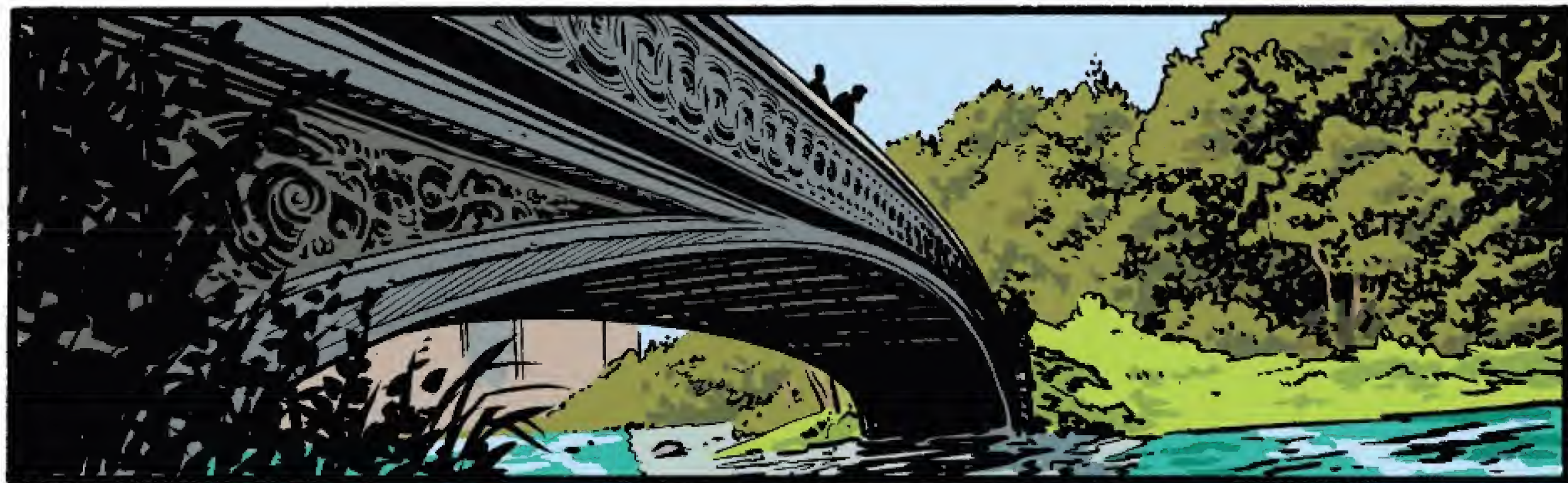
I SAID DAREDEVIL UNMASKING WAS THE RIGHT MOVE. NOW THAT YOU'VE ADMITTED YOUR I.D. TO EVERYONE, THE SONS OF THE SERPENT CAN'T BLACKMAIL YOU.

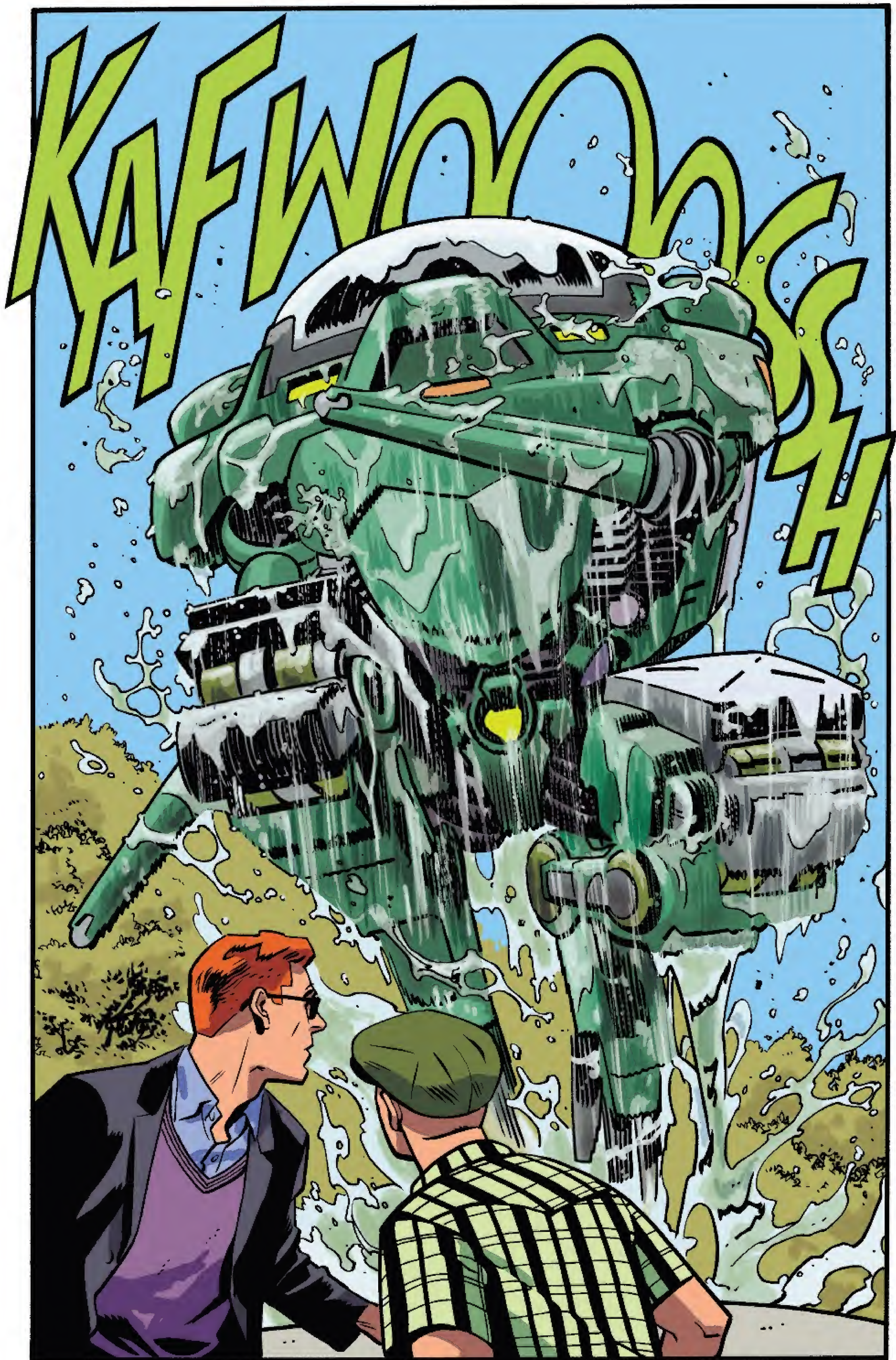
BUT THEY, AND EVERYONE I'VE EVER CROSSED, CAN FIND ME 24/7 NOW. ME AND EVERYONE I'M CLOSE TO.

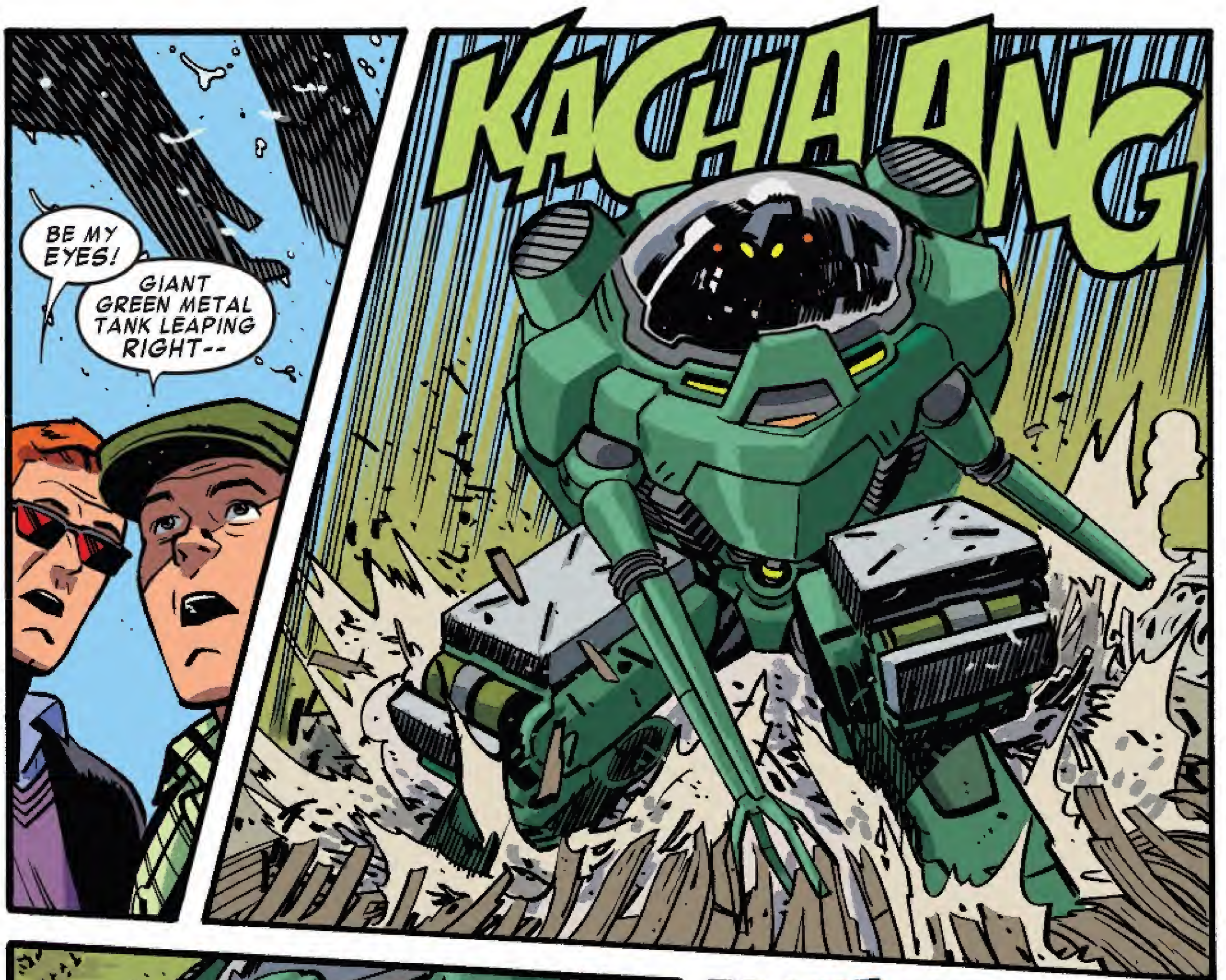


THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO DIE.

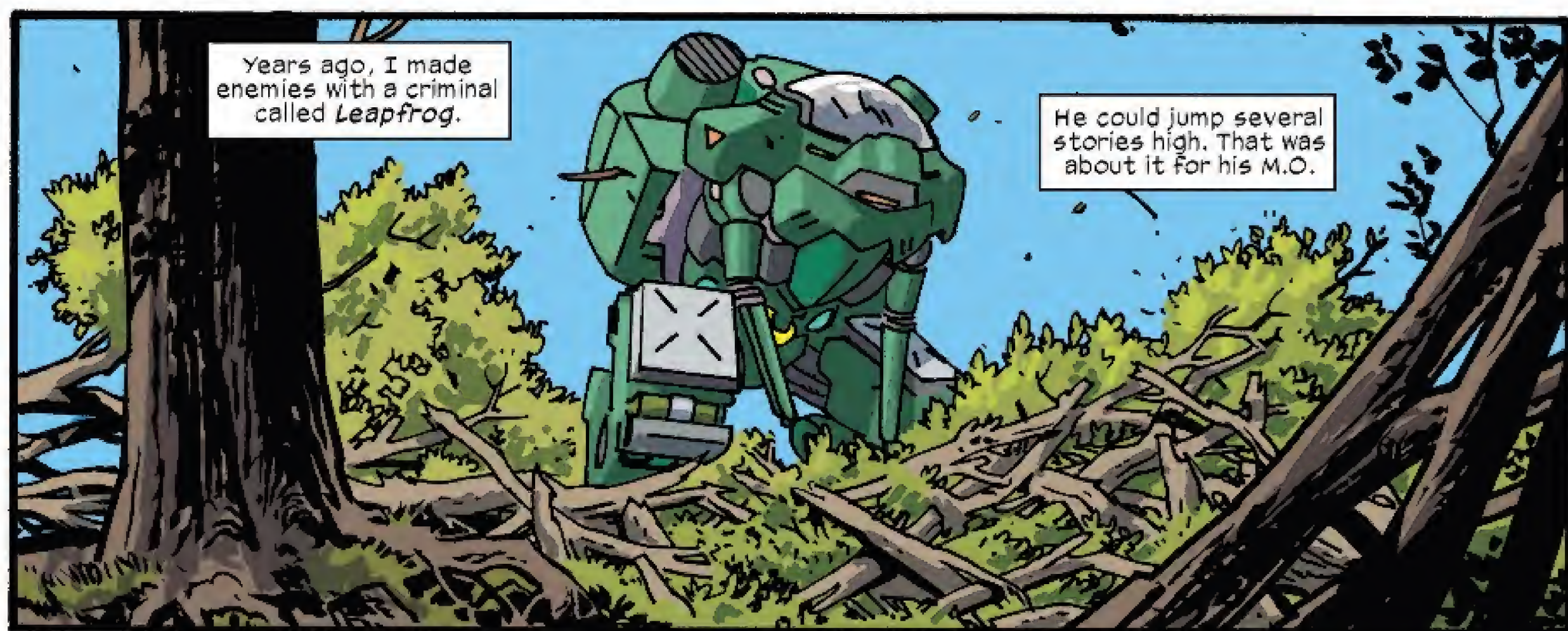












Years ago, I made enemies with a criminal called Leapfrog.

He could jump several stories high. That was about it for his M.O.



I don't think this is him, but if it is--



--he's gone in for a *serious* upgrade.



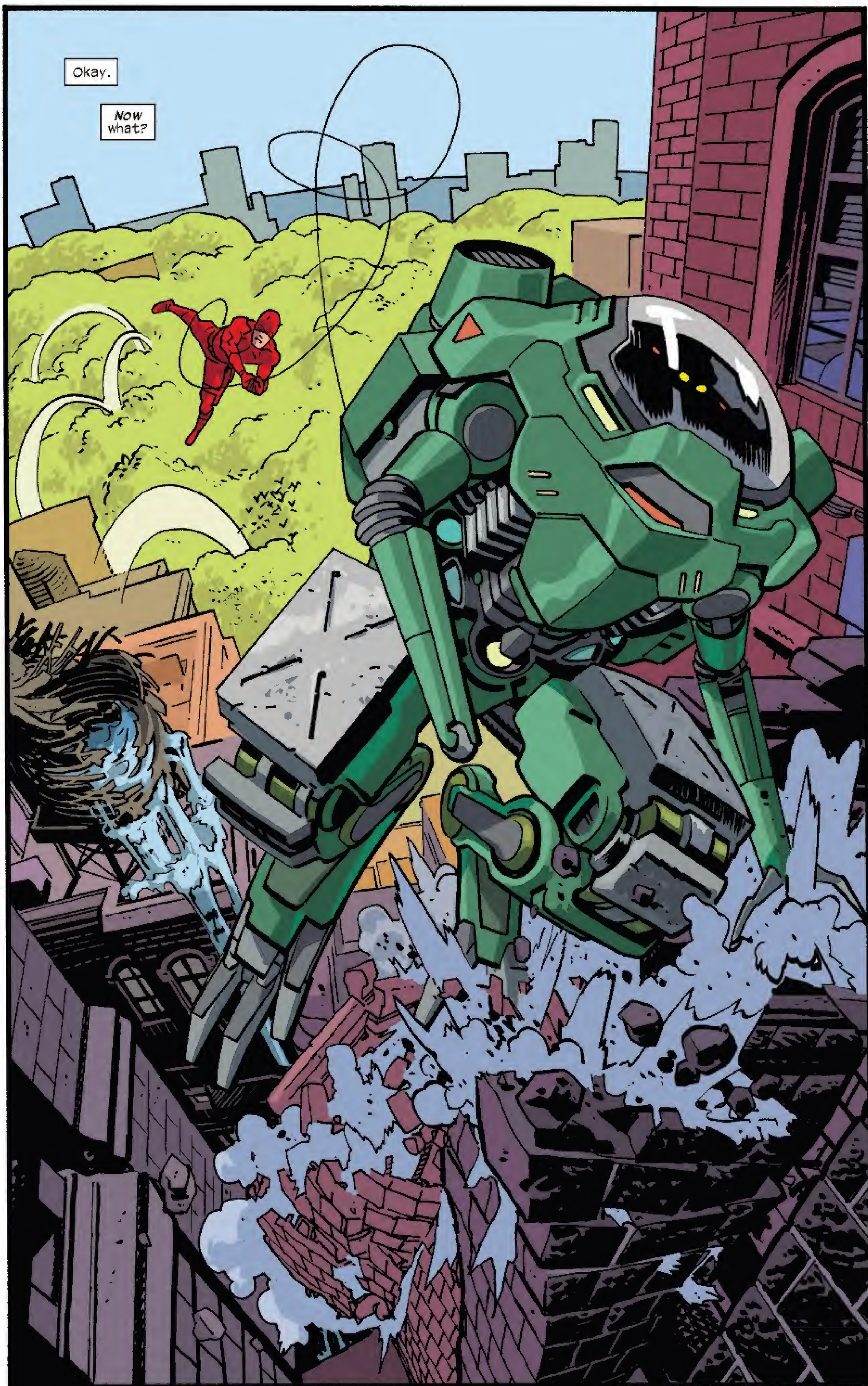
MR. NELSON.

JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR.



Okay.

NOW
what?





Easier said
than done.

Over all the shouting
bystanders and
screeching traffic, I can
barely hear Foggy's
captive heartbeat.

LUB
DUB

But "barely"
is enough to
zero in.

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

THATABOY.

MAKE A SPECTACLE
OF THIS! LET'S SNAP THIS
FIGHT ON EVERY CAMERA
PHONE ON THE
BLOCK!

I WANT PEOPLE
TO REMEMBER
DAREDEVIL IN
THIS MOMENT--
FOREVER!

Don't know
what *that*
means.

Don't
care.

Get Foggy,
sort this
clown out--

SHUNK

TCHAK

--later--?

FSSH

SHH

?



AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

NO!

YOUR FRIEND--!



SSSP

--WOULD RATHER HOLD ON A SECOND THAN LET YOU GET AWAY.

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM.

~HmNeH~



Yeah, this isn't the Leapfrog of old. This guy can fight. And yet--and yet, he reeks of rising terror.

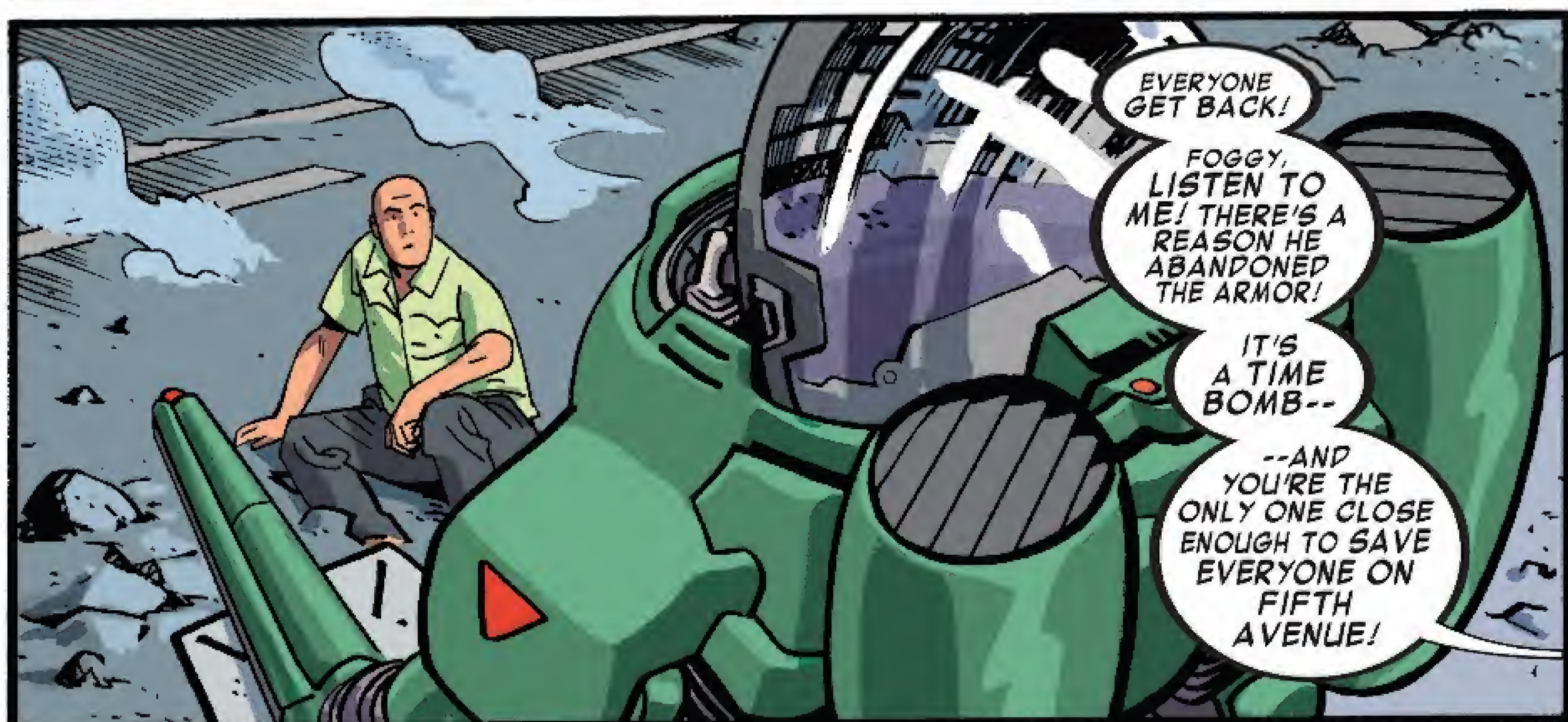


This is like trying to contain a *panicked tiger*. Other than getting *busted*, what's he so afraid...

FLUD

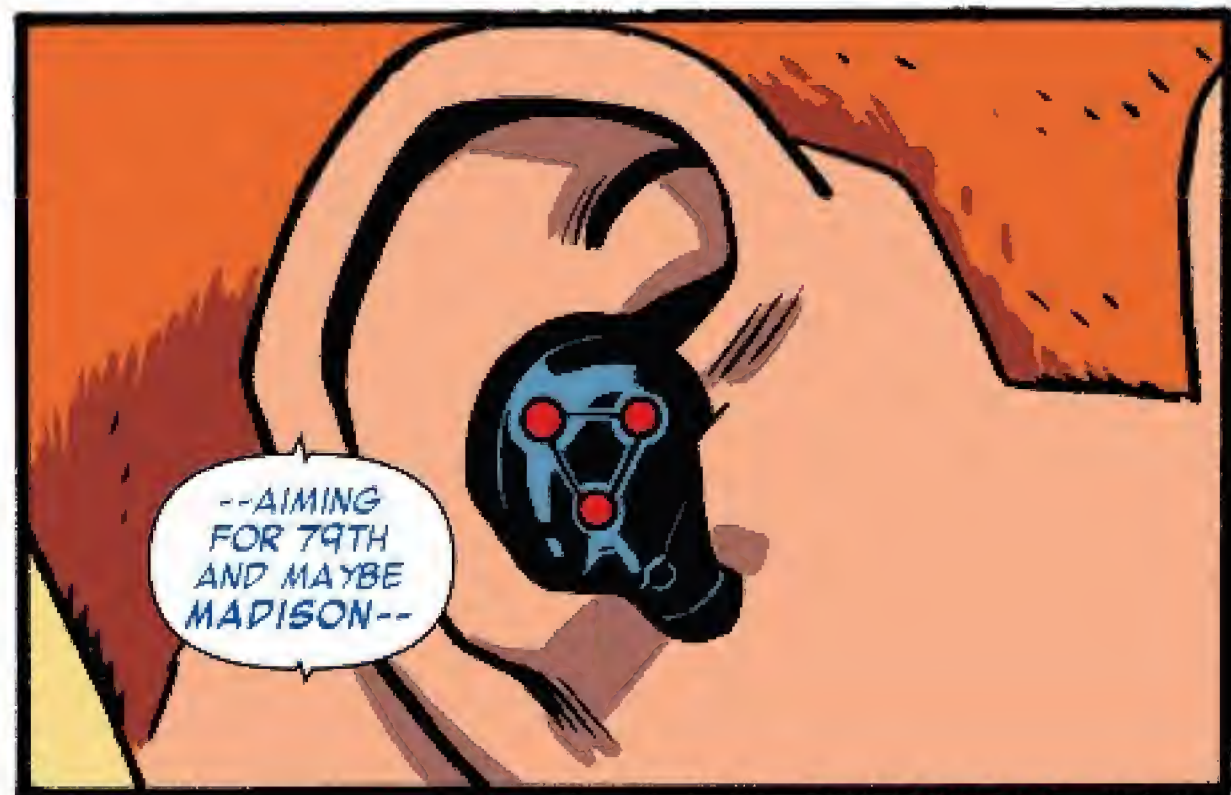


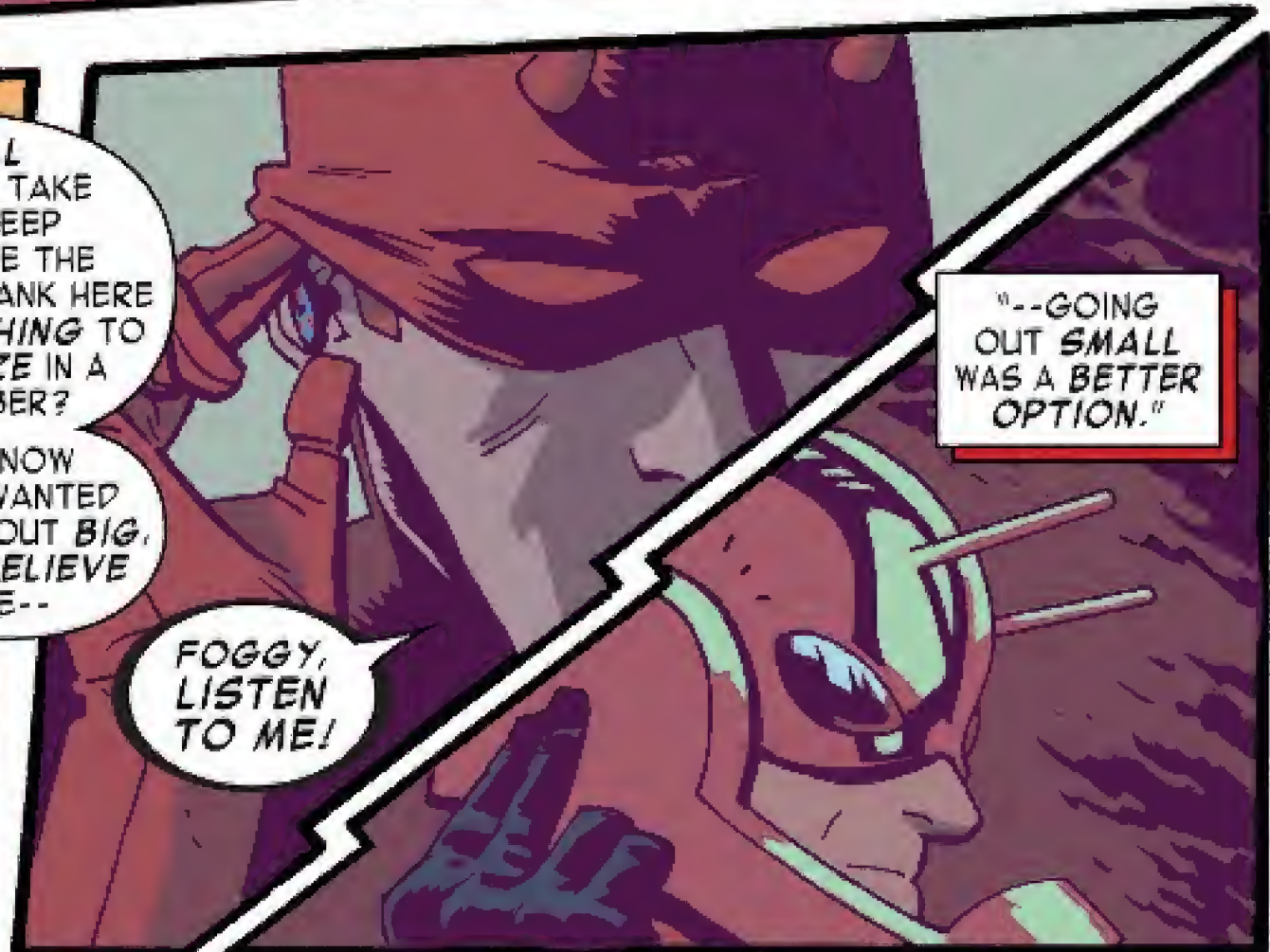
...of...?

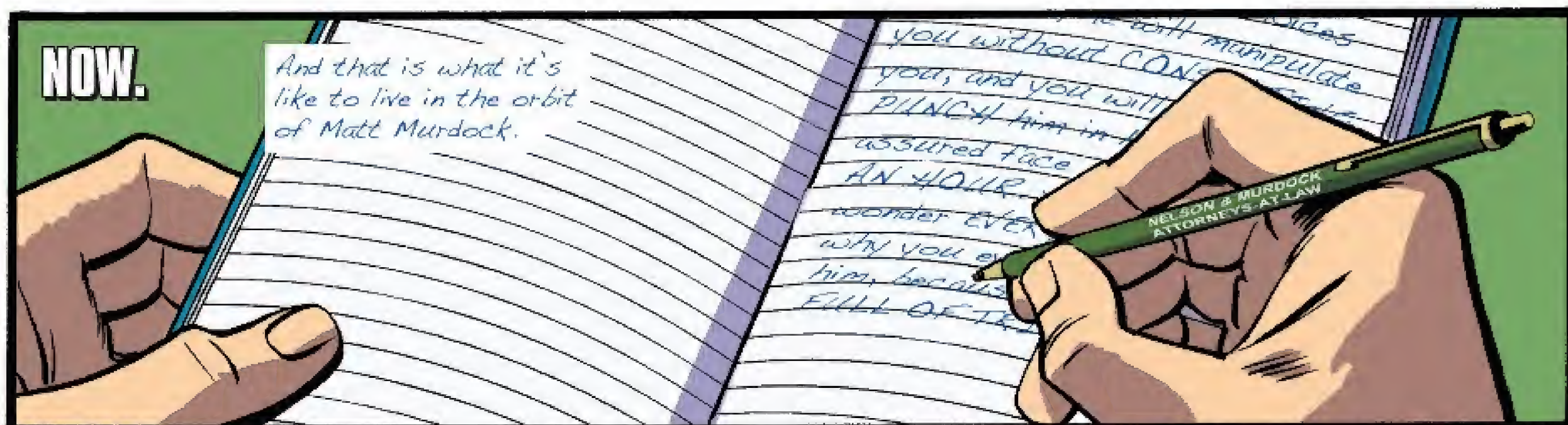








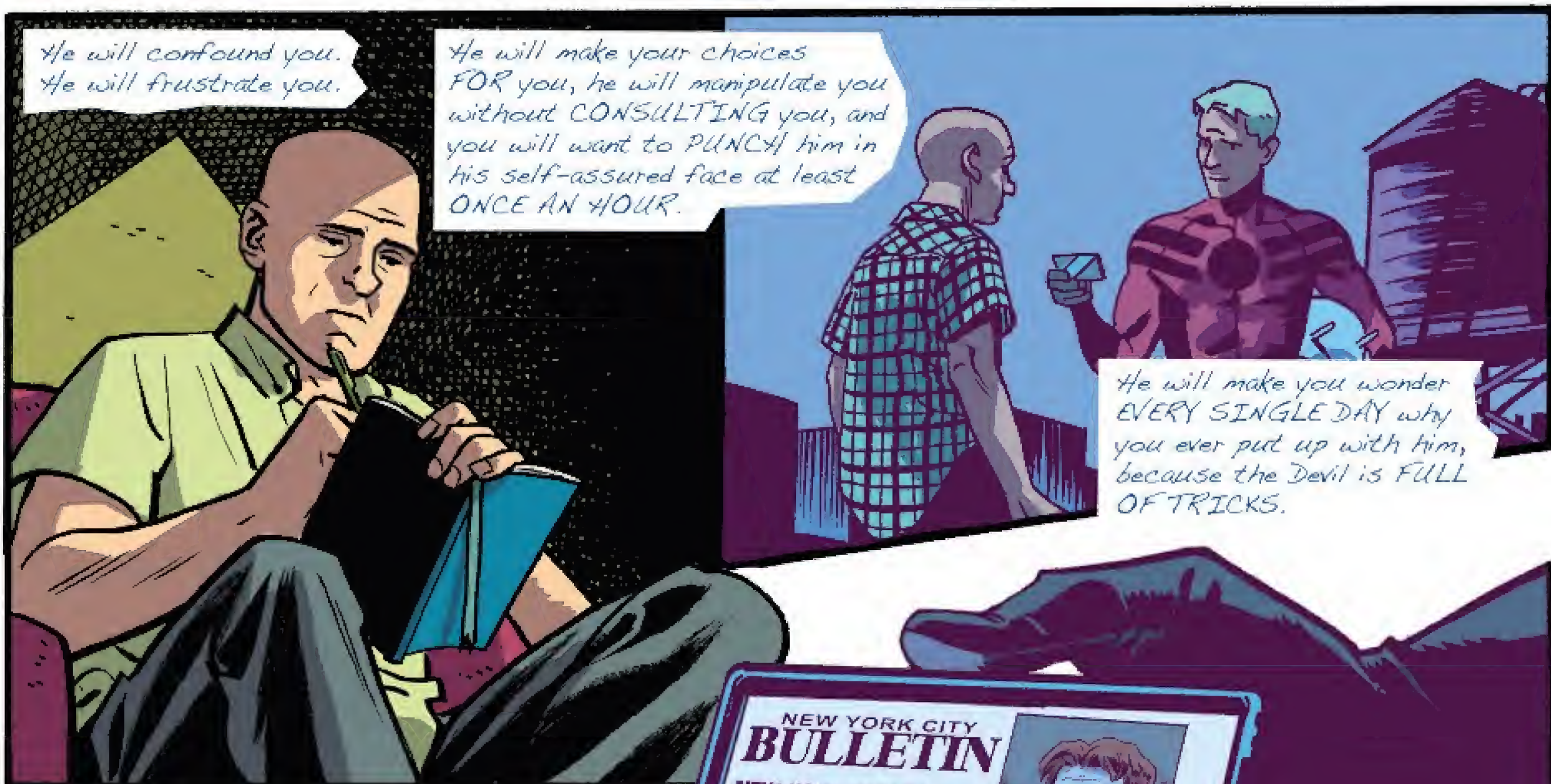




NOW.

And that is what it's like to live in the orbit of Matt Murdock.

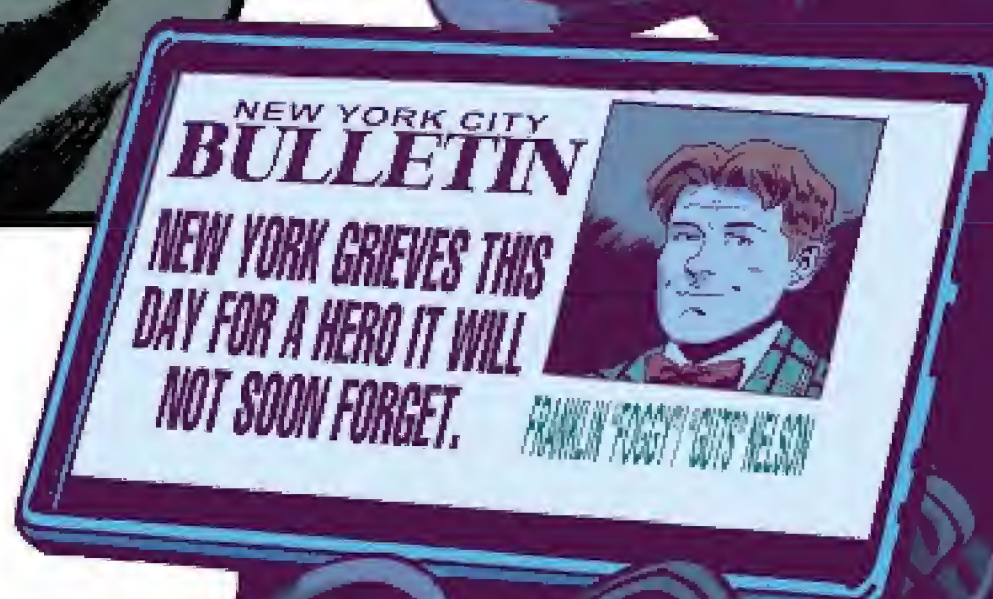
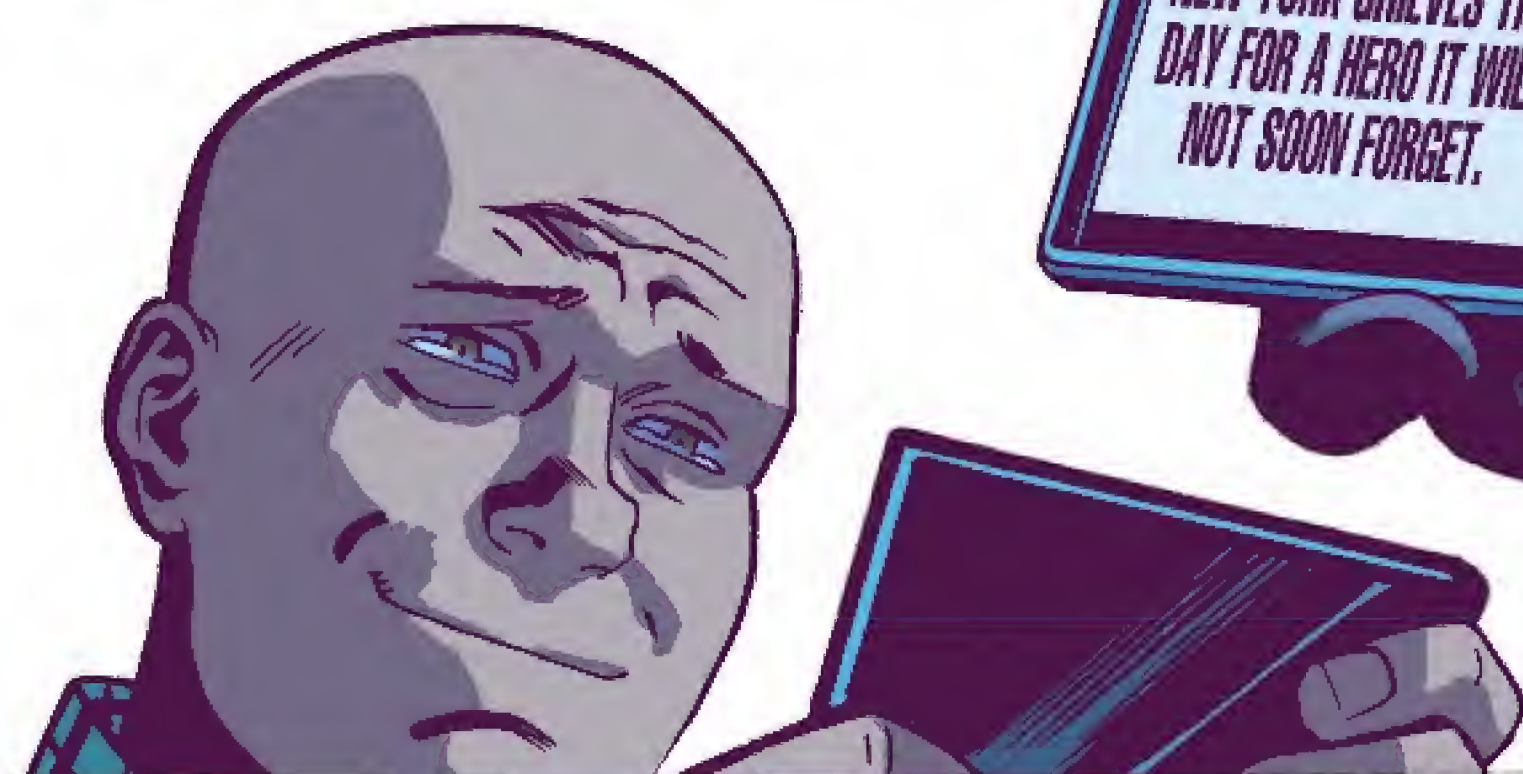
you without CONSULTING you, and you will PUNCH him in his self-assured face AN HOUR wonder EVERY why you ever put up with him, because the Devil is FULL OF TRICKS.



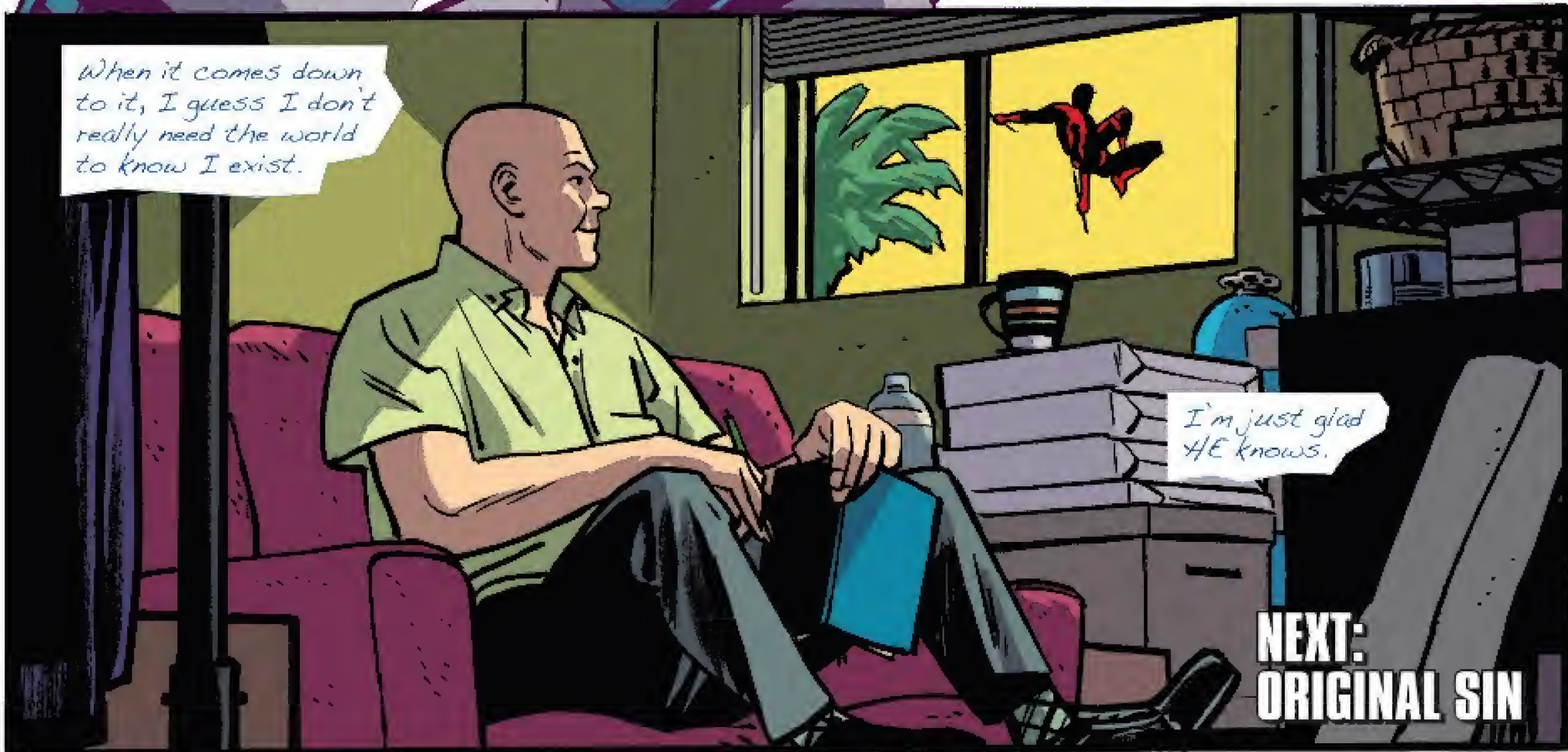
He will confound you. He will frustrate you.

He will make your choices FOR you, he will manipulate you without CONSULTING you, and you will want to PUNCH him in his self-assured face at least ONCE AN HOUR.

He will make you wonder EVERY SINGLE DAY why you ever put up with him, because the Devil is FULL OF TRICKS.



But he will care about you in a way that no one else ever could.



When it comes down to it, I guess I don't really need the world to know I exist.

I'm just glad HE knows.

**NEXT:
ORIGINAL SIN**

ORIGINAL SIN

DAREDEVIL® #6



MARVEL

**WAID
RODRIGUEZ
LOPEZ**

★★★★
FINALNEW YORK CITY
BULLETINSINCE 1907
☆☆☆☆
\$1.00 (in NYC)
\$1.50 (outside city)**BLIND MAN SEES?**

People caught in the blast radius of the most recent super human incident are reporting strange, revealing visions of long buried secrets. Could this be linked to the murder of a rumored cosmic being known as The Watcher? Numerous super heroes were on the scene including Daredevil, whose alter ego, the blind lawyer Matt Murdock, moved to San Francisco after being disbarred in the state of New York following his admission under oath that he is the masked hero.

**SISTERS ACT!**

A local convent recently celebrated a day of service by marking the opening of a food and clothing pantry for the local community. Led by Sister Maggie (pictured here) who is known for her good works in the Hell's Kitchen area... (story continued inside)

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DAN BUCKLEY

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ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER

As an attorney, I can tell you without hesitation that the most unreliable witness in any circumstance is *memory*.

The human brain is *spectacular* at playing tricks on itself to help people "remember" what they *want* to remember.

Sworn witnesses will bet *everything*, with *all sincerity* and *zero doubt*, swearing that a green light was red or that they heard sounds they couldn't *possibly* have.



That's just basic neuroscience. Recollections fade, like photos left in the sunlight. And just because I haven't had a *visual memory* since I was blinded as a *kid*, I'm hardly immune.

I never realized how deteriorated my mental snapshot of my late *father*--the greatest man I have ever known--had become until *yesterday*--



--when a *brand-new look* at him got force-fed directly into my *brain*.



I'd been back in New York, tying up some loose ends from my move west, when I got sucked into a big fight between a villain called the Orb and half the hero community.

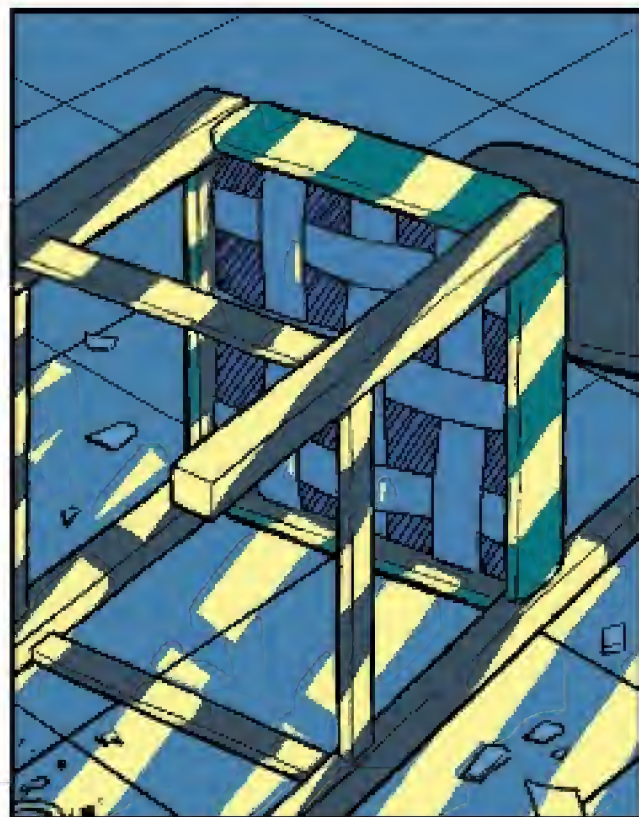
I'm lousy in these. My radar sense can only handle so much chaos, and any donnybrook wild enough to involve both the Hulk and the Thing is, for me, like being caught in a hurricane.

I heard an explosion. I felt jagged glass plunge into my brain so hard that I was astounded to discover I wasn't at all wounded.

Come to find out it wasn't anything material. It was images. Visions--unfamiliar, yet far more vivid and unmistakably more real than anything I'd hung on to from my childhood.

Visions of two people, one of whom I've barely actually seen until now.







To call that memory *crystal clear* would be selling it short. It wasn't just fragments of *pictures* in my head. It was *real*.

It was the smell of our old apartment. The familiar clanging of the radiator and the taste of spaghetti--Dad's favorite--in the air.

Before I went back home, I had to know for sure just how *delusional* I'd been about Jack Murdock all my life. How flawed my *own* worship of my father really was.

If you knew me, you'd understand why that would become an instant obsession.

My mother would have the answers.

Her name was

GRACE.

But I never knew her as a boy. She'd left my dad, who *never* talked about her.

Only in the last few years did I discover what had become of her. She'd joined a *convent* and had been watching me from a *distance* under a *different name*.

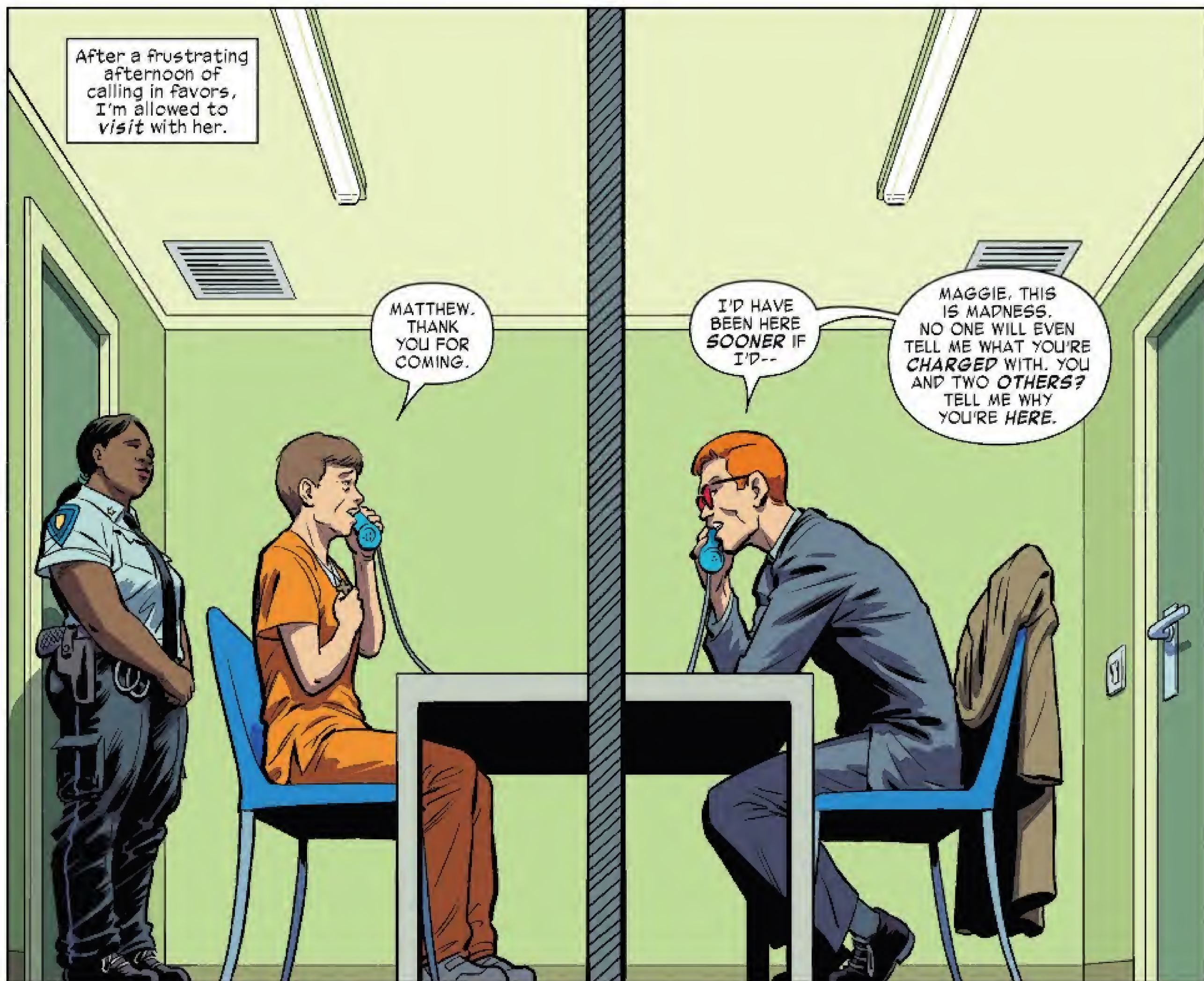
FATHER, WHERE CAN I FIND SISTER MAGGIE?

A FRIEND.

YOU'RE...?

His heart rate spikes as if I'd asked him where I could hide a *bloody axe*.

Why on *earth*...?



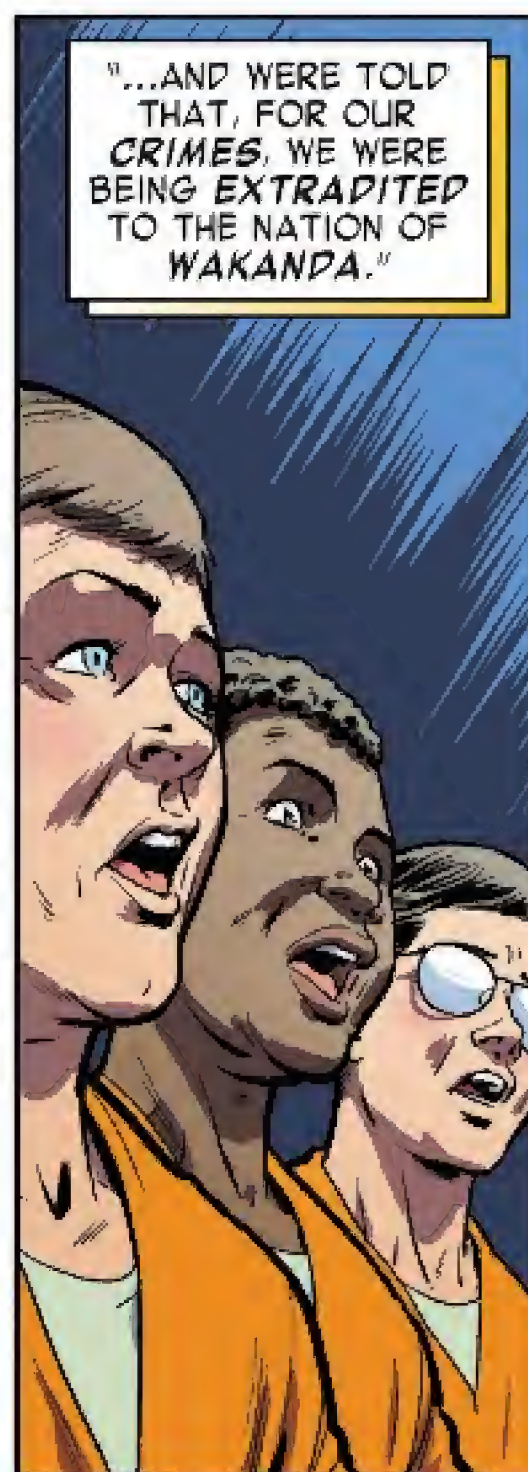


"WE KNEW THE RISKS. SURE ENOUGH, WE WERE JAILED. BUT EVERYTHING AFTER THAT WAS A **SHOCK**."



"THERE WAS NO READING OF RIGHTS, NO LEGAL COUNSEL, NO PRELIMINARY HEARING."

"WITHIN 24 HOURS, WE HAD BEEN PARADED BEFORE A MILITARY TRIBUNAL, FACING JUDGES WHO REFUSED TO IDENTIFY THEMSELVES..."



"...AND WERE TOLD THAT, FOR OUR **CRIMES**, WE WERE BEING **EXTRADITED** TO THE NATION OF **WAKANDA**."



WHAT?
FOR **VANDALISM**?
ON WHAT **GROUND**S?
ON WHAT **CHARGE**S?

THEY WON'T TELL US.



THEY HAVE TO! THIS IS AMERICA! IT'S HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS! THEY CAN'T NOT **2**KLICK

TIME'S UP.



MATTHEW, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THE LORD WATCHES OVER US.



HAVE FAITH.



GOODBYE, MATT.



Insanity.

I bribe my way into the warden's office with insincere promises of *Daredevil* autographs and proceed to tear him a new one about the civil rights of spray-painting vandals, to no end.

He honestly knows nothing, can provide me with no leads. The only orders he has are from an NSA dispatch. He's to hold the three nuns until extradition, end of intel.



The police are of no help. Conveniently, they have no records of the arrest. The media's been silenced.



My contacts at S.H.I.E.L.D. express sympathy, but everyone on a federal level insists this is a municipal matter and vice-versa.



My God, I still don't even know what the charges are. It's like a Kafka novel.



And when I finally let myself into the military base Maggie was protesting, expecting an armed confrontation if need be...



...it's been abandoned.

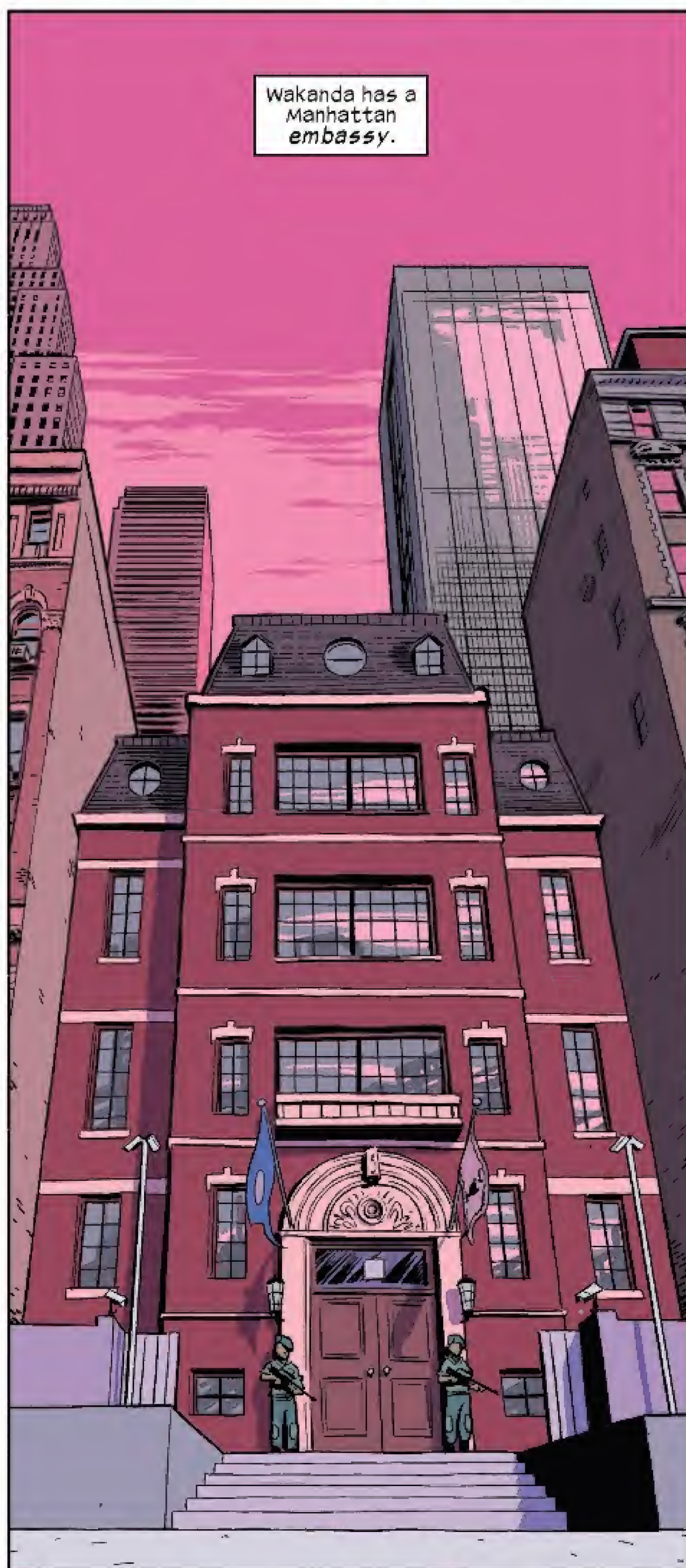
There's no one here to question.



Wakanda is an African nation once ruled by T'challa, the Black Panther, whom I consider a friend.

But the Avengers tell me he's lost the throne to his sister Shuri who I've never met. He's vanished, and no one at the palace will take my calls.

I'm running out of time, but Hawkeye reminds me of one last lead:



Wakanda has a Manhattan embassy.



Getting through security is no problem for a man who can detect infrareds and ultrasonics.



It's still early. Staffers are only just now filtering in.



I could rampage around, demanding answers, but without knowing who to confront, and with no leverage, that's a gargantuan gamble.

So here's how I choose to act.

I find a place to stand perfectly still...

...and listen.

To every conversation in the building.

At once.

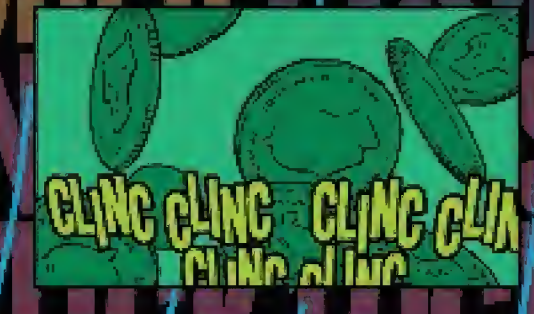
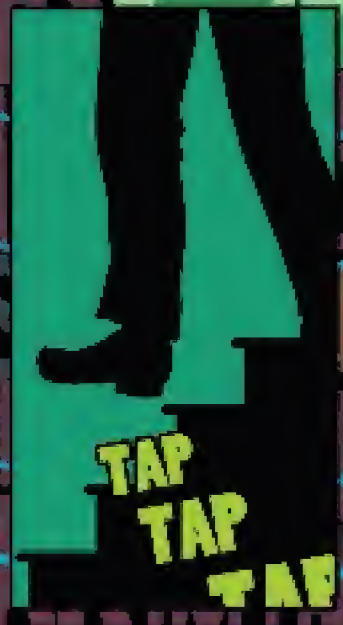
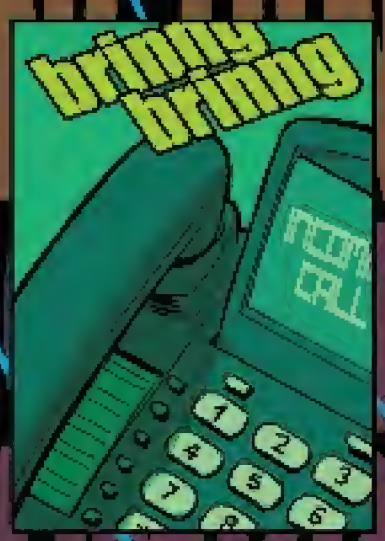
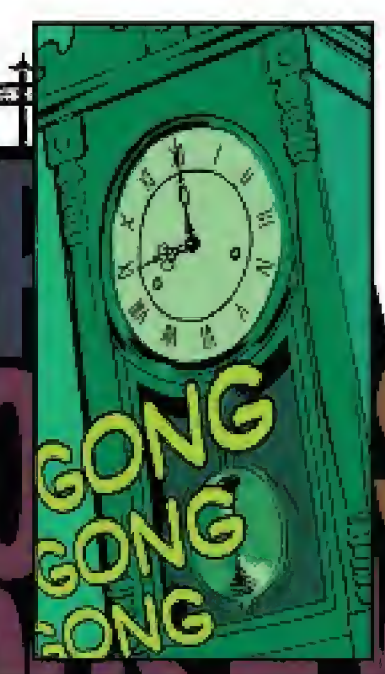
Every joke, every argument, every apology...

...straining to keep them all separate and straight in my quickly aching head.

As the day drags on, the voices multiply.

Some are in English, some are in *Wakandan*. I don't have to understand every word.

I just have to hope someone speaks some key ones in time.



"Have faith,"
she said.

Believe
in the *Holy*
Father.

I struggle to stay
focused, pack down the
newly stirred images,
but they *demand* my
attention.

Dad never said why
mother left, and I
never asked.

But he loved her. I
know he did. And, yes,
he was a physical man,
but he never laid a
hand on *me*.

He wouldn't
have...

...*never*
have...

God, please
don't let it
be too late
to know.

I could have
asked Maggie any
of a *dozen* times
before this.

Why
didn't I?

Hours pass.
My head is
splitting.

And just when I'm
ready to give up
and interrogate
the acting
ambassador...

...something
pings on the
second floor.

--SAYS
HE'S HERE TO
SEE YOU ABOUT AN
EXTRADITION,
SIR?

SEND
HIM IN.



GENERAL!
PLEASE, HAVE
A SEAT.



LIEUTENANT.

I'M TOLD
YOUR MEN
CLEARED THE
BASE LAST NIGHT.
AHEAD OF
SCHEDULE?

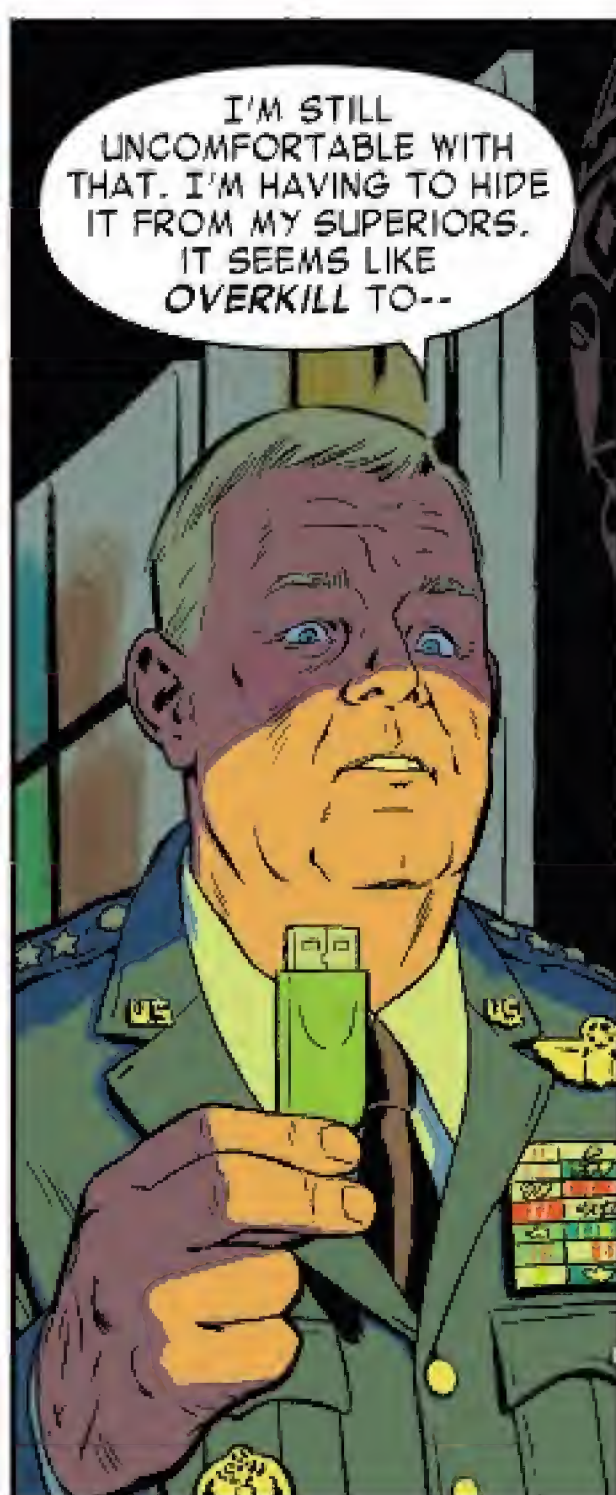
WE FELT
IT *EXPEDIENT*.
YOUR OFFICE DID
AN EXEMPLARY JOB
OF CONTAINING THE
MEDIA, BUT BEST
TO TAKE NO
RISKS.



WHAT'S
THIS?

A TOKEN
OF RESPECT. AN
ADVANCE LOOK AT
SOME OF THE WEAPONS
WE WERE ABLE TO
ENGINEER ON A BASE
FREE OF U.N....
"OVERSIGHT."

A *BONUS*
FOR COOPERATING
WITH THE
EXTRADITION.



I'M STILL
UNCOMFORTABLE WITH
THAT. I'M HAVING TO HIDE
IT FROM MY SUPERIORS.
IT SEEMS LIKE
OVERKILL TO--



THE *SEVERITY*
OF THEIR CRIME
IS *OURS* TO
JUDGE!

THOSE WOMEN
BROUGHT *UNDUE*
ATTENTION TO OUR
ACTIVITIES! THEY VERY
NEARLY *EMBARRASSED*
THE NATION OF
WAKANDA, AND THEY
WILL BE *SUITABLY*
PUNISHED!



!

THINK
AGAIN.

WHAK



INTERESTING THAT YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF REPORTERS.

I KNOW **SEVERAL** WHO ARE GOING TO FIND THIS INFORMATION **PRICELESS**.

AH, MISTER MURDOCK.

YOU'RE AS RASH AS YOUR REPUTATION WOULD SUGGEST.



GNNGH--!

ULTRASOUND AT 120 DECIBELS. I IMAGINE IT'S EXCRUCIATING TO A MAN OF YOUR GIFTS.

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE LETTING THE WORLD KNOW YOUR **SECRET ABILITIES** WAS A SMART MOVE, MR. MURDOCK?



YOU...WERE
EXPECTING...?

WAKANDA IS THE
MOST TECHNOLOGICALLY
ADVANCED NATION ON
EARTH. SIR. IT TOOK
NOTHING FOR US TO
MINE EVERY *SCRAP* OF
DATA ON THOSE
THREE NUNS.

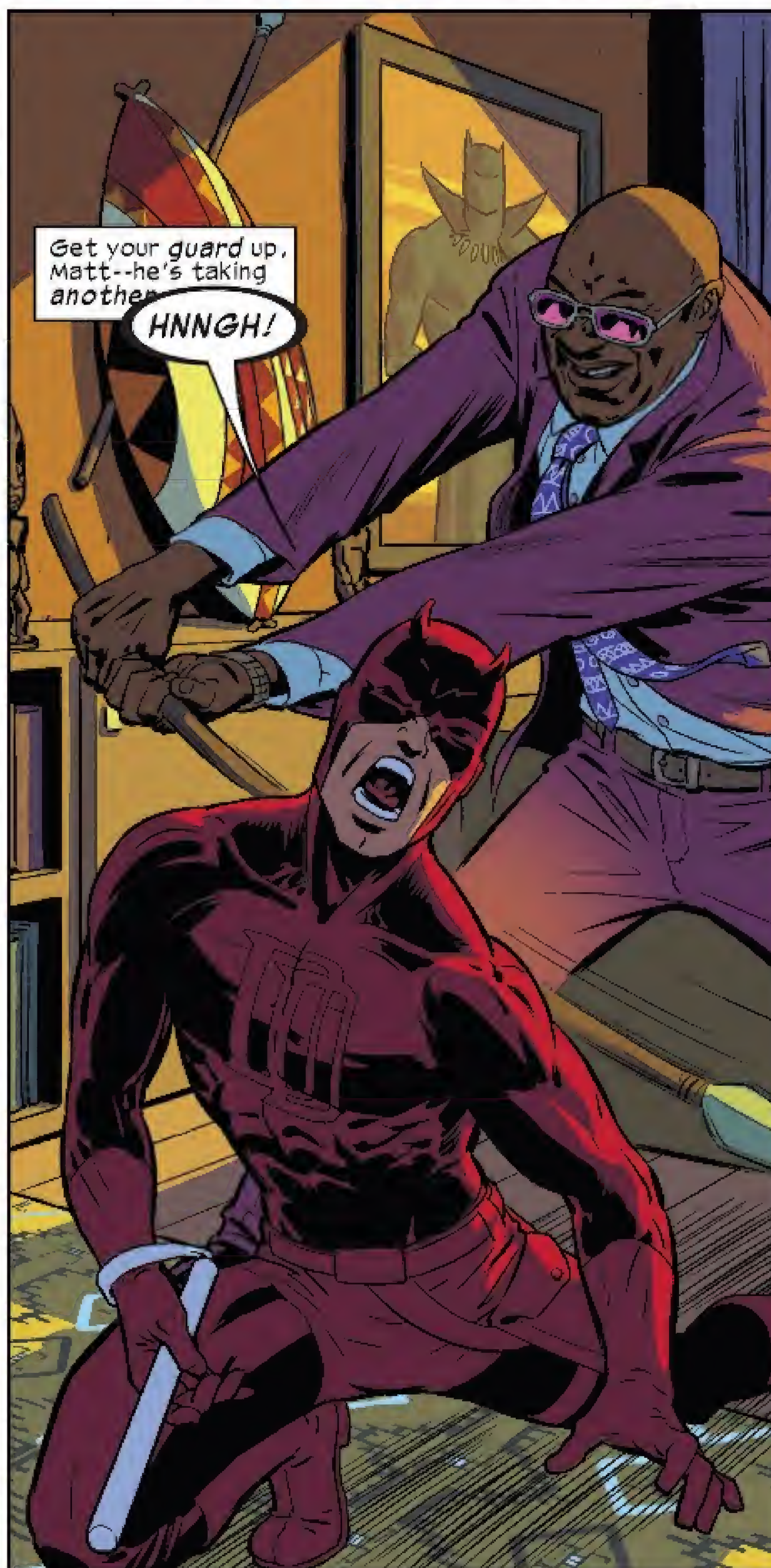


ONCE WE
LEARNED ONE WAS A
BLOOD RELATION, WE
ASSUMED YOU WOULD
INVESTIGATE.

AND, AS
PREDICTED,
YOU HAVE BEEN
DIGGING
AROUND.



OF
COURSE YOU'D
WIND UP IN MY
OFFICE.



Get your guard up,
Matt--he's taking
another

HNNGH!



...
Stupid.
Stupid.

I've been up 36 hours.
Sonics are like *shrapnel* in
my ears. I'm exhausted,
physically and mentally.

I didn't
expect a
fight.





GO AHEAD, GENERAL. PITCH IN. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY YOU.

HE'S *BLIND*, REMEMBER?



SKAFFÉ

YOU... YOU CAN'T... EXTRADITE THOSE SKAFFÉ...

...THEY'RE AMERICAN CITIZENS...

...WE'RE ON... AMERICAN SOIL...

YOU'RE *MISTAKEN*. THEY WERE ON WAKANDAN LAND.

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO *PROVE* IT, BECAUSE IT'S HIGHLY CLANDESTINE, HIGHLY ILLEGAL, AND WE'VE COVERED OUR TRACKS IMPECCABLY...

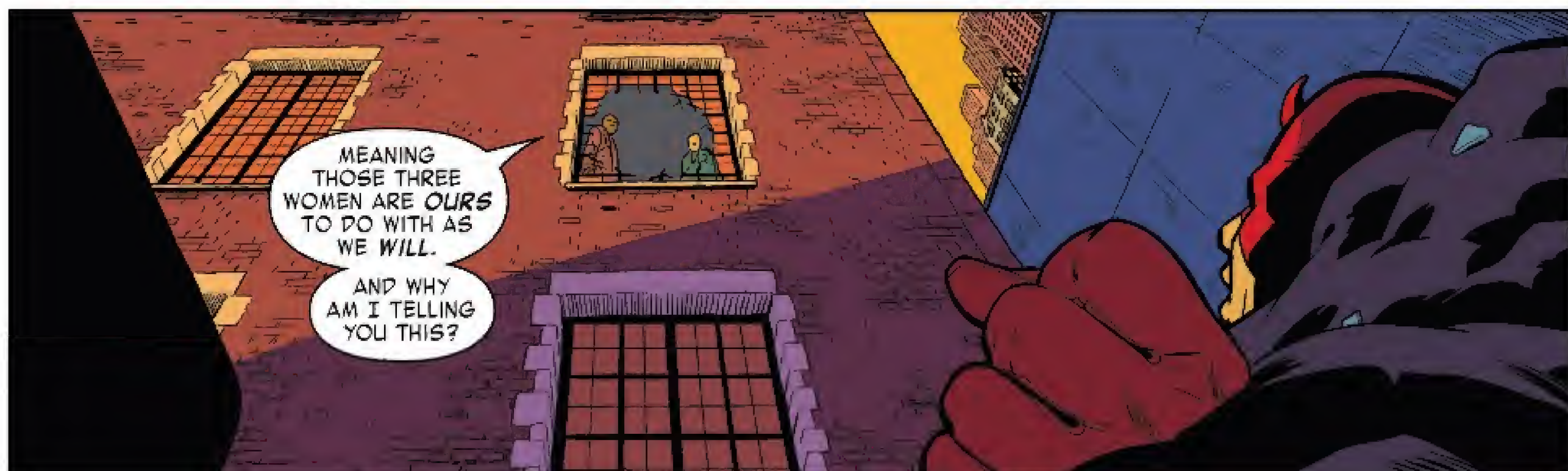


...BUT WAKANDA PURCHASED THAT BASE FROM YOUR GOVERNMENT LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL.

IT'S WAKANDAN SOIL WITHIN AMERICA'S OWN BORDERS.

KSSSSSH





ORIGINAL
SN DAREDEVIL® #7



MARVEL

WAID
RODRIGUEZ
LOPEZ

NEW YORK BULLETIN

Weekday Edition / Some sun, 80 / Weather: P. 34

★ ★ FINAL ★ ★

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WAKAN-DONE?

Daredevil was spotted flying out the window of the Wakandan Embassy in Midtown Manhattan yesterday. After his alter ego, blind lawyer Matt Murdock came clean about his double life and the nature of his powers in a court of law, the Man Without Fear moved to San Francisco. What sort of unfinished business could have him back in his home town picking fights with foreign nations?



NUN TO BE FOUND!

Three New York nuns who were arrested during an act of civil disobedience at a nearby military base seem to have disappeared! Matt Murdock was overheard visiting with one of the socially conscious sisters despite the fact that he is no longer licensed to practice law in New York State. Our sources say the mysterious Sister Maggie may in fact be Murdock's mother, who abandoned him to join the convent when he was child. What would drive a woman to do such a thing?

MARK WAID & JAVIER RODRIGUEZ

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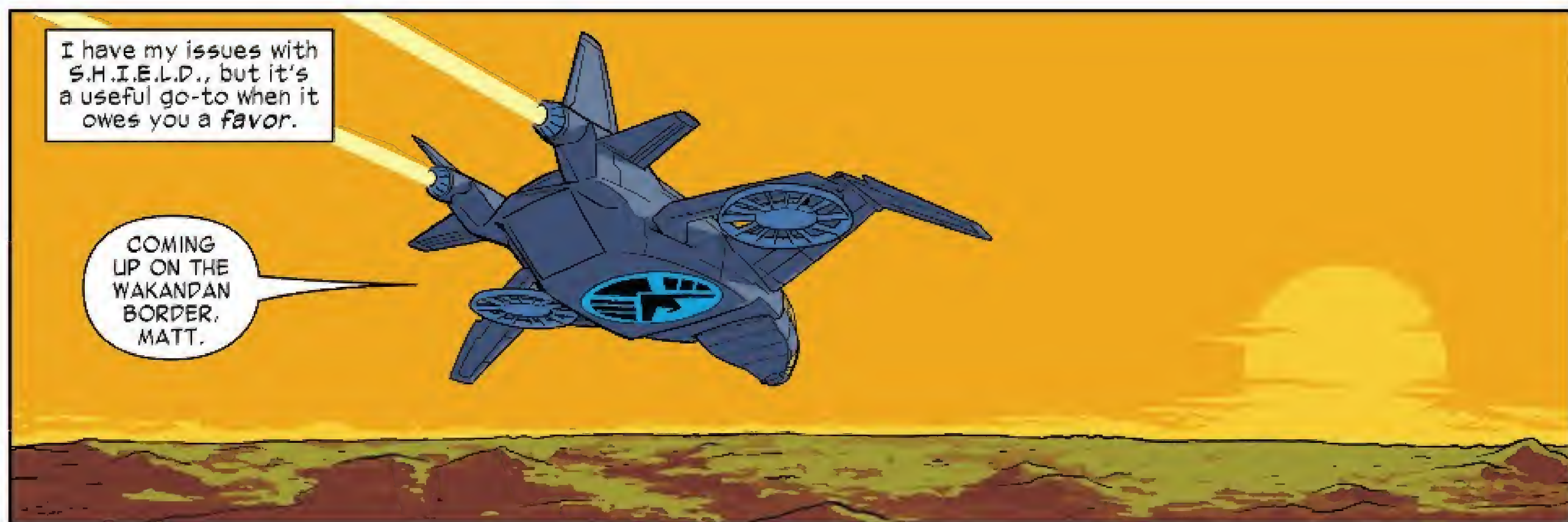
DAN BUCKLEY

PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER

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I have my issues with S.H.I.E.L.D., but it's a useful go-to when it owes you a *favor*.

COMING UP ON THE WAKANDAN BORDER, MATT.



WE CAN'T CROSS OVER INTO THEIR AIRSPACE, SO GET READY TO EXIT.

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW, DIRECTOR HILL.

YOUR *CRATE'S* GOOD TO GO. WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHAT'S IN HERE.

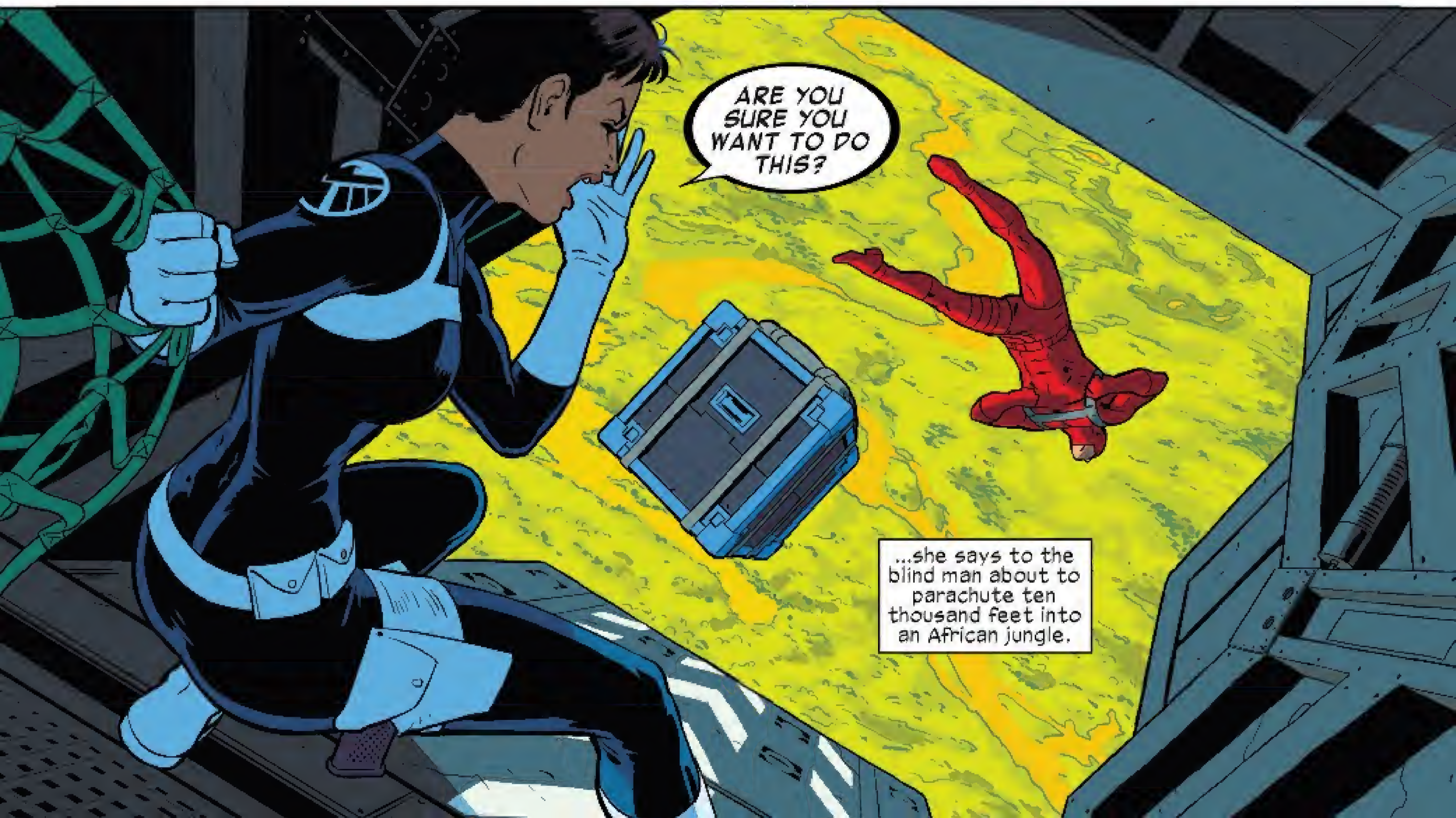


I HOPE IT'S AN INVISIBILITY CLOAK, BECAUSE THIS STRIKES ME AS A SUICIDE MISSION.

THERE. ALL 'CHUTES ARE SET TO AUTO-DEPLOY.

WAKANDA'S THE MOST TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED NATION ON EARTH, AND THEY DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO OUTSIDERS LATELY, MURPOCK. THEY *WILL FIND YOU*.

AND YOU'RE TOTALLY ON YOUR OWN.



ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

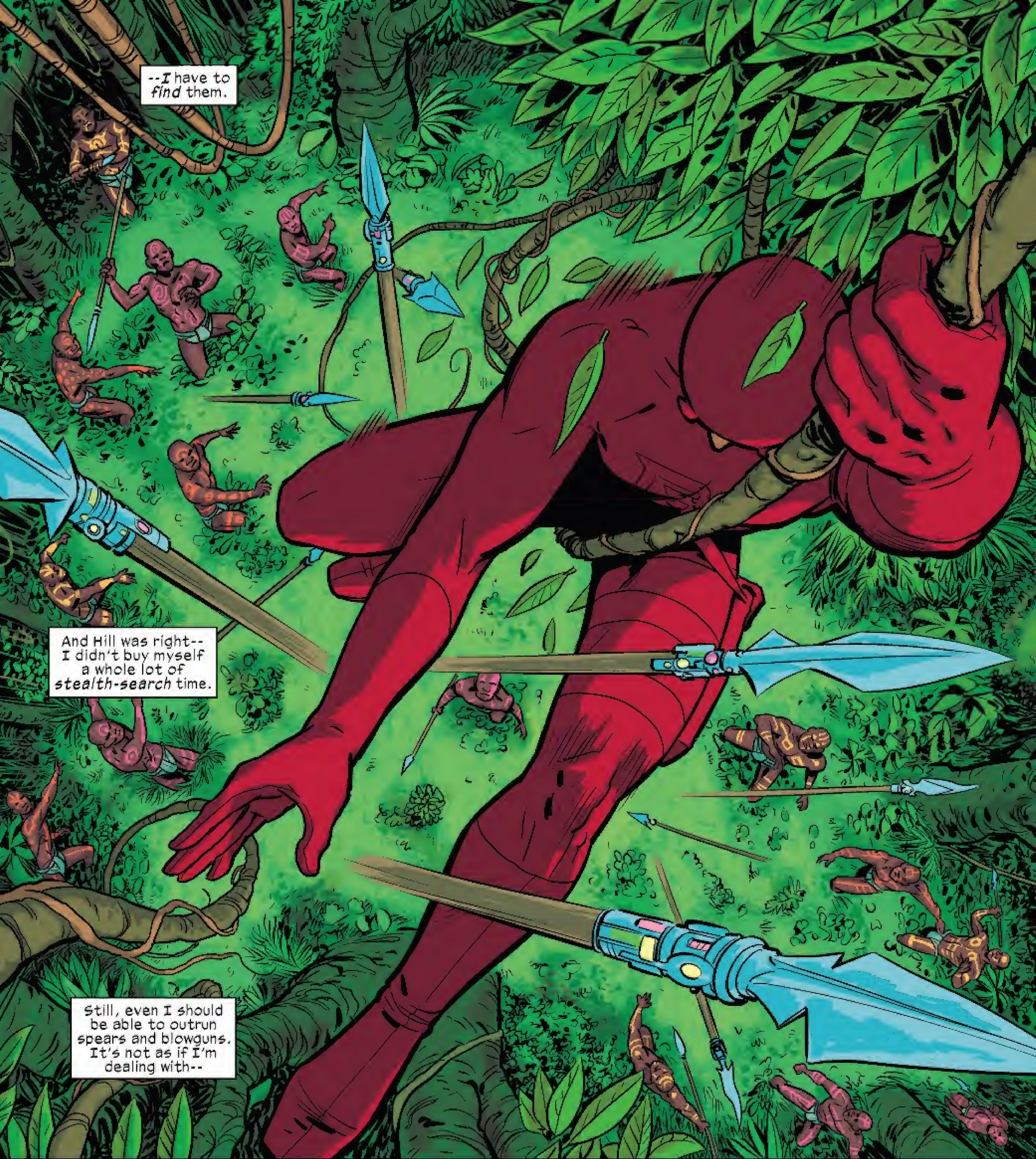
...she says to the blind man about to parachute ten thousand feet into an African jungle.



Not especially, no.
But I'm not the
one whose *life* is
at stake here.



It's my
mother.



--I have to find them.

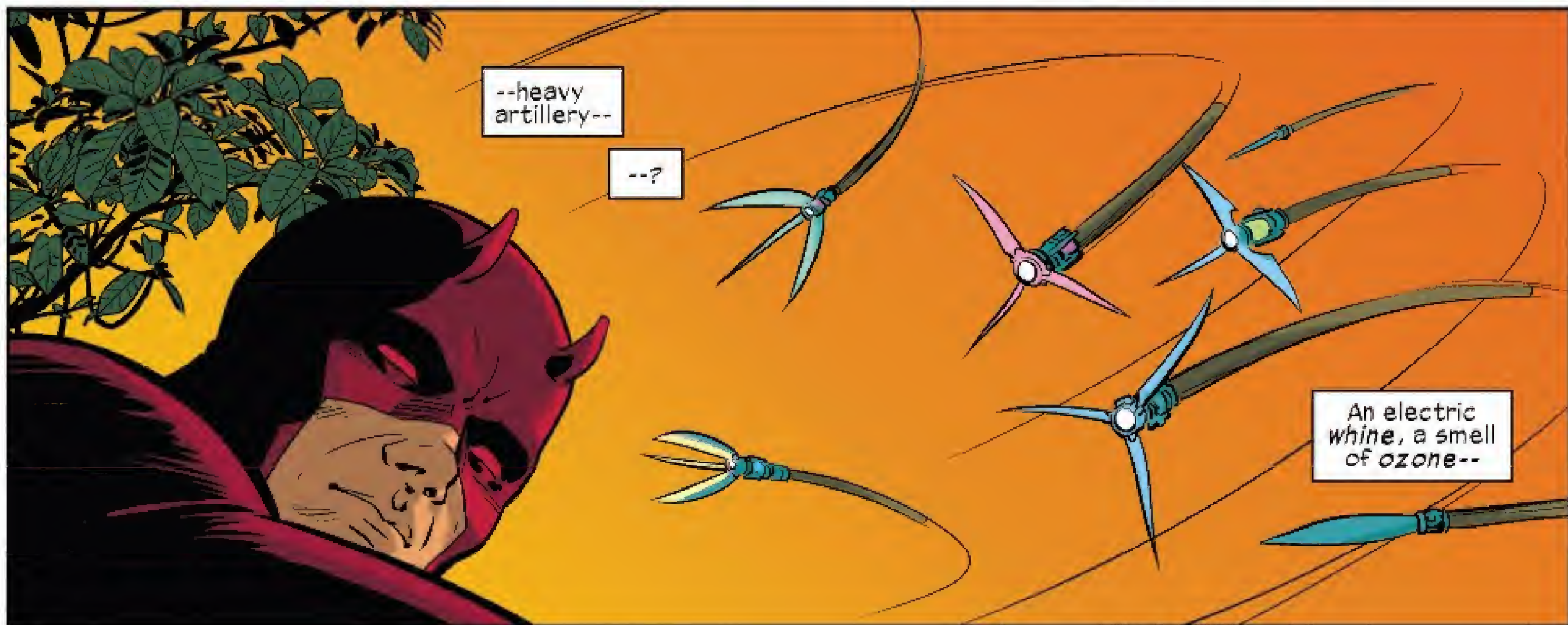
And Hill was right--
I didn't buy myself
a whole lot of
stealth-search time.

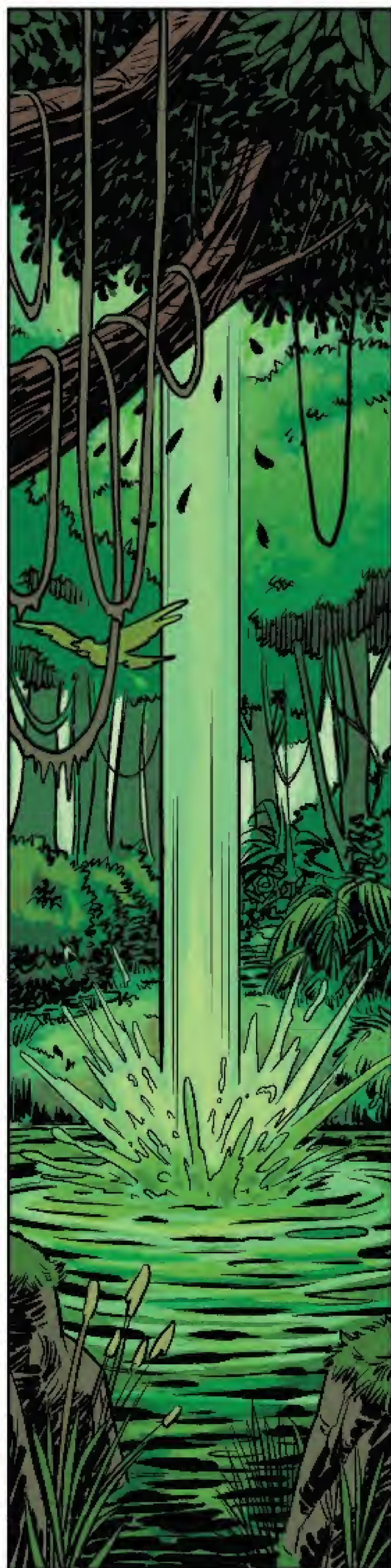
Still, even I should
be able to outrun
spears and blowguns.
It's not as if I'm
dealing with--

--heavy
artillery--

--?

An electric
whine, a smell
of ozone--











I wanted to get captured. What was I going to do--

--radar-sense my way through miles of jungle in hopes of stumbling onto the prisoners I'm here to rescue?



I'd counted on being taken to whatever passes for jail in Wakanda, but this is better.



The fact that I was hauled directly before the queen confirms this:



YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE. BECAUSE WAKANDA'S BEEN DEALING ILLEGALLY WITH A ROGUE U.S. GENERAL NAMED EAGLEMORE.

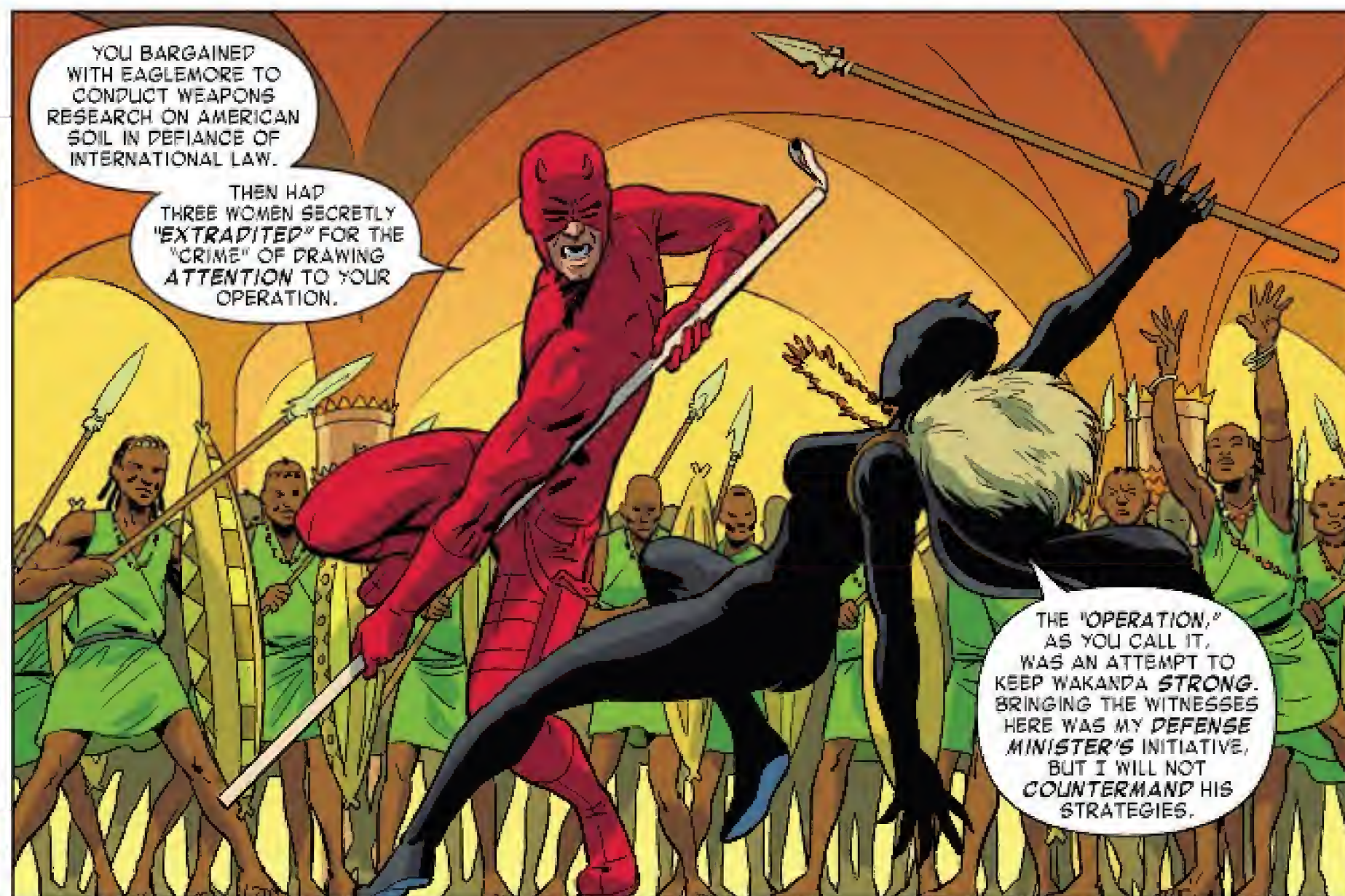


She's strong and fast, like T'Challa.



But she's got a steady heartbeat. Sure enough, what I just said isn't news to her.

Push it.



YOU BARGAINED WITH EAGLEMORE TO CONDUCT WEAPONS RESEARCH ON AMERICAN SOIL IN DEFIANCE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

THEN HAD THREE WOMEN SECRETLY "EXTRADITED" FOR THE "CRIME" OF DRAWING ATTENTION TO YOUR OPERATION.

THE "OPERATION," AS YOU CALL IT, WAS AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP WAKANDA STRONG. BRINGING THE WITNESSES HERE WAS MY DEFENSE MINISTER'S INITIATIVE, BUT I WILL NOT COUNTERMAND HIS STRATEGIES.



THOSE WOMEN RISKED EMBARRASSING WAKANDA. IF I DECLARE THAT TO BE A CRIME, THEN IT IS.

DID YOU REALLY PLAN ON RESCUING THEM THROUGH BRUTE FORCE?



DON'T BE ABSURD. I'M NOT IRON MAN. NOR AM I STUPID.



I REALIZE I'M NOT CAPABLE OF HAND-CARVING AN EXIT FOR THOSE WOMEN THROUGH THE MOST BRILLIANTLY WEAPONIZED MILITARY OF THE 21ST CENTURY.

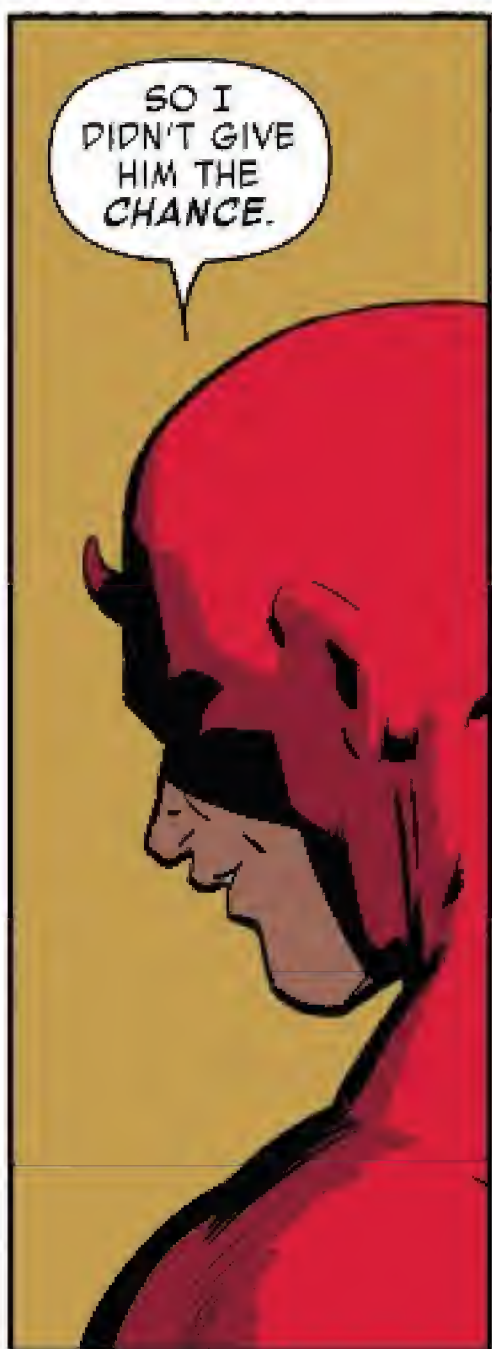


I'M HERE TO LAWYER THEM OUT.



YOUR ATTACHE AT THE EMBASSY BRAGGED HOW POWERLESS I WAS TO EXPOSE THIS CONSPIRACY, AND HE WAS RIGHT.

MY WORD AGAINST EAGLEMORE'S. REGARDLESS OF YOUR MOTIVES, BY THE TIME I CONVINCED THE MILITARY OF THE TRUTH OR UNEARTHED EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, HE'D HAVE COVERED HIS TRACKS.



SO I DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE CHANCE.



WHAT DID YOU DO?



"I'M SURPRISED YOUR ROVING PATROLS HAVEN'T ALREADY FIGURED THAT OUT, SHURI."



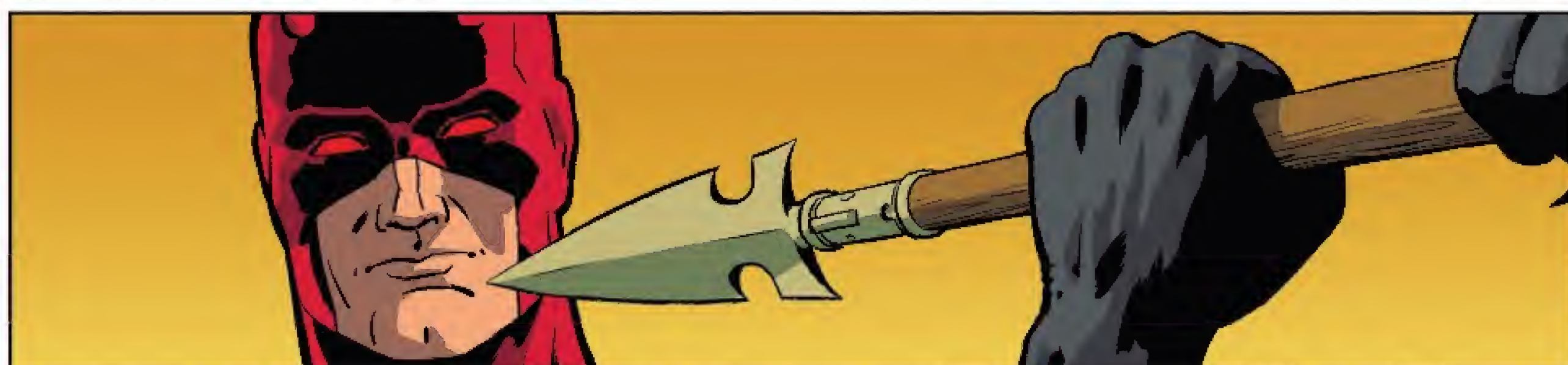
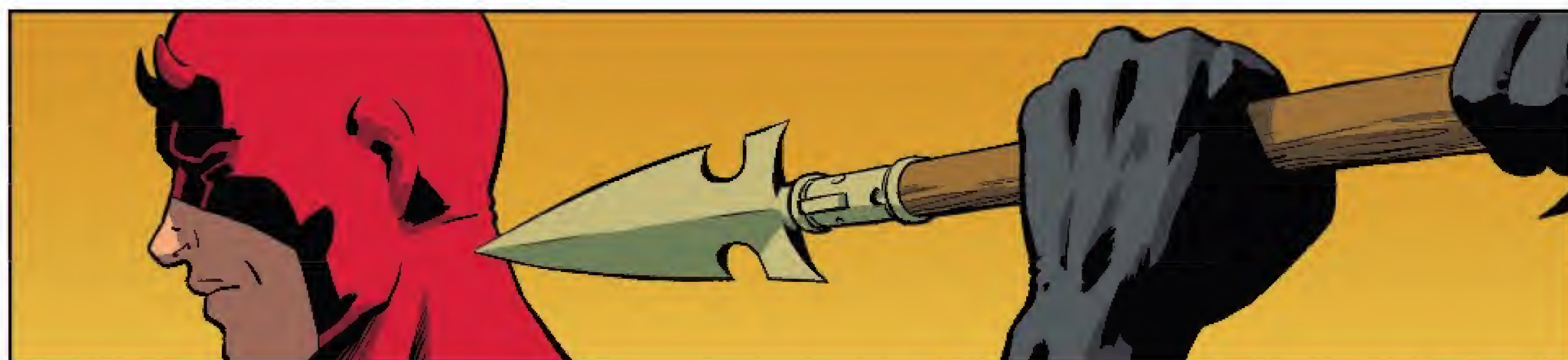
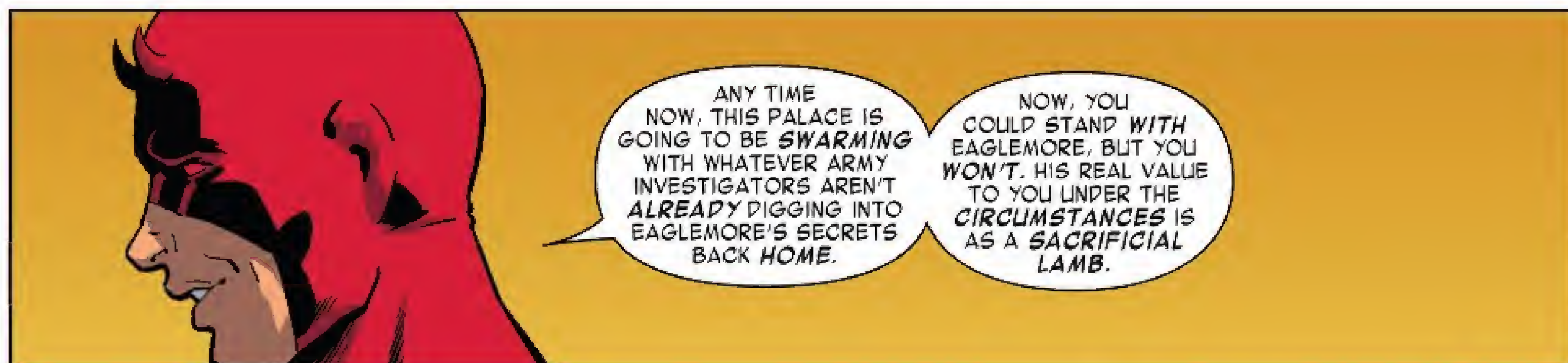
"I BROUGHT EAGLEMORE WITH ME."



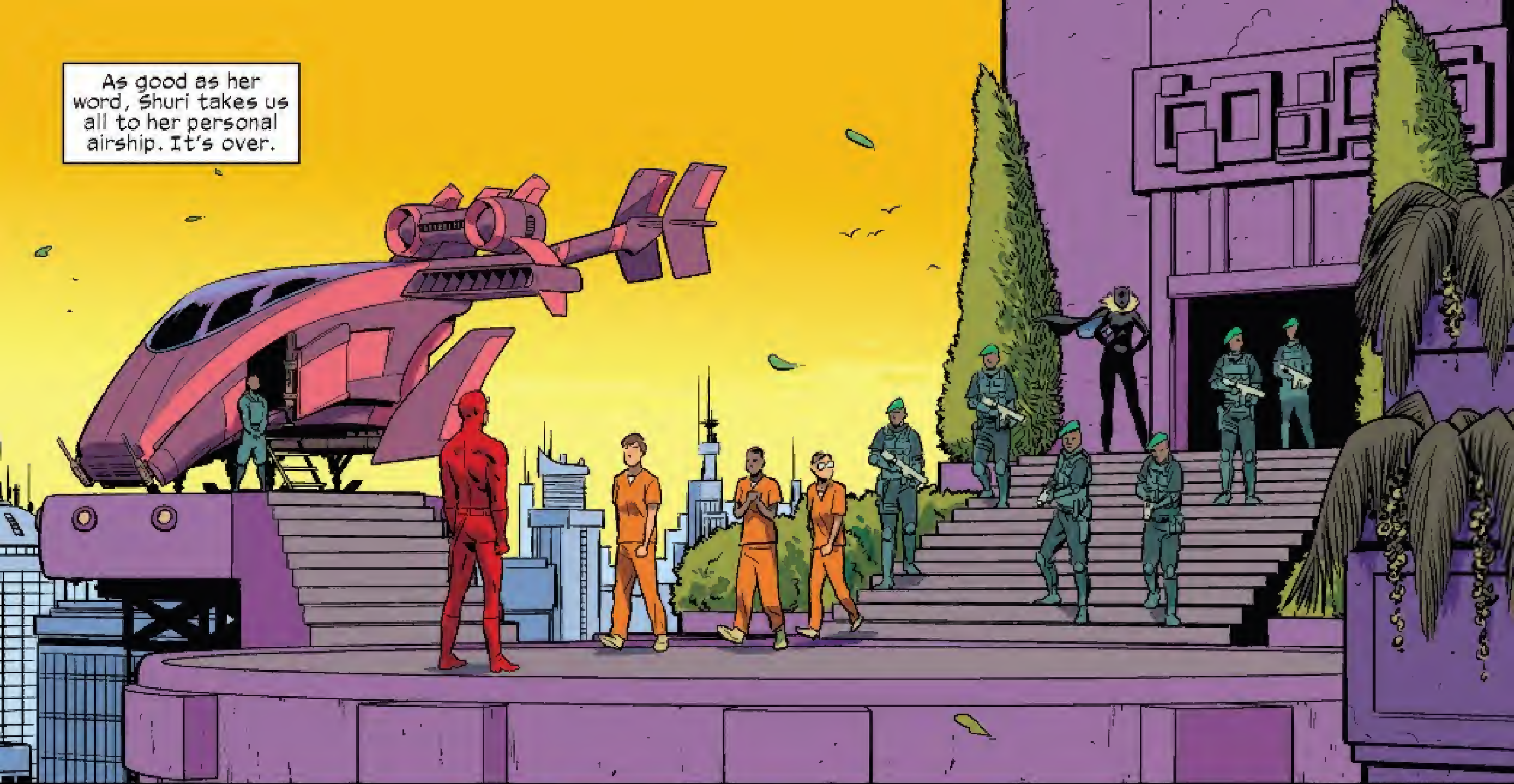
"AFTER I MADE SURE HE'D BE MISSED AND SEARCHED FOR."

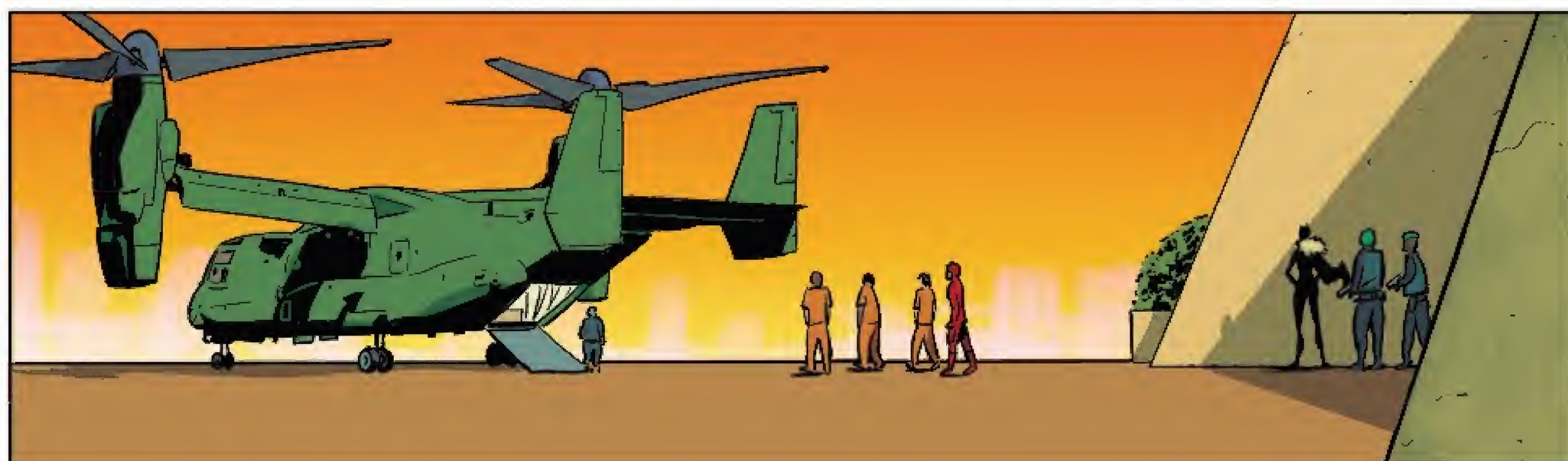
--YES, THIS IS THE GENERAL'S ASSISTANT. HE MUST MEET WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE IMMEDIATELY ON AN URGENT MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY--

"I DIDN'T JUST LEAVE A TRAIL OF BREAD CRUMBS, EITHER. I LEFT NEON SIGNS. I EVEN BOOKED HIM A FIRST-CLASS FLIGHT ON WAKANDA AIR."



As good as her word, Shuri takes us all to her personal airship. It's over.







YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED.

SOME RISKS, YOU TAKE.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, MATT.

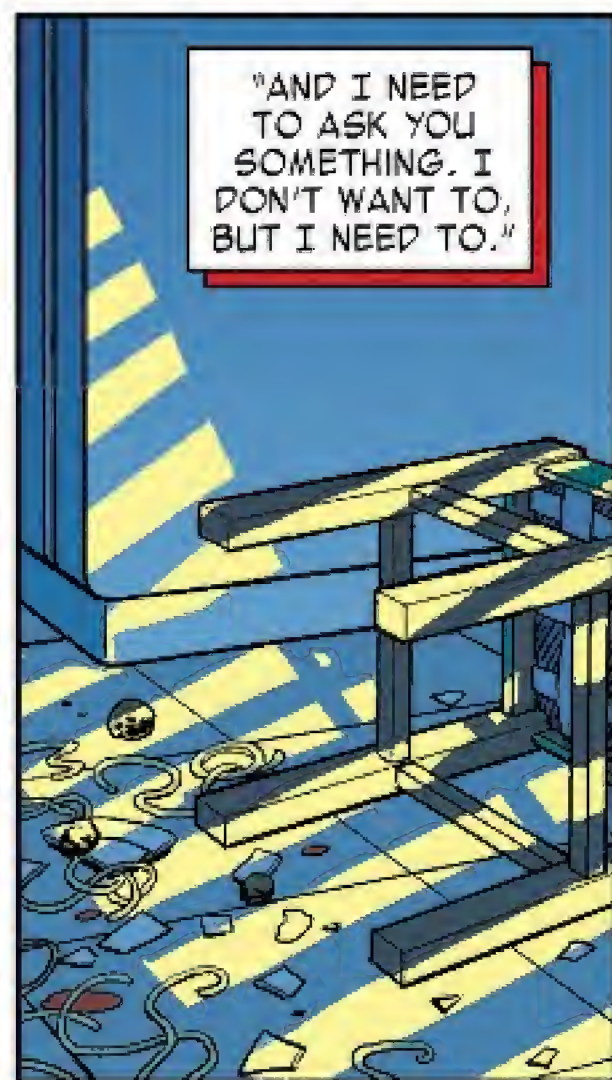
A LOT LIKE YOUR FATHER.



I'M NOT... SURE THAT'S A COMPLIMENT.



"MAGGIE, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT I'M...I'M HAVING *MEMORIES*."



"AND I NEED TO ASK YOU SOMETHING. I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I NEED TO."



WHY DID YOU LEAVE?



TO SAVE YOU.



... WHAT?

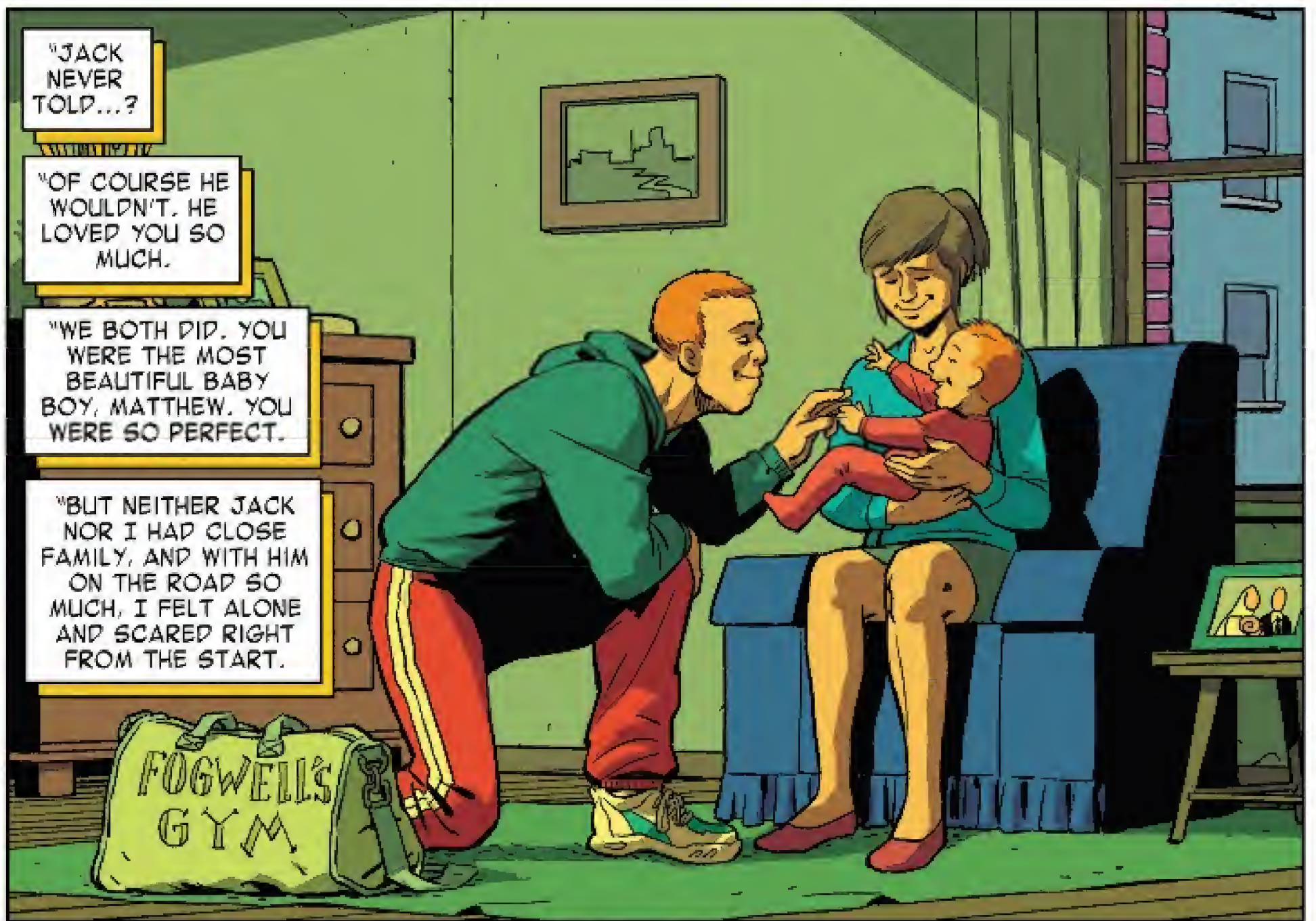


"JACK NEVER TOLD...?"

"OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T. HE LOVED YOU SO MUCH."

"WE BOTH DID. YOU WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY, MATTHEW. YOU WERE SO PERFECT."

"BUT NEITHER JACK NOR I HAD CLOSE FAMILY, AND WITH HIM ON THE ROAD SO MUCH, I FELT ALONE AND SCARED RIGHT FROM THE START."



"AND IT ONLY GREW. I WAS CONSTANTLY ANXIOUS. I'D GO DAYS WITHOUT A MINUTE'S SLEEP. I HAD NO APPETITE AND NO PATIENCE."

"MY BRAIN STARTED STORMING WITH HIDEOUS THOUGHTS. THAT I WAS LETTING YOU DOWN. THAT I WAS SOMEHOW FAILING YOU BECAUSE A MOTHER IS SUPPOSED TO BE **HAPPY**, AND ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY."

"THAT YOU WEREN'T **SAFE** WITH ME, AND YET I'D DIE IF YOU WERE TAKEN AWAY."



"BACK THEN, DOCTORS DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND POSTPARTUM DEPRESSION. THEY WAVED IT AWAY AS 'BABY BLUES,' BUT IN A LOT OF WOMEN, IT'S VERY REAL. IT'S NOT A FUNK, IT'S AN ILLNESS."

"ONE THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE** TO TALK ABOUT WITHOUT FEELING **ASHAMED**."



"I WAS SICK WITH DEPRESSION. A VOICE KEPT ECHOING IN MY HEAD THAT I WAS THE WORST MOTHER IMAGINABLE, THE WORST **PERSON** IMAGINABLE."

"THE VOICE WAS MY OWN."

"JACK TRIED TO UNDERSTAND, BUT THE MORE HE TRIED TO REASSURE ME..."



"...THE MORE FRIGHTENED I BECAME."



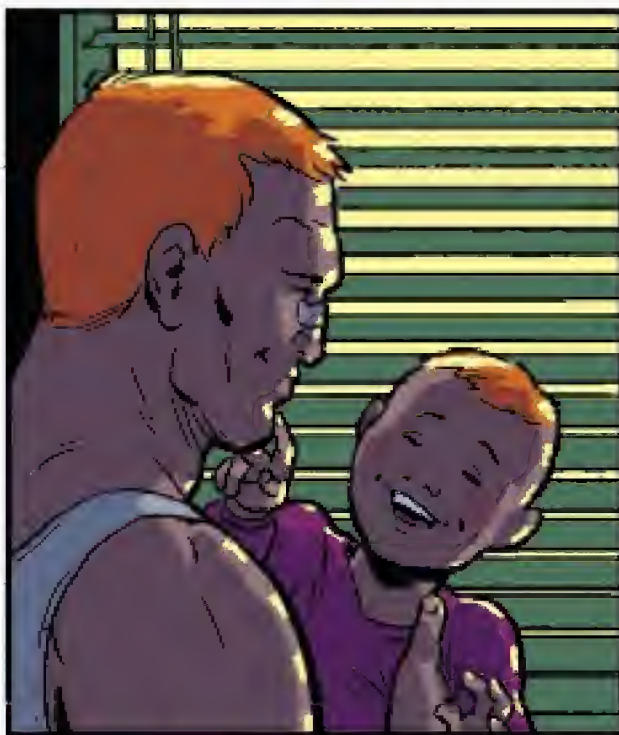


"THE MORE
PARANOID."

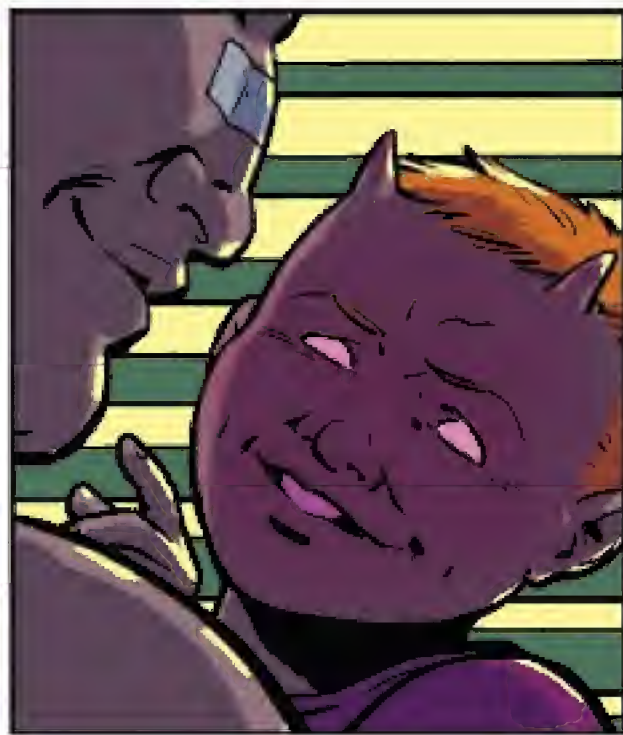
"I BEGAN TO
SUSPECT THAT
JACK WAS WORKING
AGAINST ME."



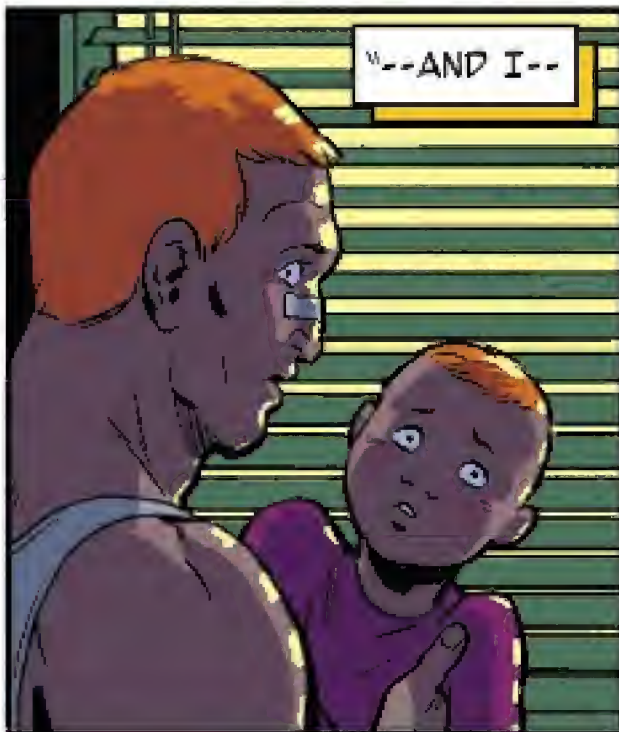
"THAT HE WAS
PURPOSELY
NEGLECTING
ME FOR YOU."



"THAT YOU WERE
SENT HERE TO TEAR
US APART--"



"--THAT YOU WERE
BOTH LAUGHING
AT MY TORMENT--"



"--AND I--"



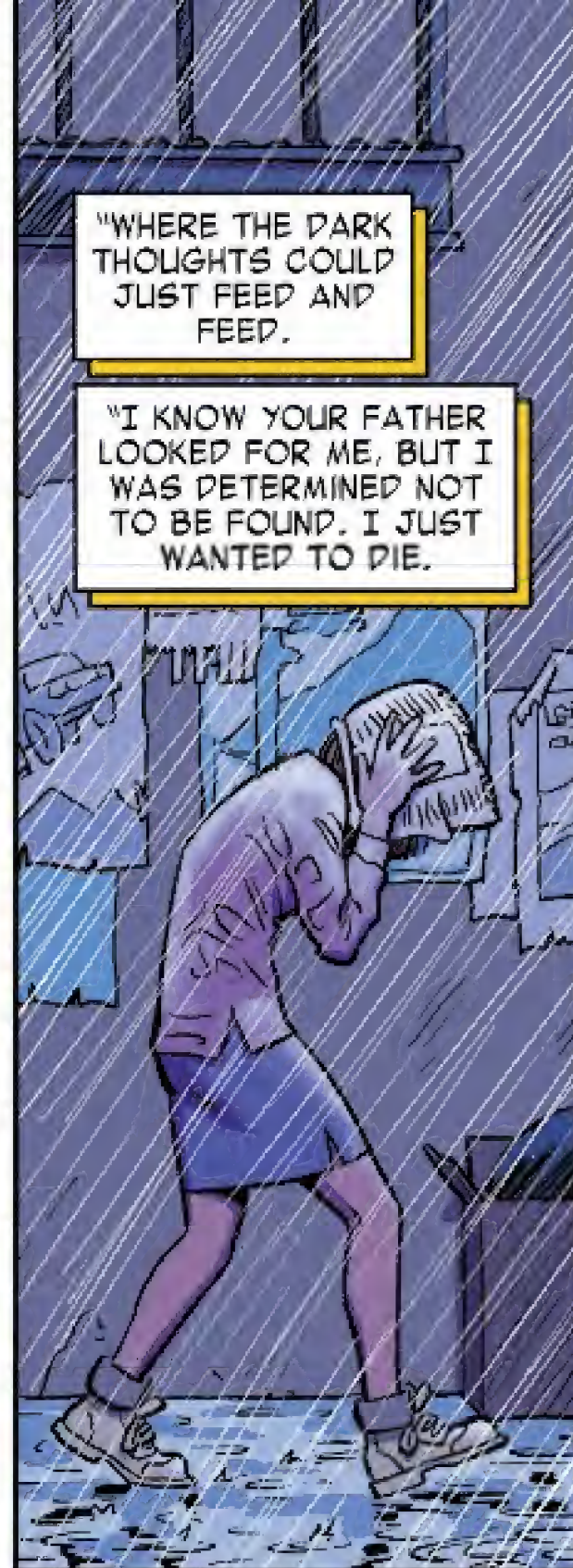




"I LOST MYSELF
IN PARTS OF THE
CITY WHERE NO
ONE KNEW ME.



"WHERE I COULD
BE ALONE WITH
MY DISGRACE.



"WHERE THE DARK
THOUGHTS COULD
JUST FEED AND
FEED.

"I KNOW YOUR FATHER
LOOKED FOR ME, BUT I
WAS DETERMINED NOT
TO BE FOUND. I JUST
WANTED TO DIE.



"BUT IT
TURNED OUT
GOD HAD
OTHER PLANS
FOR ME.



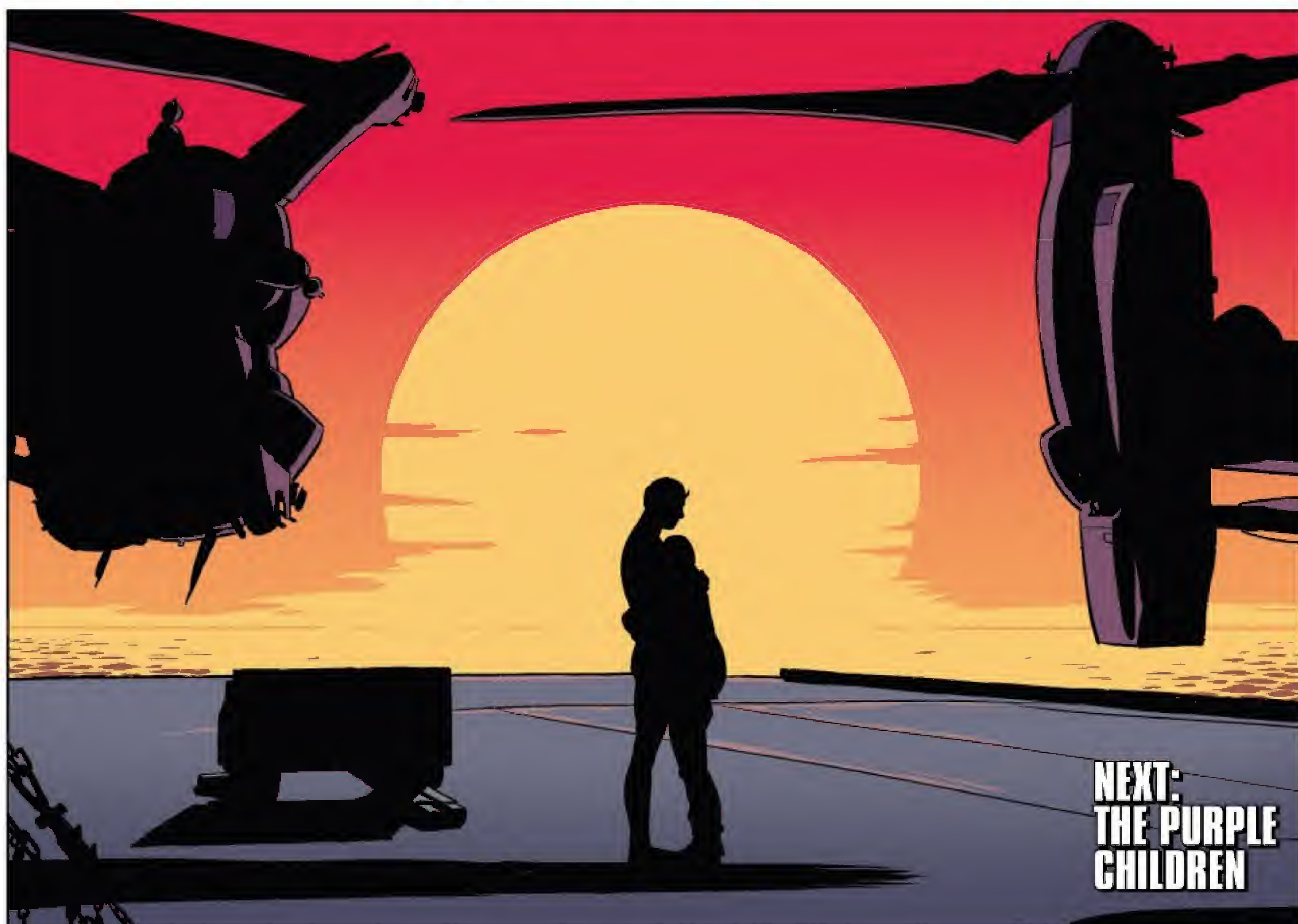
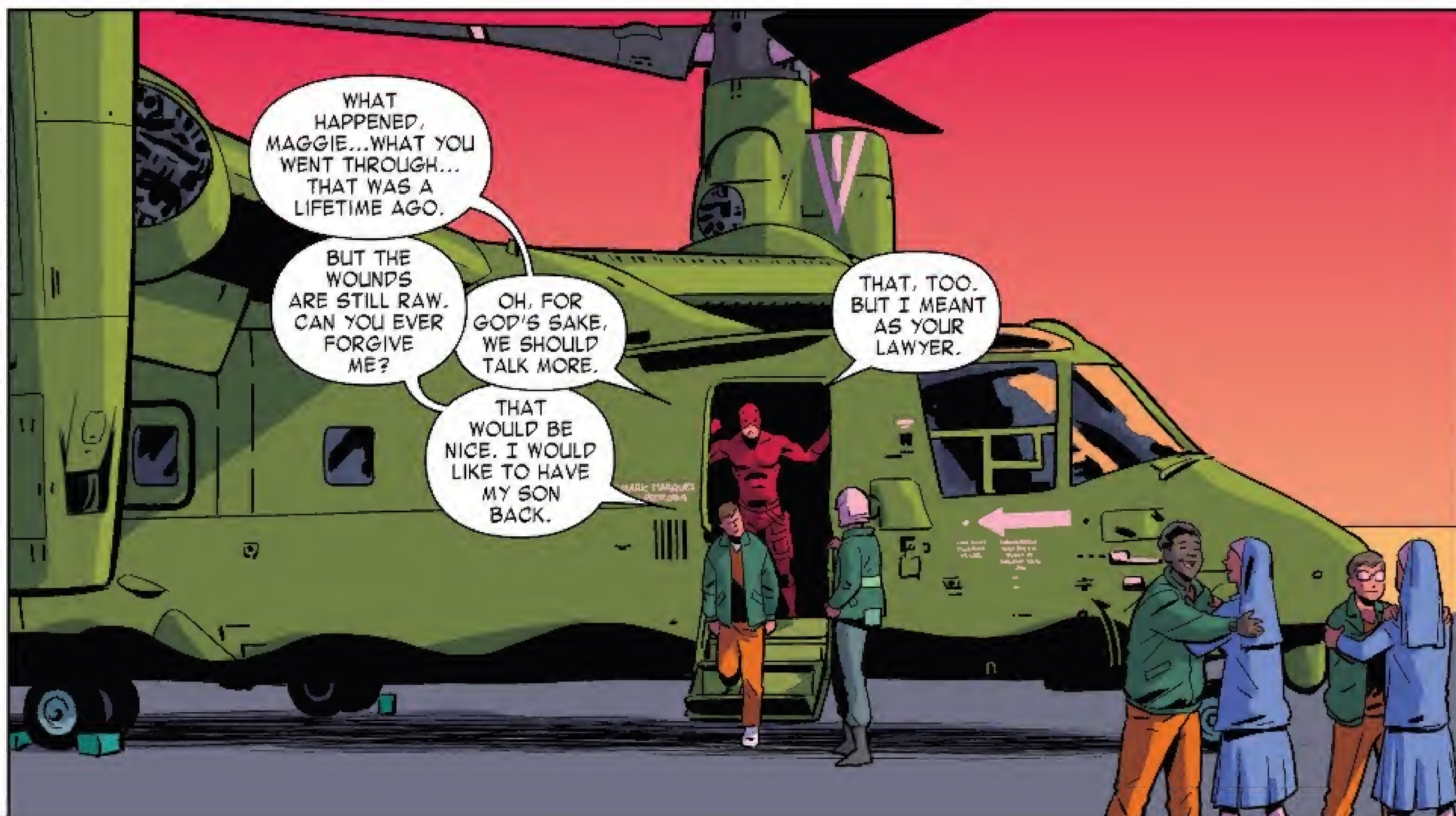
"THE CHURCH TOOK ME IN. THE SISTERS
DIDN'T PRESS ME FOR DETAILS. I TOOK
THE NAME MAGGIE AND THAT WAS THE
BEGINNING OF A DIFFERENT LIFE.

"IT TOOK A LONG, LONG
TIME, MATT...BUT UNDER
HIS WATCHFUL EYE, AND
WITH THE HELP OF DOCTORS
AND COUNSELING, I WAS
EVENTUALLY ABLE TO MOVE
ALL THAT ENERGY AWAY
FROM ANGER AND
SELF-LOATHING...



"...AND TOWARDS
A BIGGER, BETTER
WORLD."





WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

DAREDEVIL



MW M. EDWARDS

MARVEL

50 YEARS
WITHOUT
FEAR!

008

PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.



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ALAN FINE

EXEC. PRODUCER





AAAAAH!



IT'S TIME,
JAMIE.

MAMAAAA!



JAMIE,
WHAT? IT'S
THREE IN
THE--

JAMIE!



GET
AWAY FROM
MY BOY!

GET
OFF OF
HIM!



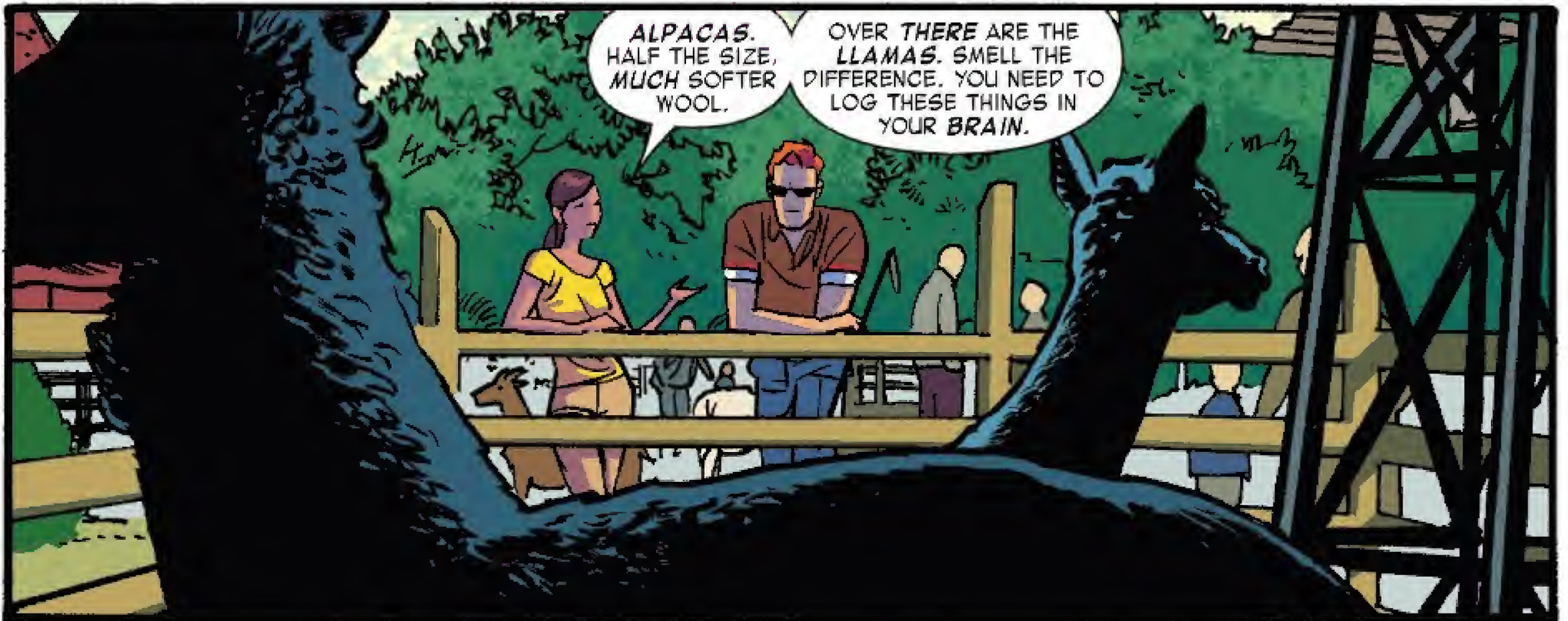
HUH-
HELP--!

SOMEBUHBHODY
HELP--!









Kirsten McDuffie is the best thing that's happened to me in a long while.

I got disbarred in New York. My best friend's dealing with cancer. I had to move *cross-country* once I publicly outed myself as *Daredevil*.



And she's been with me every step of the way.

We even set up a *law practice* together.



DOES IT REALLY NOT BOTHER YOU THAT MOST OF OUR CLIENTS ASK FOR *ME*?



--ASSURE YOU, I WAS AN ASSISTANT P.A., I'M EVERY BIT AS QUALIFIED AS MR. MURDOCK TO--

YOU'RE NOT *DAREDEVIL*. FOR THIS KIND OF MONEY, I WANT TO MEET *DAREDEVIL*.

GET IN LINE.



NOPE.

Liar.



HEY, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO CALLED ME OUT OF THE BLUE YESTERDAY. MY FATHER.

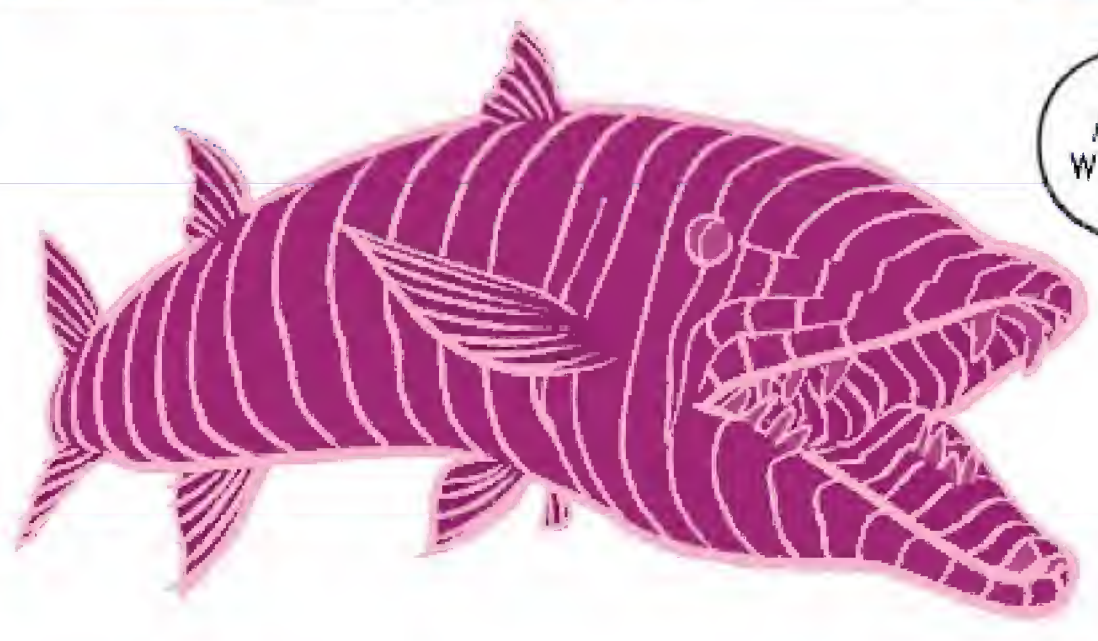
I KEEP FORGETTING YOU USED TO LIVE ACROSS THE BAY. I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WEREN'T CLOSE.

WE'RE NOT. BUT HE REACHED OUT, AND SEEING YOU RECONNECT WITH YOUR MOTHER GOT ME...I DON'T KNOW, WISTFUL.

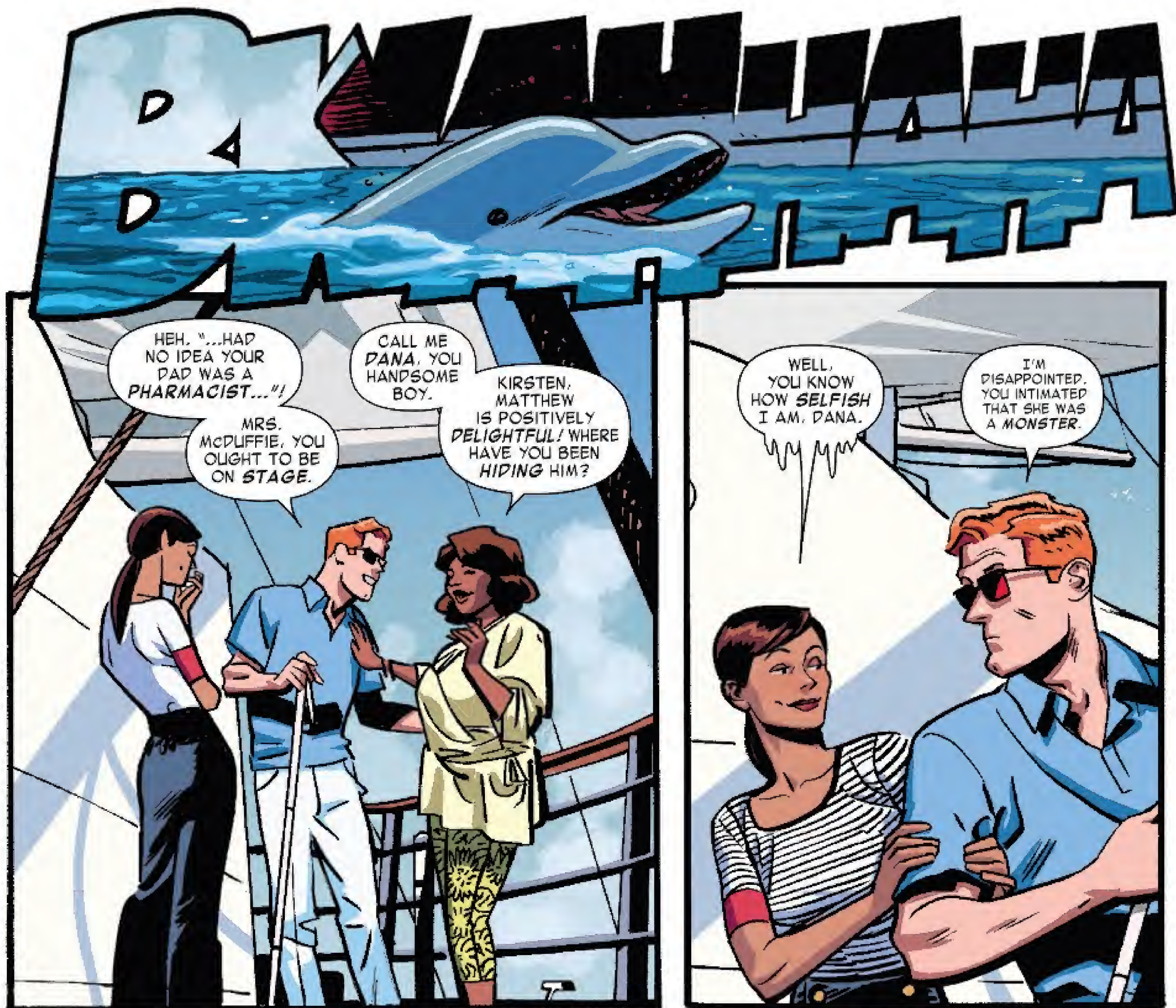


HE AND THE PIECE-OF-WORK BARRACUDA HE MARRIED INVITED US OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON *SAIL*. YOU GAME?

"BARRACUDA"?



TRUST ME. YOU WILL HATE HER.



HEH, "...HAD NO IDEA YOUR DAD WAS A PHARMACIST...!"

CALL ME DANA, YOU HANDSOME BOY.

KIRSTEN, MATTHEW IS POSITIVELY DELIGHTFUL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING HIM?

MRS. McDUFFIE, YOU OUGHT TO BE ON STAGE.

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW SELFISH I AM, DANA.

I'M DISAPPOINTED. YOU INTIMATED THAT SHE WAS A MONSTER.



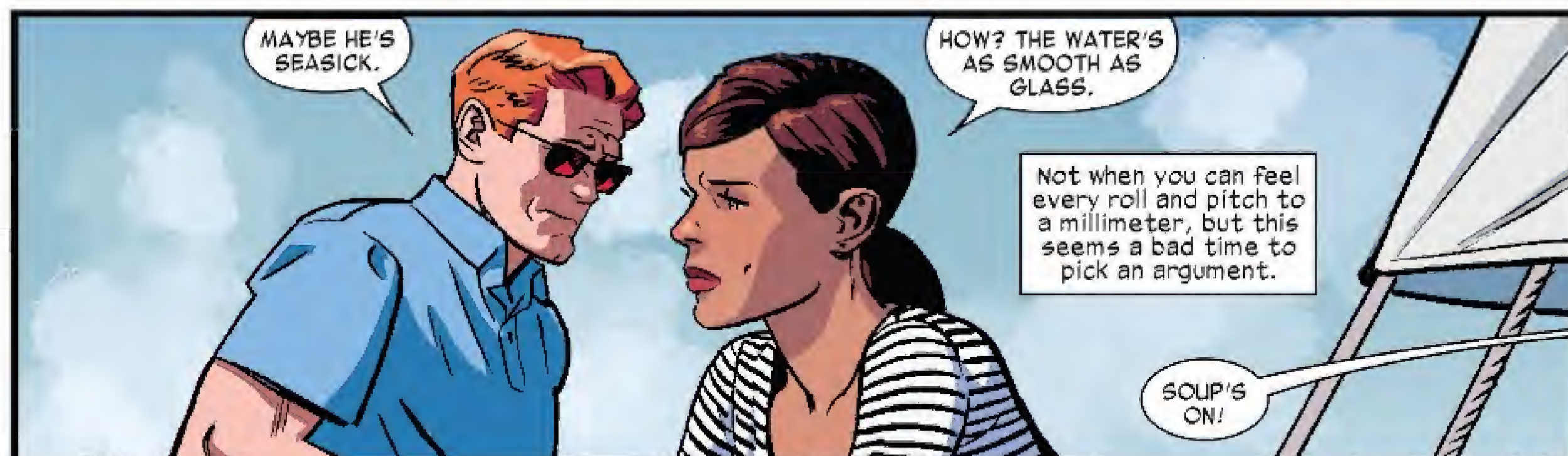
YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED? FOUR HOURS, AND YOU'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN HOW TO RECOGNIZE A COUGAR.



I DON'T GET THAT SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE CONSIDERED A COU--

IT'S JUST WEIRD.

I WISH DAD WOULD GET OUT HERE...



MAYBE HE'S SEASICK.

HOW? THE WATER'S AS SMOOTH AS GLASS.

Not when you can feel every roll and pitch to a millimeter, but this seems a bad time to pick an argument.

SOUP'S ON!

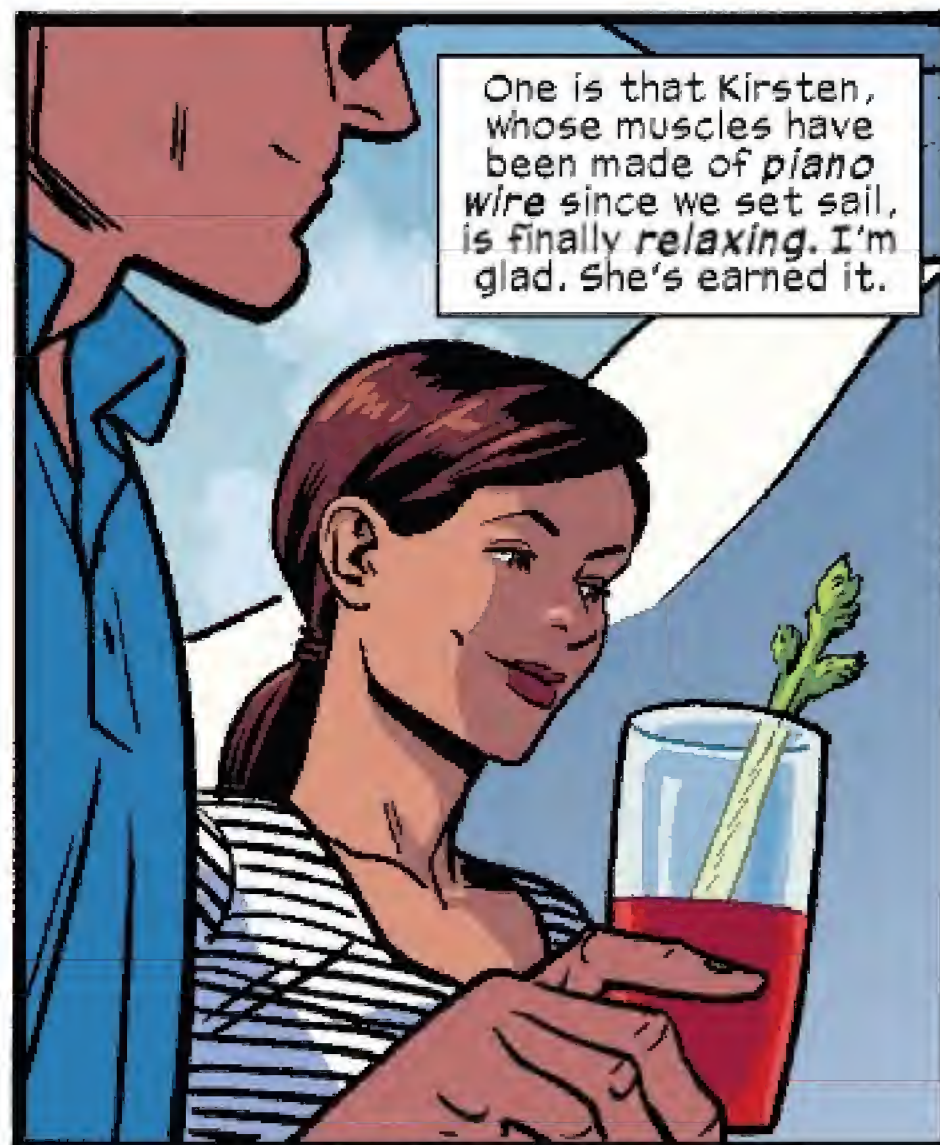


YOU LIKE OYSTERS, DAREDEVIL? PICKED THESE OUT MYSELF!

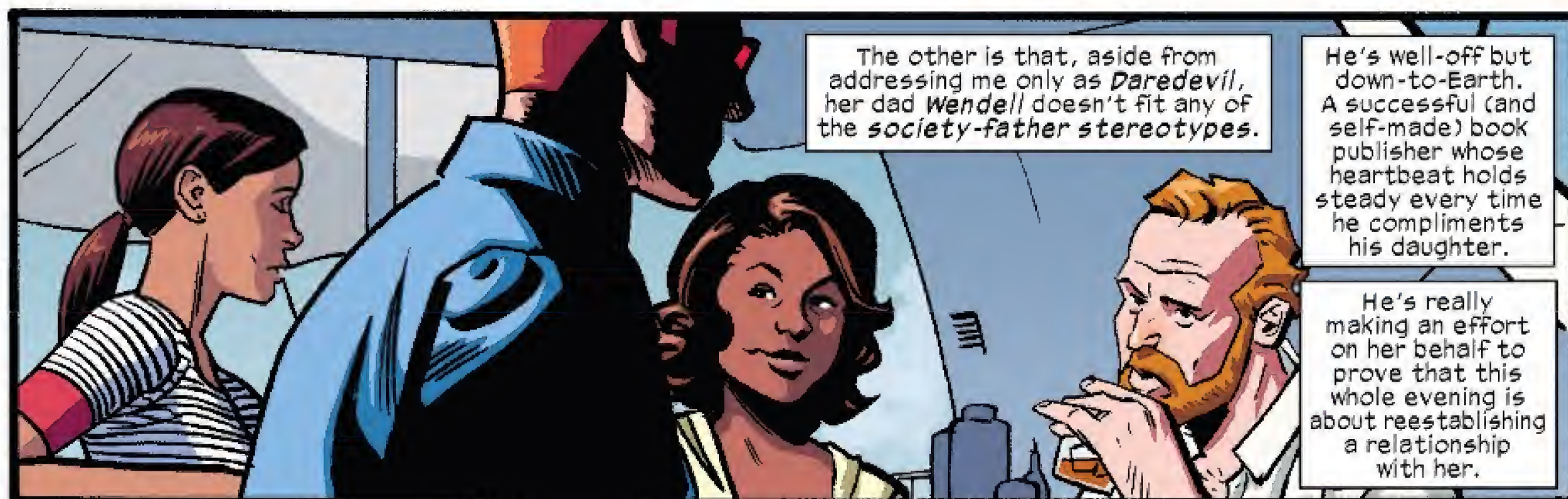
Oysters. Texturally, a...challenge, but when in Rome...



There are two things about the next hour that impress me.



One is that Kirsten, whose muscles have been made of *piano wire* since we set sail, is finally *relaxing*. I'm glad. She's earned it.



The other is that, aside from addressing me only as *Daredevil*, her dad *Wendell* doesn't fit any of the *society-father* stereotypes.

He's well-off but down-to-Earth. A successful (and self-made) book publisher whose heartbeat holds steady every time he compliments his daughter.

He's really making an effort on her behalf to prove that this whole evening is about reestablishing a relationship with her.



And then he goes and *ruins* it.

SO, DAREDEVIL...

...I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A *BUSINESS PROPOSITION*.



OH.

OH.



KIRSTEN TELLS ME
YOUR LAW PRACTICE
ISN'T DOING
SO HOT.



REALLY?

THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I--



WHAT I SAID WAS, THERE
ARE ONLY SO MANY BILLABLE
HOURS YOU CAN PUT IN PER
WEEK AND STILL BE
DAREDEVILING.

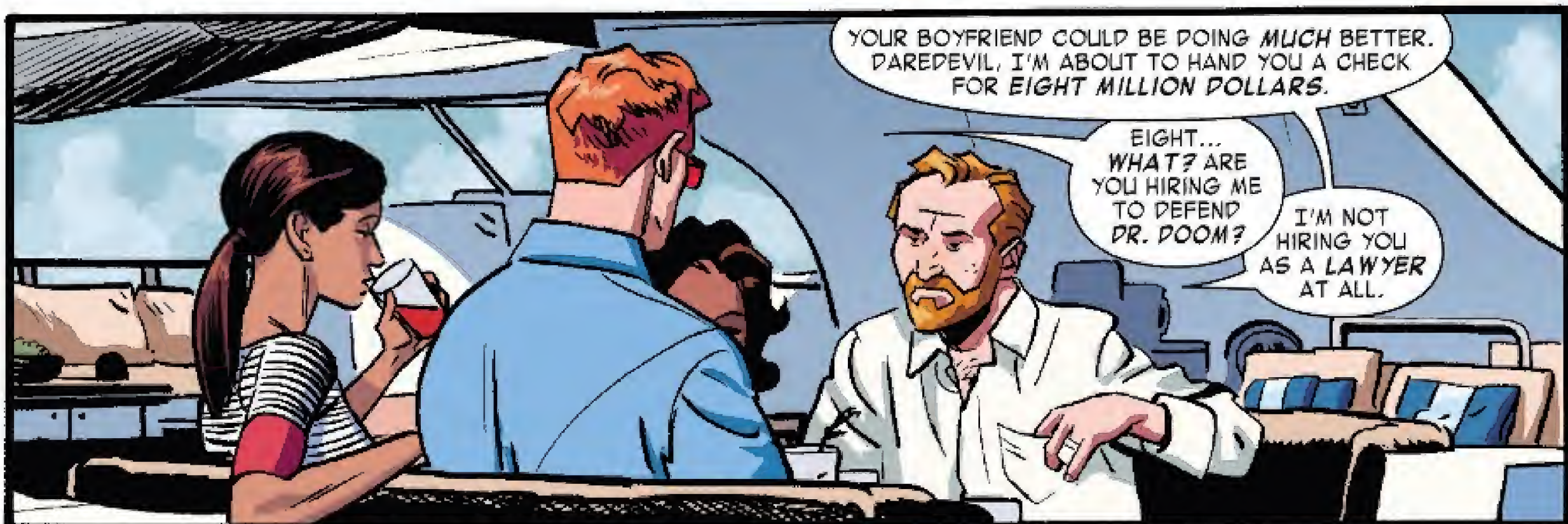
THAT'S NOT
A CRITICISM.
WE'RE DOING
FINE, DAD.



--JAY KOS
SUITS ARE A VALID
BUSINESS
EXPENSE--

MATT, YOU CAN
FEEL COLORS. WHAT
COLOR IS THE INK
IN OUR BANK
LEDGER?

RED.



YOUR BOYFRIEND COULD BE DOING MUCH BETTER.
DAREDEVIL, I'M ABOUT TO HAND YOU A CHECK
FOR EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS.

EIGHT...
WHAT? ARE
YOU HIRING ME
TO DEFEND
DR. DOOM?

I'M NOT
HIRING YOU
AS A LAWYER
AT ALL.



FORGET
ROWLING. FORGET BILL
AND HILLARY. I'M OFFERING
YOU AN ADVANCE ON A
BOOK THAT MY MARKETING
DEPARTMENT GUARANTEES
WILL BE THE BEST-SELLER
OF THE DECADE:

"THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF DAREDEVIL,
THE MAN WITHOUT
FEAR."



The S.F.P.D. has a slew of homicide detectives who sneak a cigarette from time to time.

Only one smells of the toy-aisle putty he uses to fidget the nicotine stains off his fingers.

EVENING, DETECTIVE LARSON.

SUPER. IN SWINGS THE PILETTANTE...

DAREDEVIL. MY BOSS WOULD LIKE YOU TO WEIGH IN ON THIS.

NEIGHBORS HEARD COMMOTION FROM 3-B. SINGLE MOM, YOUNG BOY, BOTH SCREAMING. TWO MINUTES LATER, MOM JUMPS TO HER DEATH, BOY VANISHES.

WHY SUICIDE? WHAT COULD HAVE--

LARSON?

FINALLY GOT 3-A TO CRACK. SEEMS HE GOT THE PERP ON VIDEO.

NUH... NO... I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO...

...LUH-LUH-LET ME GO...

OH, NO. YOU JUST SHOWED ME. NOW I'M SHOWING THEM.

I TOLD YOU, YOU CAN'T! HE SAID--

"HE" WHO?

--SAID IF ANYONE SAW, I'D-- I'D HAVE TO--



AH, JEEZ...

ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT--

OFFICER, GO EASY. SOMETHING'S GOT THAT MAN'S VITAL SIGNS *REPLINING*. NOTHING INDICATES TO ME THAT HE'S IN HIS RIGHT MIND.



SOMEONE WANT TO DESCRIBE TO ME WHAT'S ON THAT PHONE?



DARK HAIR, ANGLO, MEDIUM BUILD...



...PURPLE SKIN.

TCH. TCH.

A purple man. The Purple Man.



KILLGRAVE. FORMER SPY. AN EXPERIMENTAL NERVE GAS GAVE HIM THE POWER OF *MIND CONTROL*. HE ORDERS, YOU OBEY.

NOW WE KNOW THE *WHO*, BUT NOT THE *WHY*.

"WHAT DOES
KILLGRAVE WANT
WITH A KIDNAPPED
CHILD?"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DADDY

HOW
MARVELOUS. IT'S
JUST WHAT I'VE
ALWAYS DREAMED
OF.

A LOVING
FAMILY.

GATHER
AROUND. LISTEN
TO ME. NONE OF YOU
ARE OLD ENOUGH TO
APPRECIATE THIS YET,
BUT IT'S IMPORTANT.
SOMEDAY YOU'LL
FIND OUT.

THIS...GIFT
I HAVE...THIS
BIRTHRIGHT I'VE
PASSED ON TO YOU...
IT GIVES YOU BOTH
EVERYTHING AND
NOTHING.

"WHEN NO ONE CAN SAY 'NO'
TO YOU, THERE IS NO LUXURY
IN WHICH YOU CANNOT INDULGE.
THE *RICHES* YOU FIND ARE
MAGNIFICENT.

"BUT THE PEOPLE ARE HOLLOW. THEY NEVER SPEAK FROM THEIR HEARTS."



I LOVE YOU.



I LOVE YOU.



I LOVE YOU.

"THEY TELL YOU ONLY WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR."



"I HAVE BEEN PLANNING FOR THIS DAY A LONG, LONG TIME, PLANTING SEEDS..."

GOODBYE, MY LOVE.

TELL NO ONE.



THERE HAVE BEEN MANY WOMEN BESIDES YOUR MOTHER, JAMIE.

CONNOR'S DIED IN CHILDBIRTH. SHALLAH'S WILL DIE IN JAIL. YOU'RE ALL DIFFERENT THAT WAY. BUT I HAVE KEPT TRACK OF YOU DESPITE YOUR VARIOUS...



WELL, THAT'S THE PAST. TODAY, WE CELEBRATE.

IN TIME, TOGETHER, WE WILL RULE NATIONS. FOR NOW...



...NOW I SIMPLY WANT MY CHILDREN AROUND ME SO THAT I MAY AT LAST KNOW UNCONDITIONAL LOVE.





YOU
DO LOVE
ME.
YES?



THAT'S...
THAT'S A
QUESTION, NOT A
COMMAND...
...ISN'T
IT?



LISTEN
TO ME!



THIS IS
WHAT YOU
ARE HERE
FOR!

THIS
IS WHY I
GAVE YOU
LIFE!



LOVE
ME!

IT
ISN'T AN
ORDER!



ARE YOU
COMPELLED TO
OBEY **REGARDLESS?**
IS THAT IT? FOR
GOD'S SAKE, **FIGHT
BACK!** UNITE YOUR
WILLS!

SURELY
NOW THAT THERE
ARE **FIVE** OF YOU,
YOU'RE **STRONG**
ENOUGH TO
RESIST ME!



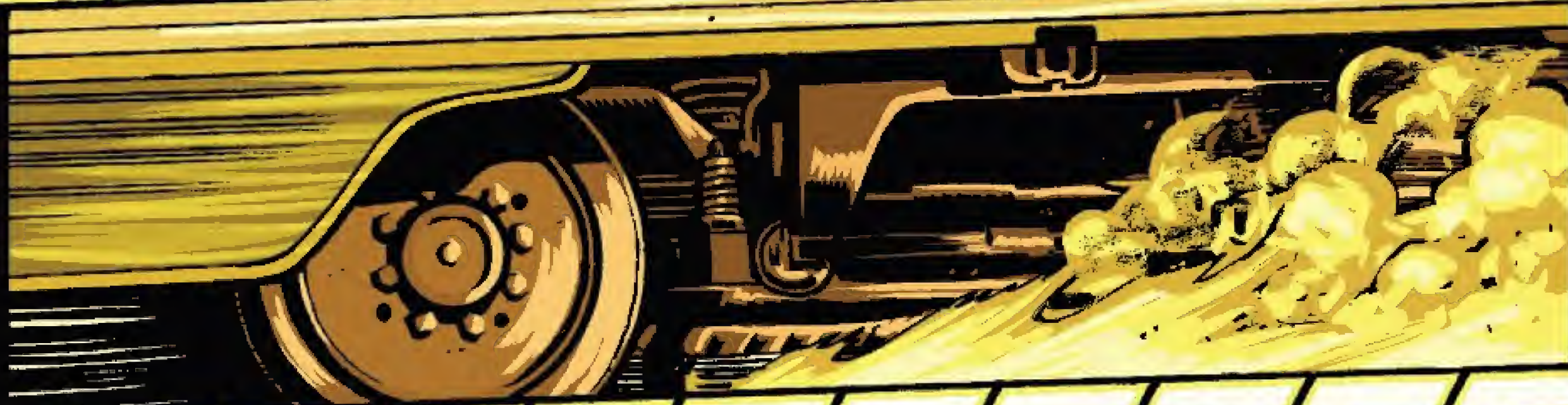
WE ARE
NOW.







EEEEEEEEEEEE



EEEEEEEEEEEE





NEXT: PURPLE REIGN

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

DAREDEVIL



SAMNEE '14
MW







PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie. Recently, one of Daredevil's oldest enemies, the persuasive Purple Man, also turned up in San Francisco, collecting his children from their birth mothers in hopes of building a happy family. But the Purple Man was overpowered by his oratory offspring and ordered to jump in front of a trolley car.



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“The Story of Daredevil.”

**"ARE YOU
KIDDING ME?"**



SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST OFF, IT WOULD BE THE MOST DEPRESSING BOOK IN THE WORLD--

THANKS.

--UNTIL KIRSTEN HERE CAME ALONG, OF COURSE.

NICE SAVE.

Sunday morning, out for an early breakfast with Kirsten, whose father just offered me a *book deal* for an *autobiography*--

--and my best friend, *Foggy*, who is somewhere inside what Kirsten assures me is a bold attempt at *camouflage*.

SECOND, WHILE YOU ARE ARGUABLY THE MOST INCREDIBLY ARTICULATE MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN, WHICH IS WHY I ALWAYS ENCOURAGED YOU TO TRY ALL OUR CASES--

I AM GOOD IN COURT.

--YOUR FACILITY WITH THE WRITTEN WORD IS... LACKING.

IT'S TRUE. YOU HAVE THE PUNCTUATION AND SPELLING SKILLS OF SOMEONE WHO WAS DROPPED ON HIS HEAD AT AN EARLY AGE--

THAT'S WHAT EDITORS ARE F--

--AND MORE TO THE POINT, YOU SHOW NO PATIENCE FOR WRITING. IT'S CLEAR EVEN WHEN YOU PEN BRIEFS THAT YOU'D RATHER BE ANYWHERE THAN BEHIND A KEYBOARD.

YOUR STYLE ISN'T TERSE. IT'S TRS. IT'S T.

IF YOU HAD WRITTEN *MOBY PICK*, IT WOULD FIT ON A *SNAPPLE CAP*. HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK PEOPLE WOULD PAY TO READ THAT?





--OR WE ARE NOT LETTING YOU OUT IN PUBLIC ANY MORE, MR. "FAKED HIS DEATH SO HE COULD GET CANCER TREATMENTS WITHOUT DAREDEVIL'S ENEMIES SEEKING HIM OUT."



YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME.

OKAY, ADMITTEDLY, THAT'S A WHOPPING INCENTIVE. BUT HERE'S MY MAIN OBJECTION, MATTY--

--AND I'M PROTECTIVE, BECAUSE YOU'VE MADE SUCH HUGE STRIDES IN YOUR HAPPINESS THE PAST FEW MONTHS, LARGELY THROUGH FORCE OF WILL, BUT--

"--YOU'VE GONE THROUGH A LOT OF PAIN IN YOUR LIFE. YOU'VE HIT BOTTOMS MOST PEOPLE CAN'T IMAGINE."

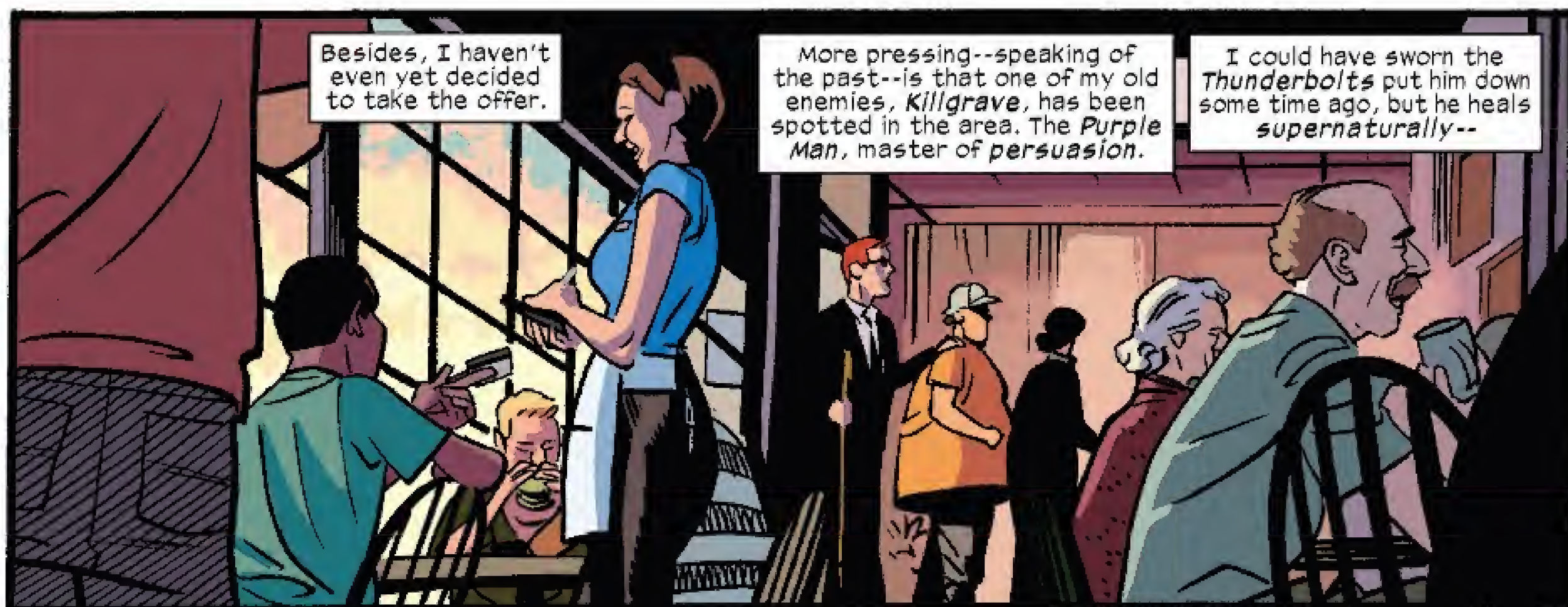


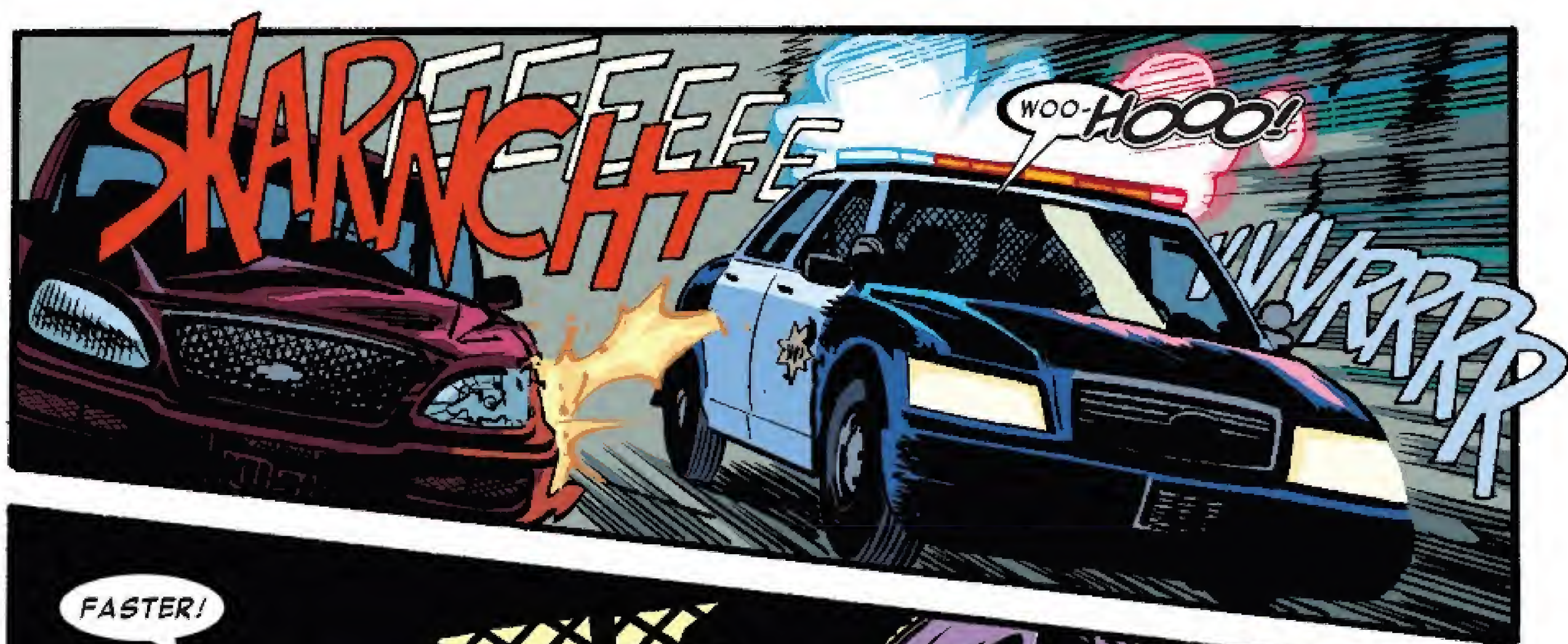
"A MEMOIR IS SELF-REFLECTIVE. IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE AS HONEST AS YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BE, YOU'LL HAVE TO RELIVE THAT STUFF. CAN YOU, WITHOUT--?"



I APPRECIATE THAT, TRULY.

BUT I'M NOT AN ALCOHOLIC TAKING A DRINK. I CAN HANDLE THE EMOTIONAL CHURN. I PROMISE.





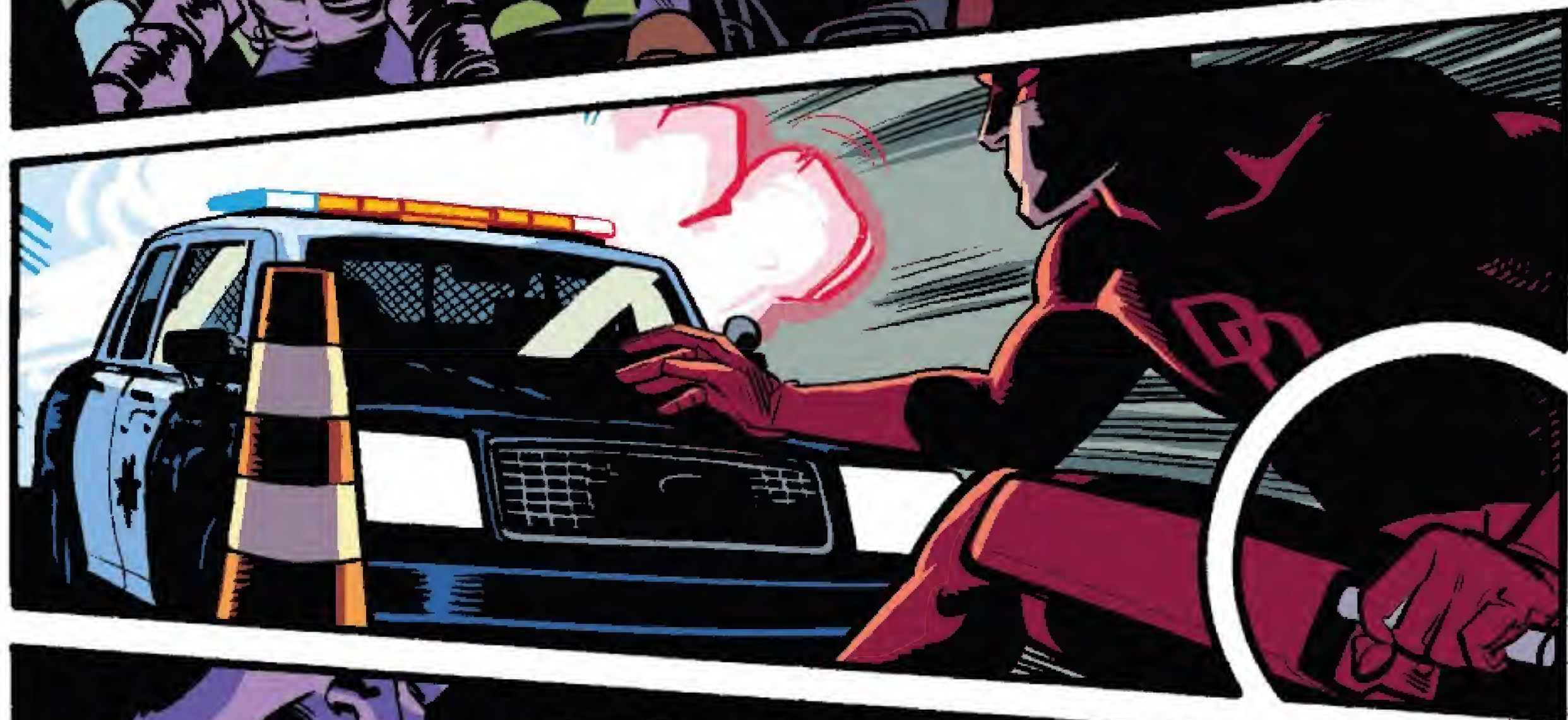
...I need a plan.

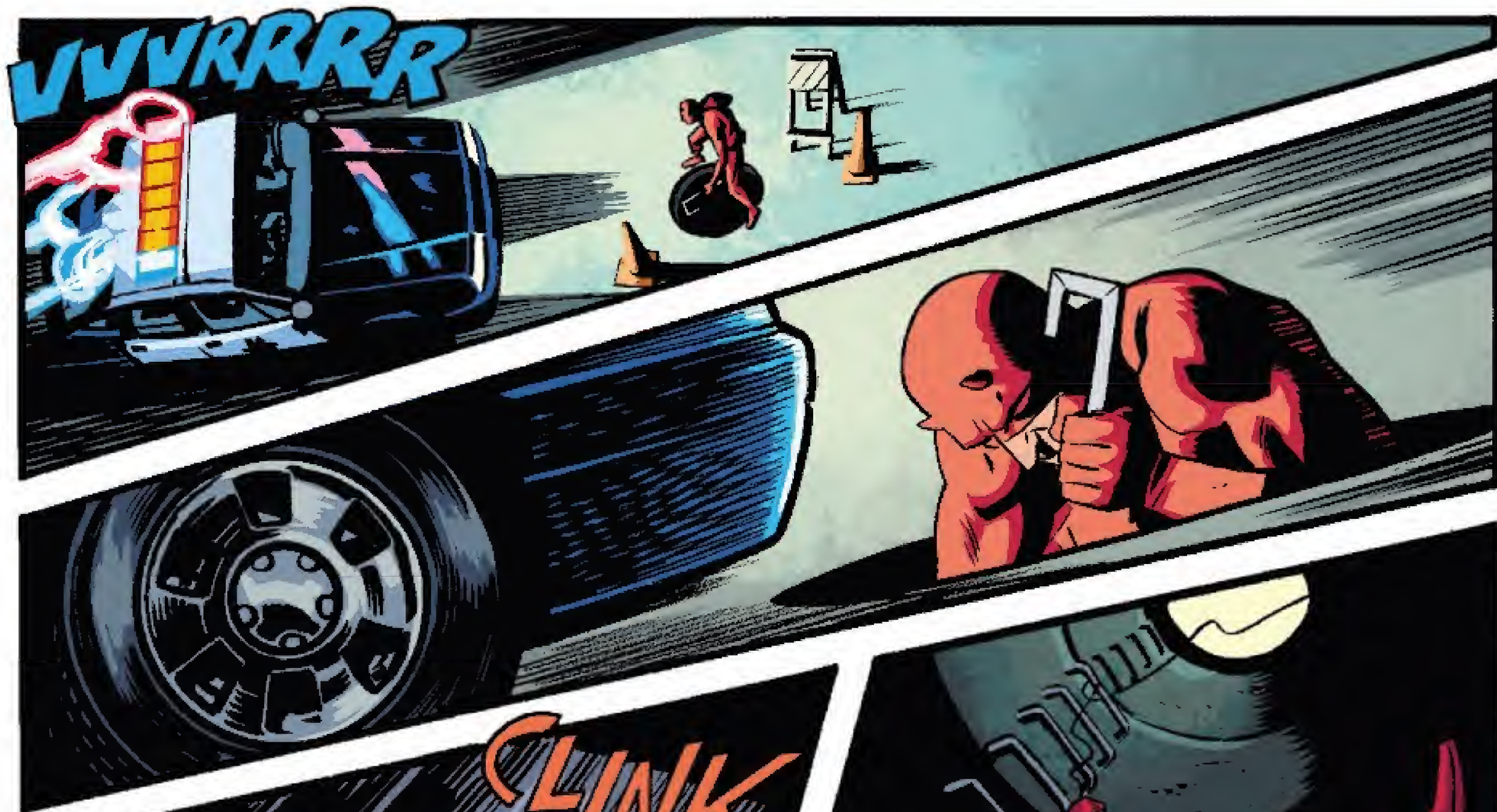


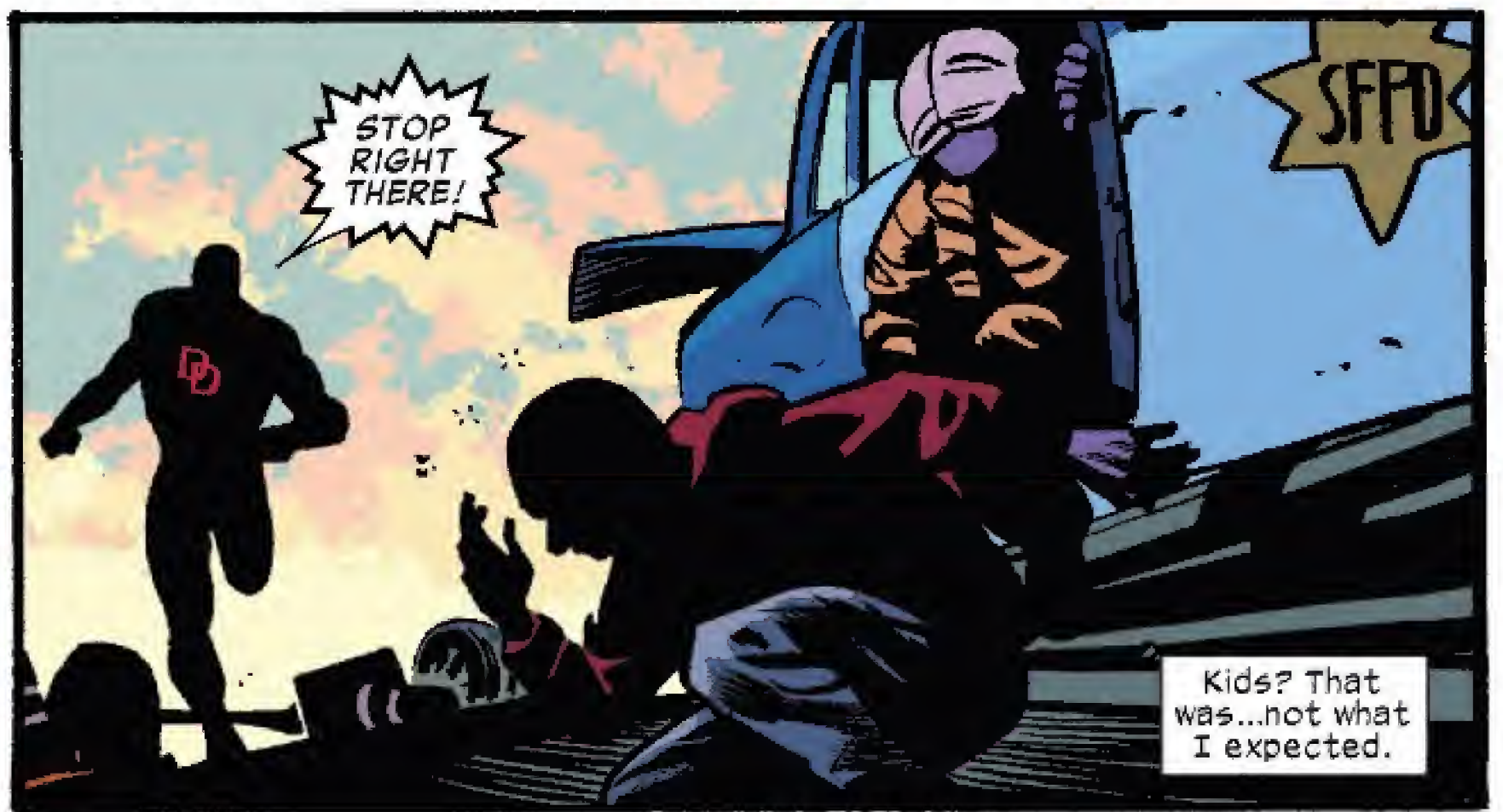
Ping, radar-sense, ping.



Echolocate me a strategy.













They've got his powers.

No. Worse. Killgrave is a *convincer*. What he says, you believe.



These children are the next evolutionary *step*.



Grouped together, they don't necessarily have to *speak*.

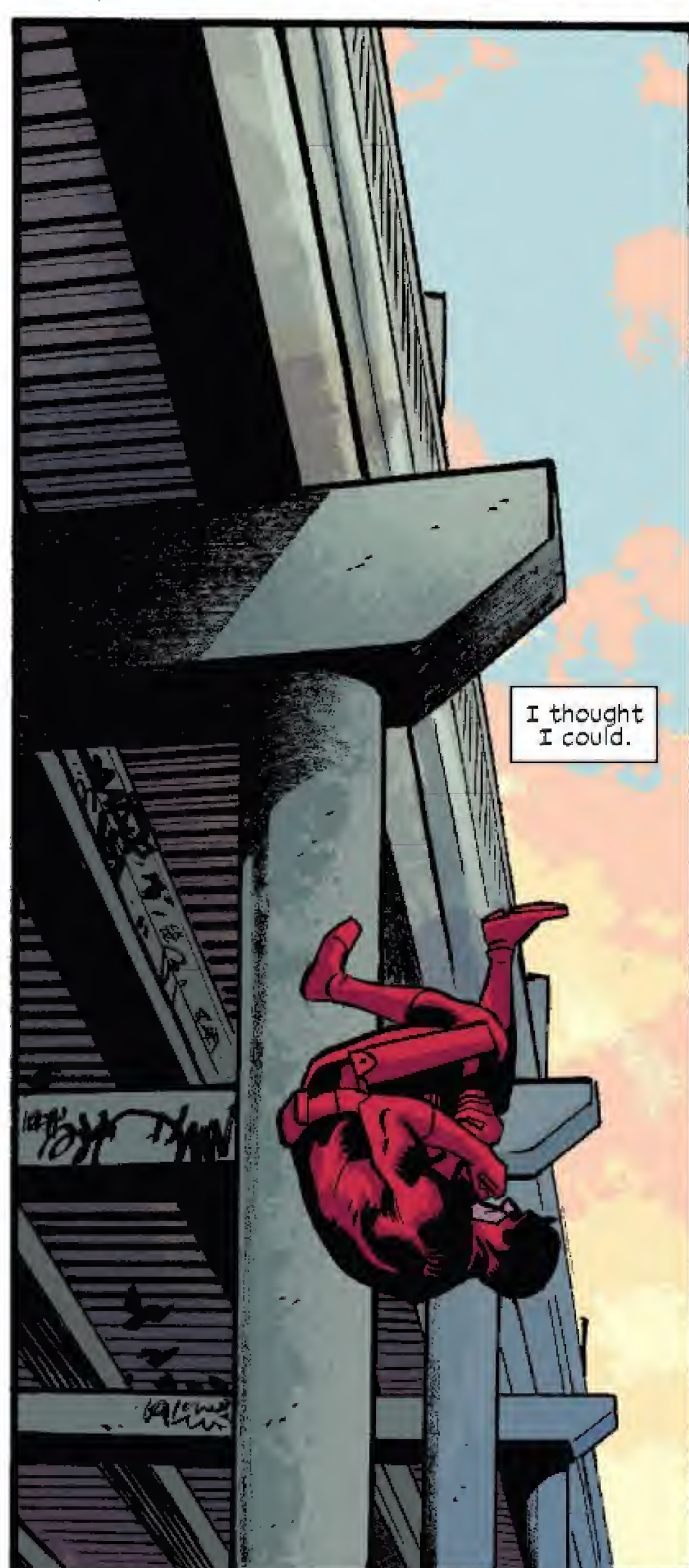


They just blast all their *primal kid* emotions at peak intensity--



--and make you feel however they want!







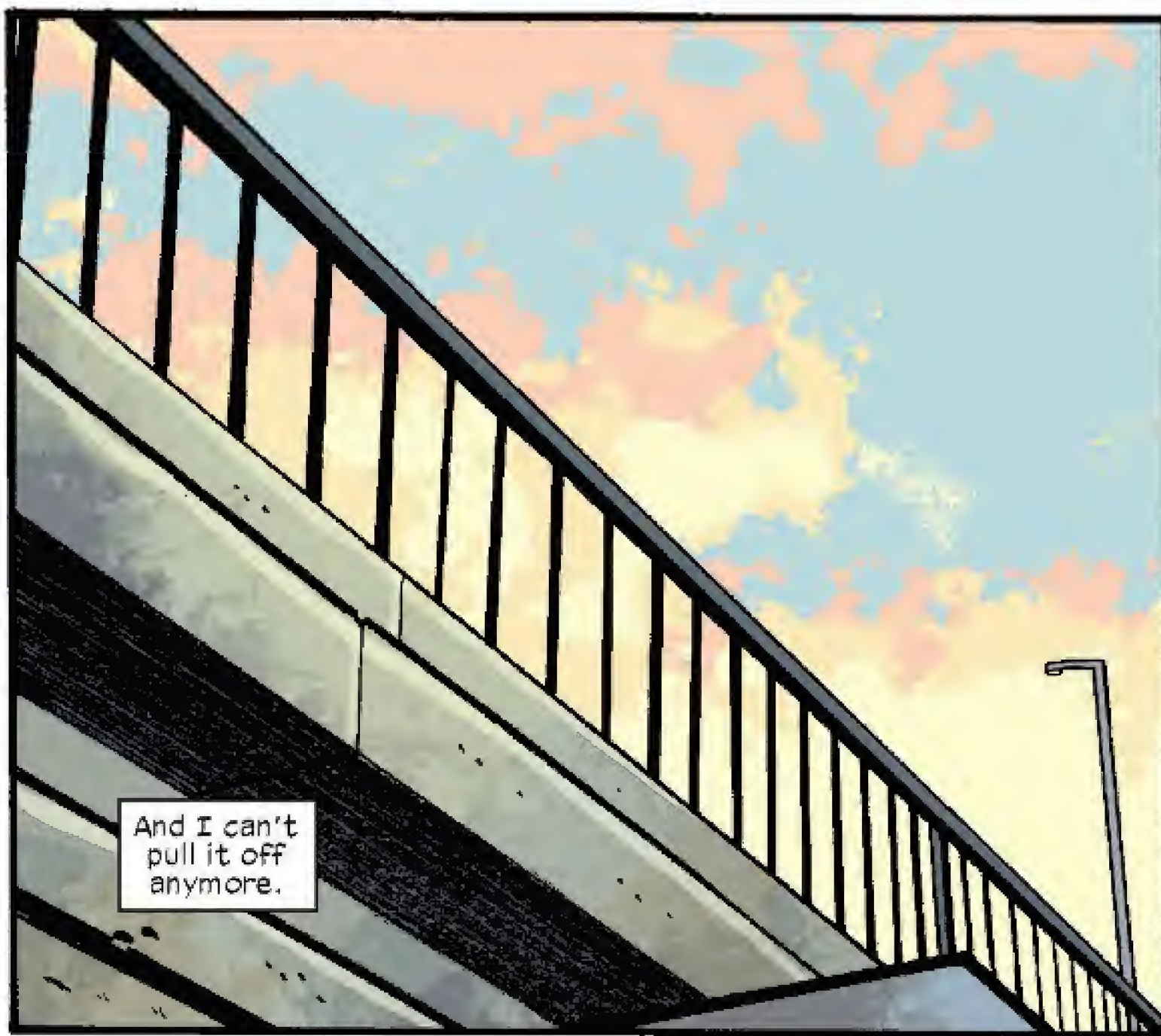
But it's impossible.

I'm not strong enough.

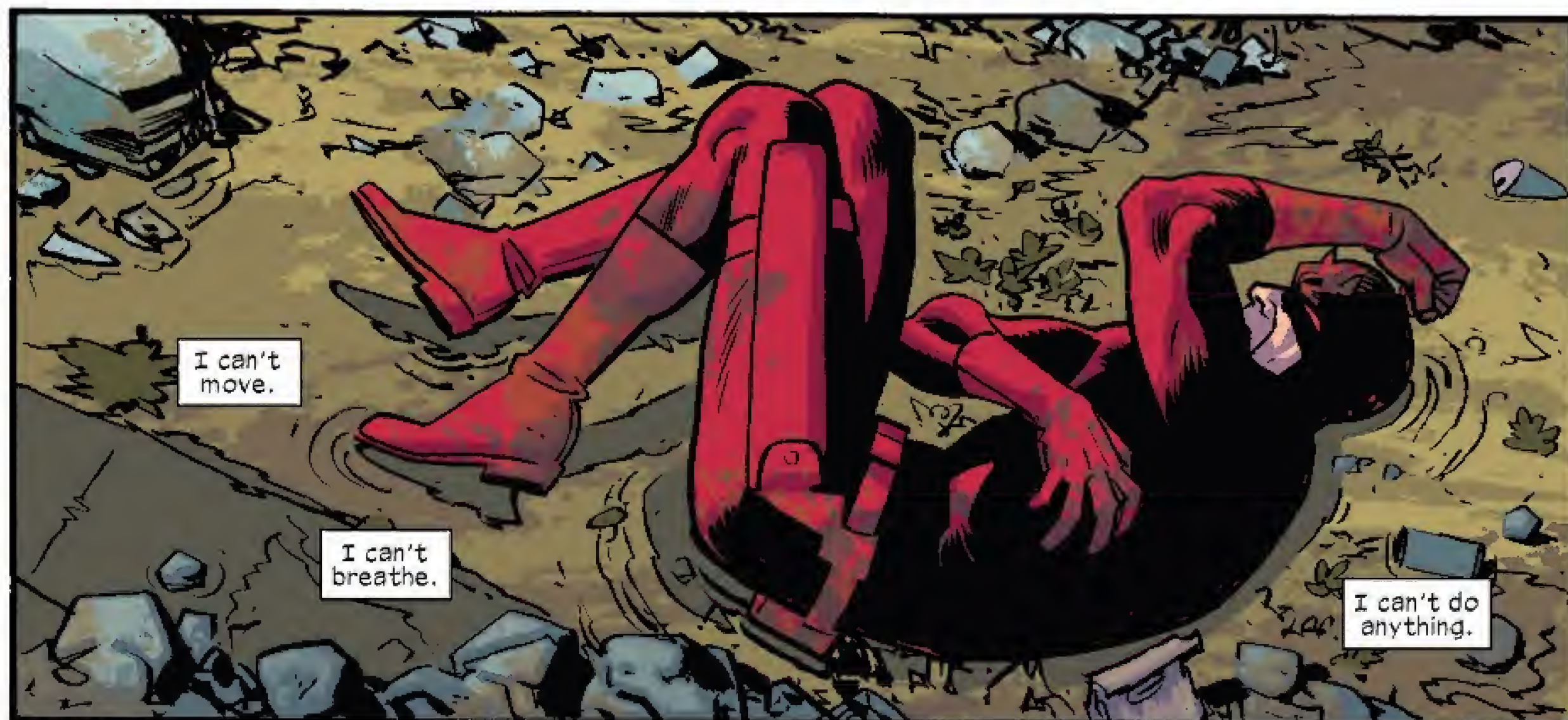


Happy Matt is just an act.

That's all it ever was.



And I can't pull it off anymore.



I can't move.

I can't breathe.

I can't do anything.



NEXT: DEVIL'S SPIRAL